A CALIFORNIAN CIRCLING THE GLOBE

HENRY FULLER

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THE "CALIFORNIANS" LEAVING HOME
JULY 15, 1902

A Californian Circling the Globe

BY

HENRY FULLER

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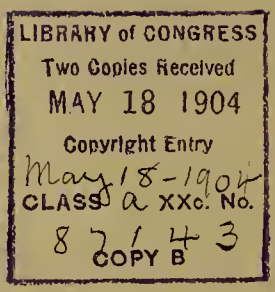

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BY
HENRY FULLER

YAARELI JHT
SSERGNOD OF

DEDICATED

TO

MY ONLY (TWIN) SISTER

MRS N. B. WEAVER,

PERU, CLINTON COUNTY, NEW YORK

IN MEMORY OF

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

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A TALE SIX THOUSAND MILES LONG.

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PREFACE

THIS story of Circling the Globe was written (on the way) in railway trains, at hotels and bungalows, on steamships, in out-of-the-way places, and under many varying circumstances, in a series of letters (101) and published in the "Redland's (Cal.) Daily Review." Almost in the shadow of the Adirondacks, in my native State, in the fall of 1903, at the home of my nephew, S. S. Allen, Esq., as the Autumn leaves were putting on their bright colors, then twirling downward through the air, into the lap of mother earth, never to rise again, as each mountain top was gathering its mantle of white from the passing clouds, as many birds were flying to a warmer clime, and as the gray and almost colorless sky began to assume a wintry appearance, I compiled from those letters this volume. I could change their phraseology but little, except to eliminate some personal allusions. If there is any charm in this book to any reader, it may be in my description of the little things that many travelers do not notice. Nearly all the illustrations are from a camera that my son, Elmer, used, and at the time the idea of placing them and the letters in a book was farther away than any chimerical dream.

HENRY FULLER.

I.

A Tale Six Thousand Miles Long.

Many, many moons ago I began to think and talk of taking a trip to Palestine. The idea grew like a cabbage plant in rainy weather, and instead of going to Palestine and return has culminated in a trip to encircle the globe. I take with me my son, Leslie Elmer. I think he is about 19 years old —I cannot recollect the year, month or day in which he was born. Mrs. Fuller always knows, and were I at home could ask her.

For many years I have called the young man by the rather opprobrious epithet of "Crow," but in these writings we will just call him "Elmer."

After oiling the roadway leading up to our home, in order that the stay-at-homes would not be smothered with dust, and packing our three leather suit cases we bade farewell to everybody about us, getting on our train at Redlands Junction at 7:44 a. m. of July 15, 1902, thus commencing the longest and more than likely the most eventful journey of our lives.

As California is noted for large things, we noticed the 3,000 acres of vineyard under one ownership at Cucamonga.

It looked queer as we passed Summerland, near Santa Barbara, to see so many oil wells located in the edge of the ocean, some of them quite far from shore and most of them producing oil. It was sunset, and the bright gleams of twilight cast a beautiful halo upon land and sea. Next morning as we arose from our sleeping car berths we were at Kings

City, a few miles south of Salinas. The usual California scene of harvesting and threshing grain was about us. Taking the coast route to San Francisco, we get seats on the side overlooking the ocean. We pass along the head of Monterey bay, and from here to San Francisco through the beautiful Santa Clara valley, with the thriving city of San Jose in its center, a ride long to be remembered. Live oak trees, hundreds of acres of prune and cherry trees, green trees on the hillsides, prosperous looking farm and fruit homes—can there be anything prettier anywhere? Yet we saw no evidence of population and wealth coming in, as rapidly as we see it in our sunny Southland city of Redlands. Why is it? It is difficult to answer. It may be that there is a charm in orange growing or a something that appeals to the sense like the aroma and fragrance of a beautiful bouquet of roses which our Southland seems to possess over these northern valleys.

Our trip north over the coast line was a delightful one. No dust, and with oil-burning engines, no cinders. The old lines through the San Joaquin valley takes the emigrant travel, therefore our train was filled with well-dressed people, mostly Californians. The scenic attractions, because of their variety, are unsurpassed. As we walked about San Francisco, and looked out upon the Golden Gate, we could hardly realize that in a few months, we expected to arrive again upon a steamship from the west. While bidding good-bye to Elmer's aunt in Los Angeles, she asked him, "What do you think of your trip?" His answer was, "It all seems like a dream to me." We are the dreamers.

In watching the crowds on the large ferry steamer to Oakland, getting on our Pullman, and in looking around there is always something to amuse one. We are all creatures of circumstances, and act alike in many ways.

At sunrise we were in Truckee. Such cool invigorating mountain air. As we saw the Lake Tahoe stage drive away, we almost wished we were aboard, as we know that camping on the shores of Lake Tahoe is one of the most charming

experiences. In passing down the eastern slope of these Sierra Nevada mountains, we saw in little meadows alongside of the Truckee river, men cutting timothy hay, something we do not have in the orange-growing districts of California. We were soon at Reno, the largest town in Nevada. For about fifty miles east of Reno we saw large gangs of men and horses grading what is called "Wadsworth cut-off," where this railroad is building forty-seven miles of entirely new road, not gaining anything in distance, but reducing the grade and making better curves. Farther east, at the Palisades, Carlin and Elko, they are also cutting off curves, tunneling through mountains—all to save distance and lessen grade. They also propose a cut-off over the great Salt Lake, built for many miles on piles, where the water is in some places thirty feet deep, costing millions of dollars. Why all this expense? The Oriental traffic, only now in its infancy, will become so large in a few years that it will need several transcontinental routes to carry its traffic and travel.

It seemed strange that here in mid-summer on the northern side of many of the larger mountains, in both Nevada and Utah, we saw patches of snow sparkling in the bright sunlight.

In the early morning of July 18 we saw the great Salt Lake. Weather cool and delightful. As we passed up Webber canyon on the Union Pacific railroad we admired the clear sparkling river, green fields and meadows, while the beautiful Washatch mountains were not far away, with huge drifts of snow on them in places, bordered with slopes of green and green trees, the whole forming a panorama of exceeding beauty. Here in Utah one sees stores with four letters on them, Z. C. M. I. You all know what they mean—Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. Just before we passed out of Utah we saw far to the southeast the tops of the Rocky mountains. Over them were drifting some fleecy white clouds, as white as the drifts of snow on their summits. The first clouds of any sort we had seen since leaving Santa Barbara in California.

We pass Evanston, Wyoming, a bright looking place, not mountainous, and good roads in all directions. Plenty of grass, a magnificent grazing country surrounding it. In many places where the land slopes upward from the track there are one, two and often three lines of fences made of posts and boards to catch the whirling, drifting snow of winter time.

In the early morning of July 19 we were in the western part of Nebraska. While conversing with a lady who came on the train this morning she said: "We have had two weeks with no sunshine; cloudy weather all the time, with considerable rain—something unusual for us." I said: "Have you ever lived in California?" She answered: "I have never been there." My reply was, "I thought you had." I was astonished. I have lived in California twenty-seven years, and after hearing everybody, myself included, trying to explain to visiting Eastern tourists about the wind, weather and many other things, can you wonder at my astonishment? All these years I had believed that the term "unusual" was wholly a Californian word and way of explanation.

How true it is as some one has said, "Man made the towns, but God made the country." How I love such bits of rural scenery and glimpses of home life as one can see from a swiftly moving train. Were I an artist and had the time and space, I would love to pen-picture some of them to you, so that you, too, might catch something of an inspiration from their bright radiance and glow, in order that we might all be lifted up from our everyday toil and thought.

The next morning, July 20, we were nearing Chicago. Everybody was picking up their things. We stayed over Sunday with friends and relatives. Late in the evening we took the Pennsylvania route for Columbus. The charms of Ohio have been sung in rhyme and written in prose so often that it is useless for me to add or expatiate upon them, only to say that the waving grain fields, the luxuriant corn just tasseling out, the haying already done, with the red clover springing up again, the patches of green forest, lawn and pasture—all combined will move the heart of an Ohioan as he returns

to his native home as nothing else will do. As he catches sight of the old farm house, with its moss-covered roof, with the beautiful fruit and shade trees standing about as of old, the gates of his memory will unfold; his heart will be encircled with such veins of pathos and tenderness that out of the very depths of his soul will spring tears of joy and gladness. We were much interested in examining the United States weather man's way of measuring rain up on the top of a twelve-story building. He showed us how the rain was measured, every one-hundredth of an inch making a record on paper by electricity, how the aneometer worked and how cloudy weather was recorded separate from sunshine.

Before leaving Columbus, Ohio, we procured at a steamship agency's office two blank applications for our passports. We filled out the blanks; describing the color of our eyes, place of birth, our age, height and weight. Then going before a notary public we made affidavit having a person to identify us. Then the applications were forwarded to Washington for the Secretary of State to sign, with a request to forward them to New York, to be in readiness on the date of our sailing.

In the morning of July 23, we left Columbus for Albany, N. Y. The ride to Cleveland was a delightful one, the country everywhere nearly as pretty as a park. Lake Erie looked cool and inviting . We wanted to take a sail. As we passed along through the grape-growing districts bordering on this lake we were interested in their manner of training them on a trellis. Everywhere in the East the fields of grain, hay and fruit are so small in their area that to a Californian they seem very strange. He wonders how the Eastern farmer can make any money from (as it seems to him) such little patches of land. He forgets that in California nearly everyone have their eggs, so to speak, "all in one basket," and they frequently spoil or spill before they can market them. Yet the average Californian is brave and full of resources (if sometimes boastful). His California "way" is a sort of spontaneous growth, because of his contact with great mountains, inspiring scenery and broad, fertile valleys. Can you wonder

that he becomes imbued with lofty ideas and cannot do differently if he would? His California education and training make him a peer among men everywhere.

In the early dawn we reached Albany, alighting in one of the finest depots in America. We purchased our tickets to Valcour, Clinton county, N. Y. Our train passed through Saratoga, the once famous watering place. How changed! Such crowds of people I saw here a few years ago. Now it takes a horse race or something as exciting to crowd Saratoga. We saw canal boats in the Champlain canal being towed along in the old way with horses and mules. We soon reached Whitehall, situated at the head of Lake Champlain. Then began a ride of wondrous beauty. Winding in and about rocky cliffs, our train ambled by the side of the lake to the north. Just across to the east lay picturesque Vermont, the "Green Mountain State." At the right now and then we would catch a glimpse of the outlying Adirondacks. There were many Lake George tourists on the train. We soon passed the ruins of the old historic fort of Ticonderoga. The rippling waters on the lake, the gray, showery sky, the abundance of wild flowers about us, green trees, bushes and grass with meadows of timothy and clover, sparkling with red and white clover bloom. Can you wonder at our being charmed? I love to come in contact with nature, so that I, too, may catch something of its (to me) ever wondrous beauty and glow. Home again. Just here in this part of Clinton county I was born. Impressions of childhood, can we ever forget them?

The few days we spent here were pleasant, happy ones. It was haying time. We were on historic ground. Within eight miles the battle of Plattsburgh was fought, and only a little way out on the lake was the naval battle, both of them being the turning point in the war of 1812.

We walked about picking buttercups, white and yellow daisies, as in the "days of yore." We gathered wild raspberries in the pastures, and about the fence corners. We heard the robins in the maple and elm trees singing as we

used to say "for rain." We went into the woods, and out of their depths came the notes of the different wild birds, so clear and musical, that somewhere out of the inmost depths of my soul there came an echoing and re-echoing chord of memory, with such harmonious tuning, that I knew I had caught the same sweet notes of song in my early boyhood days.

I found grand old elm and maple trees that I had played under over 50 years ago. How my heart did leap for joy to see these familiar trees of boyhood memory again. Like a moving panorama, there came also other trees from the sensitive yet perfect plates of memory's storehouse, wherein I knew they stood here and there, so familiar in form and shape. Alas! I wept because I saw them not. Other trees, doubtless grand and beautiful, had taken their places. I only glanced at them. My heart yearned for the trees of memory, the very best friends of my boyhood days. Oh, how I missed them.

I went into the village cemetery. I stood at my father's grave. Over 40 years ago his burial took place. As I turned away there came into my heart such sweet strains of tenderness and love that I wondered if an angel was tuning me for heaven. Often when a boy, instead of learning to skate and swim, as other boys did, I would get on some grassy knoll and lay on my back for hours watching the clouds come and go, or if too cold for that, would perchance watch the crows as they went "cawing" by, or the squirrels as they gamboled about in the leafless trees.

I walked upon a hill. Over yonder in the east away beyond the lake I saw the Green mountains of Vermont—Camel's Hump, Mount Mansfield and all the rest. Turning around to the west and southwest, I saw the Adirondacks, with the familiar lines of Mount Marcy among their towering peaks. How glad I was to see them. We went fishing on Lake Champlain, catching some perch, as we expected to. As we folded up our lines, I wondered if the next unfolding of them would be on the Sea of Galilee.

We went to church. There were just twelve in attendance, counting the preacher. He said he was disappointed because it rained and no more came. He preached one of the best sermons I ever heard in my life. I shouted out some real "Amens." The walls of that little old country stone church were so unaccustomed to any such sound that the crickets paused in their singing and wondered "What next."

Next morning we were again in Albany. We walked up to the State building. We went in. This building, now completed, cost $25,000,000, and was thirty years in building. We admired the wonderful stone architecture everywhere, the polished marble pillars, paintings of great worth and value. As we stood in the Senate chamber I said, "We will see something better in Europe." Elmer replied, "I do not know; I think this is pretty grand." We were interested in the battle flags—232 of them. All were carried by New York troops.

July 29, at 8:50 a. m., we boarded the "New York," one of the day steamers on the Hudson river. A great many passengers came on board. They seemed to come from everywhere, and in every way. The "summer girl" as neat and trim in appearance as ships at sea, came jauntily aboard. This magnificent steamer soon started. We were seated on the upper deck and somewhere from the passenger saloon below, there came enlivening strains of orchestral music. Our steamer only stopped at the larger cities on the river, taking on and letting off numerous passengers. We were interested all day long in looking at the passengers about us, the scenery on each shore, and in passing and meeting yachts and boats of various kinds. We will not enter into any detailed description as we intend to sail up the Rhine in a few days, and then may make some comparisons. We were much interested in the height and width of span of the railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie, so high that no drawbridge is needed. We entered the city, as you all know, down by the famous Riverside Drive, where everybody recognizes General Grant's tomb, and just a little distance away are a group of noble buildings, the Columbia University. Soon our steamer reached its pier

at the foot of Twenty-second street We were carried along as it were by the crowding, moving throng of passengers from pier to street. Reaching our hotel in the heart of the metropolis of America, we retired for the night early. Very soon Elmer came and helloed into my room, wanting to know "what time it was." I looked at my watch and replied "half past eleven." He had awakened from a sound sleep, and hearing the rush of cars and hacks on the street, and people walking and talking almost everywhere, he concluded (with our rooms facing on a court) that it was morning, dressed and made his toilet before a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him. Except on stormy nights there is little cessation of noise on the New York streets.

The next morning we took the elevated railroad. After riding to about 170th street, Elmer asked, "How long can we keep this thing up." The thousands of blocks in every direction, all solidly built up, except little yards and courts for light and air, the miles and miles of avenues and streets he had seen filled with the rush and roar of city traffic, and the length of time and distance, we had already ridden, paying only a nickle for our fare, prompted his question. I replied, "If one knows where to get on and how to manage, he can ride 28 miles in this city for one fare."

We went into St. Paul's chapel on Broadway, erected in 1766. We looked at the pew Washington had rented there at one time. Only a little way off on the opposite side of the street was a "sky scraper," thirty stories high. The building had a tower. Even that was rented and occupied by tenants. We were told that farther up in the city, a building was being erected 33 stories high. We did not see it.

We walked over the Brooklyn bridge. We saw cars go by marked "To Coney Island." It was with difficulty we jumped on one, as they were loaded with people. Passing across entirely this portion of Greater New York, and after a ride of four or five miles in comparatively open country, we reached Coney Island. We immediately walked to the seashore. There was scarcely room to walk between the people. Ev-

erybody seemed to be dressed in holiday attire. The surf broke much closer to the shore and with, at this time, smaller waves than you are accustomed to either at Long Beach or Santa Monica. Everywhere we went we could have counted thousands of people. Ransack your memory; count up every fake scheme you ever saw, at a fair, circus or anywhere else; multiply them all by at least four fold, and you have Coney Island. Not many miles away we saw the great hotels of Brighton and Manhattan beaches. With another look at the largest eating and dancing pavilions we ever saw, full of people(a glance at the race course, where thousands of men and women had paid 75 cents each to see and perhaps wager on a few horses running, we entered our car for New York.

In the forenoon of Saturday, August 2, we took a car for pier 54, North River, and boarded the steamship Astoria for Glasgow, Scotland.

Having been shown the staterooms on the steamer our tickets called for, and taking thereto our baggage, we sat down, and began a sort of retrospection. Expectations were high. From pier to pier our steamer, bound for Glasgow, was to sail a distance of 3011 miles. Very quickly a mental calculation placed this voyage at about one-eighth of the entire distance around the world. We had secured our passports, coming directly from Washington, during our stay in New York. On them was affixed the great red seal of the Department of State, and the personal signature of the Secretary, John Hay. In the description my age was given three times older than Elmer's; in height I was three inches shorter. It made me feel small and dwarfish. The passports are good for two years.

We were tired of looking at gray and somber skies, with clouds of dripping rain every now and then. And almost everybody we saw east of Wyoming had a pale, white pinched look to their faces. We missed the dry invigorating air and golden sunshine of California. We were afraid of asthma, bronchitis and all their kindred ills. The previous evening we had attended a religious meeting in the open air, on the

BULL-HEAD FOUNTAIN
AT EPHESUS.

roof of a building on Eighth avenue several stories high, over Stephen Merritt's undertaking establishment. Mr. Merritt is the undertaker that buried General Grant. We laughed heartily as we rememebered how abruptly the meeting ended, as after more than an hour of service, including quite a long talk by Mr. Merritt, he said: "Now, after these few preliminary remarks, we will commence the meeting," when the clouds broke loose again, and rain began to patter, and after the chairs were piled up, and the piano put under shelter, everybody scrambled for cover. There were potted palms (artificial) on the roof and about the building, looking so real that we thought of our sunny southland, where they grow in the yards and by the roadside.

We saw on the pier, drays loading with large bales of hides. They came from India.

Our musings were suddenly interrupted by officers of the ship going fore and aft, calling out, "Everybody not going to sail go ashore." We then witnessed an impressive scene of leave-taking or "parting of the ways." The crust of every-day life (our greatest taskmaster), of habit, of culture, of polish, of money getting, of fashion, of self, and of pride was broken, and there came to the surface great waves of the emotional, inner self or nature, in those about us. We saw loving hand grasps and embraces, where in silence heart speaks to heart. Gestures of animation and earnestness everywhere. Strong men and women wept. Loving messages were intrusted to loving hearts to carry and deliver beyond the sea. The gangways were pulled ashore. The ship's hawsers were lifted from the pier. A flash of electric signals went from the pilot room down to the engineer. The engines started. The propeller blades began to move. Our ship was under way. On the end of the pier stood many people, waving handkerchiefs and hats, while on the ship hundreds responded as we moved away. A little puffing tug pushed the ship about as it turned its prow down North river. The inner harbor was soon traversed, then a narrow channel, marked out by bouys in the form of a semi-circle, then passing

Sandy Hook, and ten miles east the pilot left and we sailed away. Not a sea gull, nor duck, nor any bird did we see, except a few stormy petrels, until we were over 2000 miles from New York. And not much marine life visible. Some porpoises, not as large as on the Pacific coast. The captain and most of the crew belong to the Royal Naval Reserve of England and go training once each year. The passengers soon became acquainted with each other. In the dining saloon the seat you occupy the first meal is expected to be retained and occupied by you at all subsequent meals.

One bright morning we went on deck and about twenty miles away was the northwest coast of Ireland. The mountains higher than I expected to see; not a tree on any one of them, but green to their tops, except where bare rock covered their surface but not much of that. From a distance there was a great resemblance to our Southern California coast range, except our mountains present a more serrated appearance. Soon on their slopes farms began to appear, with whitewashed stone houses and country roads. Some of the mountains near the coast were too wind-swept to be cultivated, apparently covered with moss. Many of the others were too steep. As we passed along east on this northern coast the country improved. Many of our Irish passengers fairly danced with joy as they saw the "Emerald Isle" once more. I did not blame them, as I never had seen any scenery more quaint and pretty. Abrupt rocks stood like sentinels along the shore. The contour of the bays are graceful in their curves. The mountains became lower, the valleys larger with villages and farms everywhere. On projecting heads of rock and islands were great stone light houses. We came to anchor at Moorill to let off the passengers for Londonderry. Will I ever forget the scene? Just opposite to where we were, perhaps 500 yards away, were the ruins of an old castle, built by the Normans in the thirteenth century. Some of the bastions, towers and walls, were standing.

Said Mr. Clayton, a passenger from Washington, D. C.: "This is worth the cost of the whole trip—to only see this old

castle." I thought so, too. We looked south toward Londonberry. We saw miles and miles of gently sloping, undulating country, all covered with little farms. On this bright August day, were it truthfully painted on canvas by an artist, the whole world of art would be talking about it.

On a little steamer called the Samson our Irish passengers sailed away to Londonderry. We resumed our journey. Nearly all the morning we had seen, probably eighty miles away, the tops of mountains on some Scottish islands. Among them were two notable peaks, the "Paps of Jura." It takes a remarkably clear day to see them from the northern Irish coast. As we sailed across the channel to Glasgow, the first point of interest is Rathlin island. It is not far from the Irish coast. This island rises abruptly out of the sea, about 800 feet high. Its precipitous sides and comparatively level top are as green as a park, yet not a tree or bush in sight. We could see a lighthouse, two dwellings and some cattle feeding. Soon we came close to the "Mull of Cantire," a peninsula jutting out from Scotland, with only now and then a house in sight. As we approached the entrance to the Clyde, we saw to the south a large dome-shaped circular rock several hundred feet high, pointed at its top and symmetrical in shape. I did not tire of looking at it, so bold and grand in appearance. Its sides, too precipitous to climb, are the home and breeding place of thousands of sea gulls. Its name is Ailsa Craig. The next point of interest was the Isle of Arran. These Scotch farms, dotted with stone houses and little fields, divided with thorn hedges, made us exclaim, "How beautiful!"

The beautiful Clyde is in some respects like the lower Hudson river, yet possessing a beauty and charm that is peculiar to Scotland, and must be seen to be appreciated. There are very few costly and palatial residences overlooking the Clyde, not over a half dozen, and they are owned by Lord or Marquis somebody, who apparently owns all the adjacent country. So far all the trees we have seen are planted. Do not think this part of the Clyde is narrow, for it is very wide in many

places. Off to the right is the city of Ardrassan, where passengers are carried by rail from Glasgow to take the steamer for Belfast, Ireland.

We soon came to long rows of stone houses on the north shore, all looking alike as peas in a pod, and I asked what they were for. A Scotchman replied, "They are the summer homes of Glasgow people." I saw a small pier and a steamer landing and boats out fishing, but how different from our Southern California summer homes by the sea. All these stone houses were as gray as gray could be, while the farmer uses whitewash on his stone house.

We soon reached Grennock, where as the Scotch people quaintly say, is the "tail of the hills," meaning that from here several miles to Glasgow, the Clyde narrows until for a long distance there is barely room for two steamers to pass.

At daybreak our ship started from Grennock for Glasgow. I immediately arose, dressed and went on deck. We were in one of the greatest shipbuilding centers of the world. We saw all sorts of ships, in all stages of construction. Over yonder the keel of a great battleship was just being laid, while by its side the proud clipper ship of modern style and speed was almost ready for launching. We saw, as it seemed to me, armies of men going to work. We passed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co.'s plant, where there are eleven thousand men employed. This point is the central headquarters of their business, with branch offices in every other city around the globe. Their buildings and surroundings were like a city complete in itself.

Glasgow has doubled its population in about twenty years, now numbering nearly a million of people. Our steamer came to its pier. We went on shore. Everybody had to open their trunks and valises for inspection, as spirits, perfumes and tobaccos are subject to a tax. We told the custom house officer that we were just "tramping around the world," so he put a chalk mark on our luggage, and we were free. The ocean voyage was ended; tranquil seas, enshrouded in soft, sweet summer skies had been our lot. We had met

two large passenger steamers just outside of Sandy Hook, seen one or two freight steamers at a distance, and met two or three more off the coast of Ireland. We had encountered no ice, yet near Newfoundland one night the barometer dropped three points and the ship slackened her speed. We were near an ice field. The most impressive incident to me of the entire ocean trip occurred, while about 300 miles off the Irish coast, when some of us saw, not over 500 yards to the right, something sticking up about ten feet out of the water, looking like the top of the mast of a ship. Some sailors standing by me said it was, although they had not seen it before. Perchance some day some ship sailed for the last time, and is now a derelict in the seas.

We noticed that nearly all the drays or trucks had only two wheels, and were drawn by only one horse. Such large horses, with large feet having long hair above the fetlocks, I never saw before. Over the collar of each horse was a wide strip of leather running to a point several inches above the horse, then two iron prongs reaching upwards, one on either side, looking like horns.

As we came into the city we noticed that all the street cars were two-storied and well filled with people, especially on top. Double tracks in the streets, yet each car in passing seemed to us to be on the wrong track, running just the reverse of the way in our American cities.

Everybody looked at us, even the small boy. They knew we were strangers. Nearly every building was four stories high, built of stone, and the surprising part of it was that we saw no chimneys as in America. There were stone projections oblong in shape on the roofs, and out of them single lengths of vitrified pipe, sometimes a dozen or more in one clump, evidently each room having a separate flue to the roof. The buildings being all of nearly one height, and so many bright colored flues in sight, in contrast to the gray stone and gray slate with which all buildings are covered, presented a peculiar appearance.

We went into a restaurant. A person at our table ordered

some scones. Wondering what they were, we ordered some also. There came to us about eight pieces of bread as large or larger than a biscuit, of different shapes, some of them like biscuit in taste, others like rolls, and among them two pancakes, all cold. The butter on a plate was little round indented balls, each a little larger in size than a cherry. There was also a plate of cakes, of different colors and kinds, about the size of cup cakes. We ordered milk. Each glass of milk, scone or cake we used cost one penny each. Everytime we changed some of our good American money into gold, silver or copper coins of the British realm, there came a feeling over us that we were getting inferior money. To us at first the changed money seemed to have an uncanny look. In the hotels we found good accommodations, cheaper than the same class in Los Angeles. Some of the furniture looked old. The bedsteads were iron and brass, the iron was painted black instead of white, as in America. The rooms average larger in size and many of them have two double beds. The Scotch people say "fust" for first, "wee" for little, "bonnie" for good, and sometimes "hame" for home. With their Scotch accent we sometimes had to ask what they said. Our California ways and words were equally puzzling to them.

We had a letter of introduction to John White, keeper of a restaurant for fifty years. We entered his business place. I asked a young lady if Mr. John White was in. She replied, "Do you want some jam and bread." We took long rides in the street cars on the top story; fare, one and one-half pence, and found much of interest at every turn. We visited the old Glasgow cathedral, built by the Roman Catholics several hundred years ago, after the Reformation under John Knox it became Presbyterian. We saw one pair of old doors leading to the vestry that have hung in place 600 years. In the vestry was an old chair said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. Elmer sat down in it. I declined the honor. The oldest part of this church was built about the twelfth century One window in commemoration of Queen Victoria's visit cost $12,500. We saw some crypts down in the basement of the

RIVER ABANA,
DAMASCUS, SYRIA.

church, dating back to the Twelfth century. Glasgow, on account of soft coal and a great manufacturing center, is as smoky as Pittsburg or Cleveland. In business activity it resembles an American city.

One morning we purchased tickets to Edinburgh via Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, costing seventeen shilling each, over the North British railway.

We wended our way to the station. There were many trains coming and going. You have all seen descriptions of how the apartment and corridor cars look. You just walk along outside the train and open the door from the platform wherever you like and step into the car. There are four or five apartments in each car. The train of perhaps a dozen coaches are nearly all third class, perhaps one first class looking no better. No longer any second class on these roads. Like everybody else, our tickets were third class. The first class car should have been draped in mourning to correspond to its lonesome look. The platform was filled with people hurrying to and fro. All the fashionable ones, of course, had porters to carry their luggage. No large trunks. Nearly all the baggage was small enough to go into the apartment with you; if not, there was a baggage van coach on the train, but you would have to claim it at destination. No system of checking. Our train was filled with well-dressed people as we left Glasgow for Balloch. Just before starting a conductor came along and punched each of our tickets, but not locking us in, as I expected. In our compartment there were ten, all adults—the utmost limit of its seating capacity. For several miles our train ran down the Clyde, passing Dunbarton Castle and the shipbuilding centers. Nearly all roadways for street travel are elevated above the track in the country, while in the cities tunnels are used, or a natural depression in the land. All trains run swiftly between stations with no ringing of bells, as there are no railroad crossings. This August morning the farms, with haying in full progress and fields of oats, barley, wheat, beans and potatoes, with pastures and

cattle, sheep and horses grazing on them, with wild flowers everywhere—could we but say, "This is bonnie Scotland?"

Arriving at Balloch we found a pretty steamer waiting for us, already well loaded with passengers from trains on other roads. Our train load crowded on, many of us only having standing room. Shortly we were sailing over Loch Lomond, the largest of Scottish lakes. Just then a man came walking among us, dressed in uniform, saying, "Has ye all got tickets?" What a cosmopolitan lot of people. Several hundred, mostly English speaking, yet from everywhere. Everybody wore such a look of expectancy, as we all knew that this lake scenery has a world-wide reputation. At first the lake was quite wide; there were also a good many trees on the hillsides. In the distance in front of us there were tall, rugged mountains. One range looked as high and reminded me of the Catskills on the Hudson. There were farms on which were sheep feeding, and altogether from the lake was a scene of pastoral beauty. The lake is twenty-one miles long and five miles wide at our entrance, narrowing down to one-half mile wide. The mountains grow bolder, some of them over 3000 feet high. Nooks and dells of timber, wooded islands so sylvanlike in appearance that as our steamer glided along between them we seemed to be in fairy land. There were boats with people in them fishing. Beautiful towns that the steamer stopped at where we saw flowers creeping up on the houses and in the yards, and troops of gaily dressed people. The kaleidoscope of color all about us, the green, brown, purple and gray on the mountains, the still blue waters and little rocky isles, with only a bit of green, or a tree or two, a rare bit for the Scotch poets to write about. Loch Lomond, will we ever forget your entrancing beauty and loveliness? Our soul says, "Never." Our boat landed us at Iversnaid. The most of the passengers had landed at the different towns along the lake, yet there were four large tally-ho English coaches, with coachmen and footmen dressed in red coats to take the 100 people left over the hills to Loch Katrine. We climbed on a

coach. The driver cracked his whip. We were away, over rock, hill and dell, with beautiful wild flowers about us for two miles, and then we take the steamer on Loch Katrine. The tally-ho ride had been a chapter of surprises at every turn. Now in dense woods, then by the side of a rippling brook.

We sailed away on Loch Katrine. We were in Rob Roy's country. No wind, no sunshine, yet this placid lake looked like a mirror, reflecting rocks, trees, birds flying overhead, and sharp mountain peaks, as though its surface was one great French plate glass. This lake is narrow and not many trees in sight. Upon the mountain sides were fields of heath bloom, red in color, looking like velvet, and in other places were great stretches of the famous heather just coming into its purple color and bloom. Interspersed among and around both were irregular patches of ferns, and brown rocky places with grass and wild flowers, all forming a scene of such beauty and color that I said to a Scotchman, a world-wide traveler, standing by my side, with whom I had been conversing, "Will I see anything grander in Switzerland?" He replied, "No, nothing more bonnie except the mountains will be a wee bit higher." As we reached the steamer landing another lot of English tally-ho coaches were ready. A ride of five miles was before us, over Scottish highlands and moors. Not many trees, and in many places none at all, while heath, heather, ferns, grass, wild flowers and steep mountain sides with their tops bathed in soft and seemingly ever-present summer clouds, made it a ride I will never forget. Just before sunset, as we drove into Aberfoyle, a little highland town, the clouds lifted in the west, a bit of sunshine shone forth, lighting up the highlands and moors about us with such gleams of sparkling, golden color, that we concluded, although the railroad train for Edinburgh was waiting for the stages, to break our ride, as we had a right to do, and resume our journey the next day. In the long, lingering twilight, after eating our supper, we walked out on a hill, and as the bright twilight slowly ebbed away,

Elmer's enthusiasm, which gathers very slowly as compared with my impulsive self, broke forth, "I do not wonder that poets grow here. It is such a pretty country."

Early the next morning, with birds singing, I walked over the moor. Steep and rocky in many places, but Oh, what rugged beauty! With what eagerness I gathered the blue bells, buttercups, daisies, queen of the meadow, heath bloom, heather and other flowers I can not name. I wandered farther and farther away. Up yonder mountain trail amid the crags and rocks, covered with verdure, I saw wending her way upward, a Highland girl, trooping so gracefully along that I thought of the beautiful poem Wordsworth wrote, entitled the "Sweet Highland Girl." I stalked the grouse as I walked along, and I paused to hear the robins sing. I heard the bleating of some lambs and their echoing cry from crag to crag. Over in a wooded copse some wild birds sang such sweet notes that out of my soul came answering cries. My voice came forth in rapturous tones, and loudly I sang snatches of sweet song. I was in tune with nature's choir, and we all lifted our voices with wondrous power. The angels heard and understood, and paused to catch the sweet refrain; then flew away to heaven above, to carry the song of nature's love. Was it not a touch of Paradise? A foretaste of Eden life again? Reluctantly I returned to Aberfoyle.

We entered our train for Edinburgh and were away from the Highlands and the Trossacks.

The word moor seems to be applied to large scopes of country where there are no trees. The Scotch people call a hill a "Fell," and everywhere in the British Isles a stone wall is called a stone dyke.

We entered a beautiful farming country. Some ladies entered our compartment at a small station. As the train sped along I heard one of them say, "How fine the corn is looking." I knew what they meant. They were talking of fields of oats all headed out. There is not a spear of Indian corn to be seen in all this land. We passed fields of peat and We saw little clumps of Scotch thistles. Hay when cut is

only partially cured. It is put in small ricks, then after two or three weeks, is hauled on a two-wheeled cart, one rick at a time, alongside of the stables, and put up in large ricks, or finely shaped hay stacks, coming to a point at the top. Then nicely thatched with fine, straight hay, cords tied about, so the wind will not lift or scatter. Buildings are too costly in this country to have barns to put hay in.

About 10 o'clock we reached Sterling. We were on historic ground. We again broke our journey and concluded to explore Sterling Castle. Being hungry, we went into a restaurant and ordered some strawberries and cream, with just a few scones. Beautiful red berries—we wondered where they got their color, with so little sunshine. Somebody painted them—it was the God of nature, not man. We never saw finer currants than grow here, and the gooseberries are as large as cherries, the best in the world.

We walked up little, narrow, old paved streets, scarcely wide enough for teams to pass, with buildings to correspond, and were at the entrance of Sterling Castle. Our thoughts went back to nearly 2000 years ago when the Romans invaded this country and taught our savage ancestors how to till the land, and commenced fortifications on this very spot. Then in feudal times, about the twelfth century, this castle was erected. We were shown how the moat was made, the drawbridge arranged, the portcullis operated, and the numerous loopholes, to shoot with bow and arrow at assailants. We saw where the battle of Bannockburn was fought, and just beyond on a hill the noble monument erected in memory of Wallace. Here resided Mary, the queen of Scotland, for a time, and just in front of her bedroom window is a tournament ground laid out—and nobody living knows how to play the game that former Kings and Queens of Scotland used to play on the same grounds, now forever to be kept (by act of parliament) as the grounds were centuries ago. All castles are built on high rocks or rocky plateaus in this country, and they would have been inaccessible to this day if guns and gunpowder had not come into use. This

castle is now a recruiting station for a Highland regiment of soldiers, and here we saw for the first time soldiers and sentries in full uniform of the kilts.

Getting on another train we again started for Edinburgh, passing by much of interest, for in this land, to an American, there is something to attract his attention each turn he makes. We came to the great bridge over the Frith of Forth, where our train crossed it—160 feet above the water level. It is one and one-fifth miles long. It took seven years to build it, and 50,000 tons of steel were used in its construction. As our train pased over we were not conscious of a jar or quiver. Thc wonderful part of it is there are but three spans of the bridge. Great are the achievements of men.

Toward evening our train glided into Waverly station at Edinburgh, the "Modern Athens" of Europe, a city of about 300,000 people. It is one of the most romantic and beautifully situated cities in the world. I have seen no city anywhere, where there are so many people passing to and fro at seemingly all hours from the railroad trains as in this great station, except in our Philadelphia. We secured good rooms very quickly, in Leith street, only a minute's walk from the general postoffice and station. What a difference as compared with Glasgow, not in size, but in character and aspect. Everybody at work in Glasgow—a bustling manufacturing city. Here once the Capital of Scotland, with great universities and noble schools, yet on many streets of the older part of the city where its nobility once lived are the many wretched homes of the poor. The public inns or taverns (never called saloons here) were numerous, and many thousands carried marks of dissipation and vice in their faces. Many others had a look of hopeless despair, the inevitable result of grinding poverty. We were beginning to come in contact with the poor of Europe.

Princess street is the fashionable thoroughfare of the boulevard style, with trees, flowers and walks on one side and fine stores with fashionable hotels over them on the other side. Sir Walter Scott's monument on the side where

STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS

the little parks are is the handsomest one I ever saw. The design—by a poor shepherd boy—is graceful, artistic and soul inspiring. It is 200 feet high. We visited John Knox's house on High street. He was the great reformer in Scotland and founder of Presbyterianism. The house projects into the street several feet, and every pleasant day may be seen carriages full of people, and many pedestrian strangers standing about, gazing at it. The house was built in 1470. On the side, and running around the corner above the first story, used as a store, is this inscription: "Lofe God above all and ye nychbour as ye self." We ascended the stairs outside in the front. The price of admission is sixpence. Then by a corridor and interior stairway came to the entrance of the dining and sitting room of Knox's time. Now this entrance to his rooms is enclosed, a little projection looking up High street. In his day it was simply an open balcony. These rooms are in the third story. The stairway and the old door, with the old-fashioned iron knocker are just the same today. The stairs and threshold are of stone. How these stone steps and threshold are worn. The tramp of feet for centuries will grind away the hardest rock. We entered the dining room. Here by a window looking up High street is where he frequently preached to the people in the street. Just here, sitting in a chair, he died on the 24th of November, 1572. The room is quite large, with square and oval corners, a fireplace on one side and at the back a door leading to his bedroom. On the side toward the front was another old door leading to a little entryway, the entrance to his study. This little room, not over 5x7, was built while he lived in the house, October, 1561. He said of this little study that he "only wanted room for himself and his Bible." It had only one little half window. In it was the first Bible ever printed in Scotland, 1576—not Knox's, as this was after he died. While the rooms throughout are furnished as in Knox's time there is only one piece of furniture in the house that belonged to him, an old chair in the study. The rooms are in panel style, and when one of the old doors is closed, it looks

like the side of the room. There are only portions of the ceiling and sides of the rooms, just the same as when Knox was alive. One can see the difference by close inspection. What interested me greatly was that just by the window where he died, in a jog of the room, was a bit of landscape painting on the old original wall, so dimmed with age that one had to stoop to catch the light from the window, in order to trace the trees and scenery. In sight up the street is St. Giles cathedral, where he preached. Aside from that association, we were not particularly interested in the cathedral. In the rear of the cathedral, in Parliament square, is a little bronze tablet in the pavement, marked "J. K., 1572," and this is supposed to mark the spot where John Knox is buried. Still keeping up the street we come to the castle of Edinburgh. Here we saw the oldest building in Edinburgh, a chapel erected by Queen Margaret over 800 years ago. We saw the crown once worn by the Scottish kings and queens, also the crown jewels. We saw Queen Mary's room, where her sons, James VI of Scotland and James I of England were born. Some of the original ceiling is still in place. We saw old cannon and there were the ever-present soldiers, all dressed in Highland costume. The moats, drawbridges and all about it were interesting.

We then went to Holyrood palace, about a mile away. Here Queen Mary lived, and we saw her bedroom and bed, the finery decaying with age. The walls are covered with tapestry and in their time must have been very handsome. Adjoining her room is a larger room called the audience chamber. It was here John Knox and the queen had such stormy interviews. In this room is another bed, all made up, said to be the bed Charles I slept in. Everywhere you go here in this country to old castles, palaces, cathedrals and abbeys, there are many people like yourself tramping along the same way, from nearly all countries. Yet Americans number the most and Oriental countries none.

We rode six miles in the country to see Rosslyn chapel. It was built about 1450. Now only some of the walls are stand-

ing, as it was destroyed by one of Cromwell's generals. The ride was a delightful one; the country begins just where the city leaves off, and there are little Scotch villages and glimpses of rural life as you drive along. All over the British isles the roads are extremely good, bordered by a hawthorn hedge, not wide, and no ditches at the side. There is not much more than room for two wagons to pass. The grades are cut down and they are the best I ever saw, and are kept in perfect repair. Teams pass one another to the left instead of the right. Through the little villages there is usually a narrow sidewalk on one side. In the fields of grain and by the hedges there were many wild poppies, not golden, but a deep scarlet. Waving in the breeze, with the corn and wheat, they make a striking picture. There came a heavy shower of rain which prevented us from wandering along the banks of the heavily wooded Esk to the romantic home of William Drummond, a Scotch poet, called Hawthornden. We then returned to the city and as we had been invited out to tea by a Scottish lady, we spent the evening in her home, and were entertained in royal style.

We were in Edinburgh over Sunday. No street cars running until about 10 o'clock, and only last year did they commence running on Sunday at any hour.

In the forenoon we went to the Wesleyan church (as Methodist churches are called here)in Nicholson square. As we enter we noticed on the front, "Erected A. D. 1815." The preacher wore a black gown, and the pulpit was very high. When preaching his head was on a level with the lower tier of seats of the gallery. The sermon and also attendance were good. More singing than in America, and when the benediction is pronounced everybody sits down, which is the custom in all the churches.

Monday morning, August 18, we purchased our tickets to Manchester, England. At 6:20 a. m. we left Waverly station, which covers twenty-three acres of ground, and one-half of it roofed over. It is the largest station in the United Kingdom. Our train was a slow one, only local. The reason

we were on this slow poke of a train was we could stop at Melrose Abbey, some thirty miles away, and have about four hours, then catch the fast express on its way to London. All country stations are enclosed with iron fences, buildings or hedges, and you cannot get out without showing your ticket. We saw a rolling, beautiful country, with parks of trees, scattering ones in the fields, sometimes rows of them along the roads. Great flocks of crows were quite common, and now and then a scarecrow set up in the fields reminded us that the farmer had trouble. We met freight trains. All the freight cars are about one-half as long as those you see in America, and scarcely any of them roofed. The open ones, unless loaded with coal or iron, are covered with large rubber covers. It looks real strange to see long trains of these short cars covered up. Some of the country was very hilly, yet pasture and cultivation everywhere unless covered with trees. We arrived at Melrose and walked just a short distance to the Abbey through this little country town. Roofless and in ruins, yet its outlines were so imposing and symmetrical that we were immediately interested. Built in the twelfth century and battered in the wars of the Reformation, yet it only takes one glance to command your admiration. The carved stones, the beautiful tracing of the foliage, the lifelike figures so real, the sculptor's private mark, and the amount of all this work is a marvel to everyone. Sir Walter Scott wrote about it, and on a stone, by a pile of rocks, once the foundation of a mighty pillar, was his favorite seat to view these grand ruins. The more we walked about, the more beauty we saw. It must have taken many men all their lives to carve such delicate work and so many lifelike figures on the walls of this monastery. No two of the figures are alike. There are roses, lilies, thistles, ferns, heaths, oak and ash leaves, and many other kinds of carvings, all chiseled with such a perfect imitation of nature that I doubt if there are sculptors that can equal it today. One figure represents an angel flying away with a message, another one on the outer wall has such a sweet smile, it looks as though the smile

DONKEY LOADED WITH WEEDS
FOR FUEL NEAR DAMASCUS

was for you. All these figures and carvings are a part of the walls of the building. The foliage upon the capitals of the pilasters is so finely carved that we took straws and passed through, wondering how such delicate work could be done. As we walked around our feet were treading over the ashes of many a warrior and priest. Just by a large window (no glass in any of the windows) is buried the heart of King Robert Bruce. Here the keeper and his wife, as we were about the only visitors this early in the day, told us a touching incident. He said: "Yesterday a lady now visiting in Glasgow, but living in California, brought to me a flower, I think she called it a poppy, and wanted to put it on the little stone marking where the heart of Bruce is buried. She said she had been a widow four years, and this flower had grown on her husband's grave. She had just sent to her servant in California for it." He further said: "We picked a little wreath of ivy you see climbing over the wall to encircle the flower and put it on the stone. She said she was coming again in the evening, when the moon was shining, but I did not see her again, nor do I see the flower." I said: "It rained hard yesterday evening in Edinburgh." He replied: "That must have kept her away, as it rained here, with heavy wind. I presume she has gone. She was staying at the hotel." We looked about. Over in the dirt he picked up a little wet, wilted, faded flower, and knowing that I was from California, he said: "Is this it?" I took the little bedraggled thing. Was it a poppy? Turning it over, on just one petal I saw the color, one little bright golden spot, no larger than a tear drop. I said: "It is a golden poppy and from California." With loving tenderness we replaced the flower. My heart was full. I walked out into the cloisters. I paced to and fro, wrapt in reverie. I did not even know the lady's name. I repelled the thought of ascertaining her name on the hotel register. What an orchid of excellence in thought and affection. What a blossom of sentiment. Perchance the tiny spot of golden brightness that I saw in identifying the poppy was kept by the lady's tear of sympathy. Oh, sentiment, what a

talismanic charm thou art, eclipsing in real worth any crown of jewels ever worn. How proud I was that from beneath the sunny skies of Golden California such bright, sweet, tender and loving sentiment grew, and typified by this golden poppy, was carried 6000 miles away to blossom and rest over the last resting place of the heart of the most heroic of all Scottish kings. With another look at the roofless, yet beautiful walls of Melrose Abbey, where each interstice is simply crushed oyster shell, we walked back to the station and jumped on the fast London express, and in the next chapter will tell you something of England.

II.

London, Paris and Germany.

The car we entered at Melrose had a corridor on one side and doors leading into compartments first and third class. On an electric button was this notice: "An attendant will accompany you to the dining car." It was vestibuled and had two elegant dining cars in front, first and third class. The cars were long and handsome inside and out.

The train fairly flew across the country and by all the small stations. The country for the first hour or two was very beautiful, with large trees and just uneven enough to charm the eye every way one looks.

The conductor came along, saying, "Did you book here?" meaning Melrose. All ticket-selling places are marked booking stations and when we want a ticket we simply say we want to book to destination.

At Ravenswood and from there to St. Boswell's, at this season, is the best looking farming country I ever saw. Harwick is a good-sized city. Then we came to quite a stretch of country, treeless and looking poor and wet. Such country is called moors. I saw patches of bright looking flowers now and then and a Scotch lady in our compartment said they were "ling flowers." We soon came to the river Eden, and for some distance, twisting and winding along at express train speed, we followed downward the course of this river. For the first time since landing at Glasgow, the clouds began to look as one sees them in winter time in California, distinct clouds and patches of blue sky. Everywhere in this country

if the weather is cloudy and threatening, which seems to be the rule, you will hear after the usual morning salutation, "It is a dull morning," or "It looks dull today."

The millions of people in the British isles who do not travel to other countries have no conception or idea as to distance or heat, as Americans do, and the masses travel very little—just little, cheap holiday excursions to some near-by place at long intervals. (I am not speaking of the commercial classes.)

At Carlisle we were on English soil. For many miles the country was rocky and there were many stone dykes, used as fences. There are so many new and pleasing features of home life and scenery to see on an English railway that each hour is a delight and pleasure. At Hellifield we changed from our London train to a train for Manchester, passing through Bradford, another large city. From Bradford to Manchester the manufacturing plants are so thick that it is almost like one city. A peculiarity about them all is that each factory has a very tall brick chimney and everywhere they seemed like tall monuments, except they represent the present and not the past. The houses are also mostly made of brick, not stone, as in Scotland.

The train ran very fast, with scarcely any stops. At times there was a perfect labyrinth of tracks, with other roads crossing, but never on the same grade. No ringing of locomotive bells or whistling, as there are no crossings, always under or over the track. We did not stay long in Manchester. We concluded it was a thrifty, manufacturing city and its ship canal, recently completed to the sea, is giving its business men and interests a new impetus.

Shortly after reaching Manchester we again took train for Liverpool. Interesting at every turn and step in manufacturing, farming and gardening, with glimpses of English rural life, is the country seen traveling between these large cities, if one is a close observer. Just before sundown we arrived in Liverpool. We soon secured a comfortable room in a hotel and retired early. The landlady, a good motherly woman, in showing me where my room was, said, "Do you

know how to turn off the gas?" I replied, "I think I do."

We found Liverpool a well built, good looking city of about 500,000 population. Many of the larger trucks had horses harnessed one ahead of the other, thus driving along with the load tandem fashion. We walked to the water front on the Mersey. What wonderful docks! Some of them floating, held in place with great chains, all built of solid masonry. There is an elevated railway running along the water front for several miles. We climbed the stairway and rode back and forth. There were many ships, large and small, anchored either in the Mersey or lying along the piers. We saw immense dry docks large enough to take in the largest vessels, some of them occupied by ships undergoing repair. On the city side of all this distance were immense warehouses, filled with all the different products of the world. We walked out on one of the outer piers, connected with many other piers, all forming a continuous sea front, apparently rising and falling with the tide. Here ships from all parts of the world take and land passengers and their luggage. While standing there a large steamer from the Isle of Man landed many passengers. Then came a large ship, the Westernland, and for nearly an hour we stood there with hundreds of other people, watching a continuous row of passengers passing on board, all bound for Philadelphia. This was an American steamship, large and handsome looking. We were loth to leave such a scene of animation. We went to a booking office and purchased tickets for London.

The weather was delightful and we chose the Midland route to see the best scenery. Even the railroad embankments are grassed over and hay mown on them—no waste anywhere. If a side hill is being washed or cut away, a stone embankment is built to protect it. American reapers were in some fields at work cutting their corn (oats).

An English lady in our compartment, at a small town, as our train flew along, said, "Look at those Gypsies." The scene, a few old covered wagons, with poor horses, looked very much the same as I have seen them camped on the

river bottom at Los Angeles. Gypsies, I think, are about the same everywhere. Instead of a train boy coming along to ask you to buy anything, especially fruit, the arrangement on this road was very fine. At every large town where we stopped, there came a nicely dressed boy along the side of the train, with fruit, scones and sometimes cups of tea on a tray, just telling you what he had in a quiet way. You simply opened the car door and beckoned to him if you wanted to purchase.

We ran through some very wild scenery, steep, rocky hills, deep cuts and long tunnels. This hilly country had scarcely any trees, yet abounded in rock, and there was considerable stone quarrying. After passing Derbyshire the country flattens out. I think the entire southeastern part of England is a flat country, with very few hills and ridges, as compared with the rest. At Leicester our compartment became crowded, fourteen, small and large. The porter at the station said, "Only one portion today," meaning only one section of the train. There are plenty of guides and porters at each station, all dressed in uniform, who answer all questions and direct passengers in changing trains.

We saw a few apple trees, while in front of the houses were nasturtiums, marigolds, pansies and many other flowers. The change from country to city, as we entered London, was quite marked, and then one cannot see much from the train, as in tunnels, under the streets it passes to the station.

At a little after 3 o'clock p. m. we alighted from the train at Saint Pancras station, and were in the largest city in the world. We summoned a hansom and were swiftly driven to the Waverly hotel, and found a nice room, with double beds, electric lights, well furnished and with three large double windows. This room, with breakfast, costs us one crown each per day.

We took a long walk on Oxford street to Hyde Park that evening and were wonderfully impressed with the crowded street, the masses hurrying to and fro, the two-story omnibuses filled with people, the cabs everywhere flying about.

STREET SCENE IN LONDON

On an area of several square miles in the very heart of London there are no street cars, only lines running outside this center. There are no elevated roads anywhere. There is, as called, a two-penny tube, an underground railway, running in portions of the city. This is the one Mr. Yerkes of Chicago is trying to manipulate. The next morning, having read in the papers that the Shah of Persia would take a train at Charing Cross station, we concluded to see a little of royalty. No one can get their regular breakfasts at hotels until about 8 o'clock. After breakfast we walked in the direction of Charing Cross station for the purpose of seeing the Shah. We sauntered leisurely along, feeling as rich as a king, looking at the sights of London. We came to Trafalgar square, and while looking at the statues of four large bronzed copper lions I happened to remember that I left our money at the hotel between the mattresses, with the door unlocked. I told Elmer, and in a cool, matter-of-fact, nonchalant way he said: "That ends the whole business and finishes the trip." We had two sovereigns, one-half of a crown, a few pennies and some halfpence with us. We immediately hailed a hansom, telling the driver to quickly drive us to the hotel. He cracked his whip and we were off. It seemed to me that that particular horse was the slowest one in all London, and that at every turn everybody else was in our driver's way. What we could see did not interest us any more. Oh, how slow we seemed to go! We reached the hotel, and leaving Elmer to pay the driver, I quickly ran up the stairs, instead of ringing up the elevator. I reached the room. What expectation as I reached in my hand. Hopefulness I still had left. It was there intact. Turning to Elmer, an aphorism I sometimes use in California came forth involuntarily, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." We walked out this time towards the Bank of England, over a mile away. We had lost interest in the Shah. How curious human nature is. Will we ever understand ourselves? Are we not all surprised at times, causing us to wonder at our changeable moods?

As we reached Threadneedle street, we walked all the way

around the Bank of England, looking curiously in at the different entrances, where pompous looking and richly uniformed men were pacing to and fro, like sentinels. Walking around this bank (covering three acres) seemed to change us again. In our feelings we were richer than any depositor in the Bank of England. Consulting our watches, we concluded that we might yet have time to see the Shah. We jumped on an omnibus running along the Strand, and in about thirty minutes came in sight of the open square in front of Charing Cross station. It was filled with people, with just room for cabs and omnibuses to pass. We hastily alighted and worked our way up to the edge of a strip of pavement, where sawdust had been thrown.

Everybody was on the eve of expectation. "Here he comes," one sang out. First came an outrider or two, then ten or twelve men on black steeds, all richly caparisoned, the riders with armor on, rifles and swords, plumes, gold and red stripes, all looking to me as I would picture knights of the medieval ages. Then came the carriages. The leading one contained the Shah, his interpreter, an English Lord and another Persian. The remaining carriages contained his suite accompanying him. All the Persians, as far as I noticed, had long, fierce-looking moustaches. The coachmen were dressed in red coats, white trousers, black silk hats, trimmed in gold—the usual traditional style. On alighting from the carriage to take the railway train, a red velvet carpet was spread along the platform for the Shah and his suite to walk on.

We had seen the Shah of Persia.

One Sunday afternoon we attended Sabbath School in City Road Chapel, where John Wesley used to preach. No adults in attendance and not over sixty present, mostly children. More singing than teaching; rather a poor affair. I learned afterwards that some of the older people were there but had a class service in another room, at the same hour.

In the evening we crossed London bridge to attend the Metropolitan Temple (Spurgeon's). There is a little yard in front, and wide steps leading up to the main doors. I was

surprised on arrival to find hundreds of people filling this space waiting for the doors to open. An open-air meeting was also in progress. We went to a little side door and told the keeper we were strangers. He let us in, enabling us to choose our seat in the first gallery. The room is built in the form of an oblong circle, with two galleries all around, one tier above the other. The first gallery had six rows of seats and the upper one five. The preacher's pulpit was high enough so that when preaching his head was on a level with the center of the first gallery. In a very few minutes that great church, seating 3700 people, filled up. No instrumental music of any kind; in front of the pulpit, a little lower down and facing the preacher, was room for fifteen or twenty singers, which was the choir. Just back of the pulpit and only as wide, was a tier of seats up across the gallery for the elders of the church. A door in the rear where they had a prayer meeting before the service gave them entrance. Still the people came. The pulpit stairs, all the steps in the aisles of the galleries were full and some of the windows had people sitting in them. No more room, yet hundreds more came and stood up during the service. There were over 4000 people present.

Not a stained glass window, no memorial ones, nor any needless ornamentation. It was a right sort of a church, and that kind brings the people. The pastor, Mr. Spurgeon's son, was away. A Mr. MacNeil from Scotland preached. I think he is a Presbyterian. There were plenty of hymn books. Everybody had one. Everybody sang that could or wanted to. I did not miss the instrumental music. The preaching was excellent. I only wish I had time and space to picture it—it was about doubting Thomases, full of illustrations. How strange it is that the preaching that draws and holds people is always full of incidents of every-day life, woven into the sermon for illustration.

In the morning we had attended service at the City Temple. The pastor, whom you all know, has a world-wide reputation. Dr. Parker was absent and Mr. William L. Watkinson, a

Wesleyan Methodist, preached. The large audience was so still that I wondered. Not a sound except an occasional cough caused by a cold. The music was grand, both instrumental and vocal. As is the custom here, everybody sits down when the benediction is given. A little box with a groove in it is passed for the offerings, and the rattle of the coins as they drop in is like the patter of large drops of rain on a roof. We visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the largest Protestant church in the world; no service when we were present. It is very imposing, stately, stiff, ecclesiastical looking, full of statuary, costly windows, enormous stone pillars. I was weary and in one of the seats commenced reading a paper. A clerically dressed gentleman came along and said: "Against the regulations, sir, to read a paper." I replied with much courtesy, "Thank you, sir," putting the paper in my pocket.

We went to the Kensington Museum and in the Indian department saw much clever work in models of houses. We saw also many old tombs, and pillars from religious temples, some of them dating back hundreds of years. How eager man seems to be in every age, to erect something to remind other people coming after him of his presence. We saw carved on stone their manner of catching wild elephants down to the second century, represented by tying a female elephant to a tree, which calls out the male elephants. Then they are represented as fighting, and Indians tying their hind legs to a tree with strong ropes. Aristotle, long before Christ, spoke of this manner of catching wild elephants in his writings.

We went into a Persian room and saw silk woven with threads of gold, called "Susura" work. The Japanese and Chinese weave differently. We saw a Persian carpet, the museum having just paid 2500 pounds sterling for it. What harmony in the weaving! In this fine weaving it is said the foreman sits in the center singing a song. Each weaver as he hears the song, works according to the notes, even to the dipping of his yarn into the different dyes. Their language has very many half tones, while ours has but few. The name, "The

OLD SITE OF MEMPHIS
(DURING NILE OVERFLOW)

Holy Carpet," indicated that this one was woven by singing a religious song. I went into the Chinese gallery. I saw one screen costing 1000 pounds. "Beauty," did I say? "Yes," yet it rather seemed to be a dream from fairy land. I went into the Japanese gallery and I saw an eagle made of iron which cost 1000 pounds. An American iron maker, even if he had skill, would fail in patience. I saw an incense burner made for a Japanese temple, so elaborate that the museum authorities paid 1586 pounds for it. Many other things we saw in works of art and beauty. Truly one half of the world knows but little of what the other half is doing.

We also went into the British Museum. We saw mummies as old as Abraham; and one man in a stone coffin who lived on the earth before Abraham's time. We were much interested in the Rosetta stone, discovered at the mouth of the Nile in 1799, and through its discovery, and the writing on its surface, it was possible to read the language on Egyptian monuments and tombs. This stone furnished the long looked for key.

There were old parchments of Scripture and much papyri, some of it years B. C., the ink looking fresh and bright. We also went into the Guildhall, which is in the center of the old city where great titles are conferred. We are quite sure that we at last found the largest book in the world, an album six feet long, three and one-half feet wide and about eight inches thick, weighing seven hundred pounds. There were brick taken from the palace of Nimrod, large carved stones from Nineveh, dating before Jonah's time.

We were in the Tate gallery of art. Such pictures! It seemed that we were in a new world, and never saw art before. Sir Edwin Landseer's own work of animals, famous the world over was here—several pictures. Artists, would that I were one!

We went to the Tower of London. Such an array of armored Knights, horses and kings! Mute and motionless they stand, representing how some of our forefathers lived. The use of guns and powder rendered all this work useless. We

saw where many were beheaded, and could the old stones in the walls talk, what strange, weird stories they could tell, because it is true as said, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

We climbed the monument built in memory of the great fire of 1666. For miles and miles the city lay, as far as our eyes could see either way. Up from the depths of this great city below, there came a sound as of waves on a rocky shore. A mighty city where it is said, "one dies every five minutes." We stood on London Bridge and as we saw the multitude passing and repassing, it seemed to us that the procession would never end—yet it began centuries before we were born.

We walked into Waterloo Street Station. For an hour we watched a continual line of hansoms driving up to unload passengers with their luggage, who were about to take an express train for Southampton, there to go on board a steamer bound for Africa. There were at times a dozen hansoms busy unloading their passengers at once. Said a young Englishman standing by me, "I was born and raised in London, and this sight is as new to me as to you. I am just waiting for my passport as I go to South Africa." It was a rare scene we witnessed, even for London. Their luggage and ways were not American. One evening we took a train to Sydenham, where the Crystal Palace is. In front of the palace was to be a fine display of fireworks in honor of the Shah of Persia's attendance. I never saw better fireworks. The immense grounds in front were lighted up by one-half a million gas jets, taking one hundred miles of piping to place them in position. We found many thousands of people and military bands playing. These many gas jets were of many bright colors, the electrical fountains illuminated with a variety and change of color. Was it not a fairy scene? For an hour the display of fireworks, the sending up of balloons, the rockets of many colors, the set pieces—among them was a picture of the Shah of Persia and another the coronation scene—automobiles running a race, and many others. Will we ever forget the scene?

We visited the houses of Parliament and saw much gold and glitter. Many costly pictures were there representing great men and deeds, all in English history. The House of Lords—the gilded chamber, it is called—with the throne for the King to sit on when he opens Parliament, the frescoes, richly stained windows, highly decorated walls and ceiling, could we but feel out of place?

The House of Commons, a little larger and as imposing in appearance, did it excite our admiration? No, we are plainer people. On each side of the houses are lobbies, and between the two, at the end of the lobbies, is Central Hall, octagonal in shape, and it has a very rich Mosaic pavement. It is also wonderfully adorned with decorations, frescoes and statuary. As we walked out, "Big Ben," a bell in the clock tower, pealed forth in sonorous tones the time of day; a bell that in the night time, when the city is a little quiet, is heard over a large part of London. We walked to Buckingham Palace. At the gates sentinels in rich uniform were pacing to and fro. It is not a very nice looking palace in front. We rode one day out to Greenwich, and walked or sat under the trees in Greenwich Park. Chestnut trees, the largest seven feet in diameter, large elms, oaks, mountain ash covered with red berries, and thorn trees, resembling in leaf and color, only not so large, the fine leafed oak of California. We were 155 feet above sea level and could look for miles down the Thames, with ship docks and warehouses as far as we could see. A herd of deer were quietly grazing by our side. Green grass, with wild flowers peeping out of the grass, with many cultivated flowers about the yards and in the park, with weather like that of Redlands in the winter—was it not enjoyable?

We hunted up the little old crooked street that Charles Dickens wrote about, where Old Curiosity Shop is located, built 300 years ago; on through Billingsgate fish market, wondering where all the fish came from; went to the house where John Wesley lived and died. We were in his study. The bookcase he used is there, about seven feet wide, with glass

doors at the top and secretary style at the bottom. His conference chair and study chair sit there. His library is not there; it is in Bristol, Kingwood and Richmond. We also saw one little tiny lock of his hair and the old collection plates used in the old chapel. We were in the bedroom where he died. A painting on the wall representing the death scene is untrue. There were but eight present when he died. We saw his bureau with the secret drawer; the old eight day clock, built in the time of Wesley, by a refugee from the continent, running when Wesley died 111 years ago, and still running, ticking the time away. We heard it strike three o'clock on the afternoon of August 26th. There is nobody living that ever saw John Wesley, or that ever heard him preach. Yet, could this old clock talk, it would say, "I saw and heard him and my ticking is just the same today." We saw his pen and the penholder he wrote with and many of his old letters. He had a little room just back of his bedroom, which he used for secret prayer. We went into this room.

Just back of the church he is buried, and by his side lies Adam Clark. His ancestry can be traced back to the tenth century. There is only one living descendant by the name of Wesley, and he belongs to the Theistic church. We went into the church and saw the pulpit Wesley used, which is still in use, though it has been cut down about one-half. There are new pews and a new floor. The pillars supporting the gallery are new and cost one hundred pounds each. They are of marble and were donated by different countries. The keyboard of the organ is on the floor in front of the pulpit, while the organ is in the gallery in two parts, one on each side of the church, fully fifty feet from the organist.

Just across the road from Wesley's church and house is the Bunnehill cemetery. A curious sign at the entrance reads thus: "Reserved as a place of recreation for the public." Over two hundred years ago, at the time of the great plague in London, the victims were buried in this ground.

Almost all the land and houses in England and Scotland

THE NILE AT ASSOUAN

DEC. 10TH 1902

are under what is called the "feu" system. The titled men usually own all the land in great estates and the farms and ground for the houses are rented out on an average of about three pounds an acre. However, leases in Scotland are perpetual, while in England the usual time is 99 years. For this reason farm improvements are usually better in Scotland.

Everybody is polite and say "thank you," with a rising inflection to everything you do. There is a heavy fine in London for "hollering" on the streets, so all the newsboys and men selling papers have a large placard fastened in front of them, noting the principal news, the headings and other leading features. And all are quiet.

The radius of free delivery is ten miles from the general post office. Think of it, twenty miles across the city each way.

We have not seen an American pie in all the British Isles. I believe that if some American lady would commence making them in London she could make millions of dollars, as well as of pies.

You are expected in Europe to get your breakfast at the hotel. In sitting down to the table, we have a small plate for bread and butter, and there is one dessert spoon, four knives and three forks to each sitting. You have porridge first, if you want it, then either of four kinds of fish, then bacon or ham and eggs or roast beef if you prefer. No potatoes, plenty of bread and butter, tea or coffee and lots of style. If your bill is not paid while eating the waiter will put it under a little plate.

We have booked a passage of nearly 4000 miles of travel on the European continent, intending to visit all the capitals. The passage cost us eleven pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence each, about one and one-half cents a mile. We leave England and Scotland with regret. We like the people and many of their ways. This Saturday morning we have our luggage ready, are taken by an omnibus to the Victoria station.

As our train started, I caught sight of the Prince of

Wales' train standing at the station. At times in leaving the city the grade was so high that we were even with the roofs of the houses; and then again we were in tunnels under the streets. As we emerged from the city we were again charmed with English scenery.

At the station of Purly, we saw whole rows of new houses and many English oaks. Wild blackberries were getting ripe and we envied the chance of picking them. As we neared the coast the trees became scarce and there were long, hilly slopes of country, mostly grazing land, covered with a mantle of green. Winding in and about them we ran along a wharf and walked across the pier to a steamer.

We were in Newhaven, just a little hamlet, yet the little harbor was protected by a stone breakwater. On a hill facing the ocean we saw cannon mounted, and troops stationed, all ready to defend any invasion. Our train was a long one and several hundred passengers from it crowded on to the steamer. Nearly all of them were French or Dutch, not many speaking our language. All were extremely well dressed. Truly we were getting away from England and English speaking people.

The sea was calm, the wind light, and somber gray clouds overhung sea and land.

The first and second class passengers were divided like the sheep and the goats. Nobody wanted to stay in the stuffy saloons, therefore nearly all were on deck. And as there were not seats enough, many had to stand. A few square-rigged sailing vessels and two steamers were all we saw in crossing.

We arrived at Dieppe, passing a few fishing sloops, a yacht and several small steamers as we came into our slip or pier, almost facing the ocean. What a change from sober, staid old England! Hundreds of boys, men, women and girls were on the wharf, dressed in all sorts of costumes. Some wore hats and all were wildly gesticulating. Surely this is "La Belle France."

Dieppe is a city of considerable size. We were ushered

into a large room on the wharf, where our baggage was examined by military-looking custom house officers. We soon had ours chalk-marked and passed directly from the wharf into a train of cars standing on the street, waiting for us. The excitable French people were roped off and the other side of the vestibuled corridor train was locked. We entered the cars and heard everybody speaking French. Then we began to realize what it is to be in a foreign country. Soon the train started for Paris. There was not room for all the passengers to sit, and many were compelled to stand in the corridors. The train started slowly at first, up a street, the people waving their hats, and some shouting "au revoir."

The French locomotive is very unlike an English one. It whistled loud and often over the entire way to Paris. Soon we were passing along between silver birch trees, and by the side of green meadows. We saw many apple trees, doubtless the Normandy pippin. The churches we saw all seemed to be Catholic, and the cemeteries about them had more iron crosses and more ornamental iron work than tombstones. The land was quite hilly near the coast, though there were many trees, with many nice looking homes nestled among them. Some were of brick, with tiled roofs, older ones of stone, with thatched roofs. All the land was under cultivation.

Full of romance, interwoven into its history, is this part of Normandy. We reached Rouen, a city of nearly 400,000 people, forty miles from Dieppe. As our train wound along on the hillside we had a good view of the city. We could easily locate the cathedrals. On a board in the station were posted letters and telegrams for unknown persons.

Leaving Rouen, there are large areas of land used for gardening. How neat they looked, men and women working in them, yet at this time the sun was setting, partially obscured by clouds. On we sped, reaching Vernon in another forty miles, beautifully situated on the Seine. We were now in a flat, open country, given over to farming, with some manufactories about the towns. The lingering twilight lighted

up the hovel of the poor peasant, as well as the elegant chateau of the rich. It gilded them alike in colors more lovely than any artist can paint; the moving train, the graceful birch and elm trees, the fields of corn (oats) being harvested, the cattle grazing in the small pastures, the hay gathered into small, pointed stacks, the birds hunting for their homes at night; and as the train ambled along our eyes caught glimpses of the silvery Seine, the ever-pleasing green of the meadows and the bright gleam of wild flowers from field and dale. Was it not a scene to enrapture one?

From here to Paris the shades of night cut off our view. We arrived in the Paris station at 8:15 p. m., and struggled along in the crowd through the station. We called a "Victoria," when a man grabbed Elmer's satchel and persistently kept it. He could talk English; said it was best to get a cab on the street outside, got one, and as the cab drove up we got in. I gave him a few centimes, and he said he was "ye interpreter," so I gave him half a franc. Our cab driver had been directed to drive us to Hotel St. Romaine, and we soon arrived there. We had two francs sorted out for the cab fare and twenty centimes as the driver's fee. I ran into the hotel, telling Elmer to keep the cab. I rang the bell and a chamber maid came running as I walked up the stairs. I wanted rooms, holding up two fingers. "Je Madame," I said, "two Messiurs." She talked away in French, and seeing that I did not understand, motioned me down stairs, and at another entrance called a waiter who could talk English a little, and we hired two rooms. Motioning to Elmer, he paid the cabman, who demurred and wanted one-half franc more. A policeman came along and made him move off. We had paid the regular fare and the usual fee to the driver. We were in Paris.

We walked out on the boulevards; the cafes have a line of tables and chairs on the sidewalks. Hundreds of people sat at these tables in the open air, sipping all sorts of drinks. Summer evenings, a good part of Paris is out of doors, whole

families sitting on the sidewalks. This picture we saw at 10 p. m. the evening of our arrival.

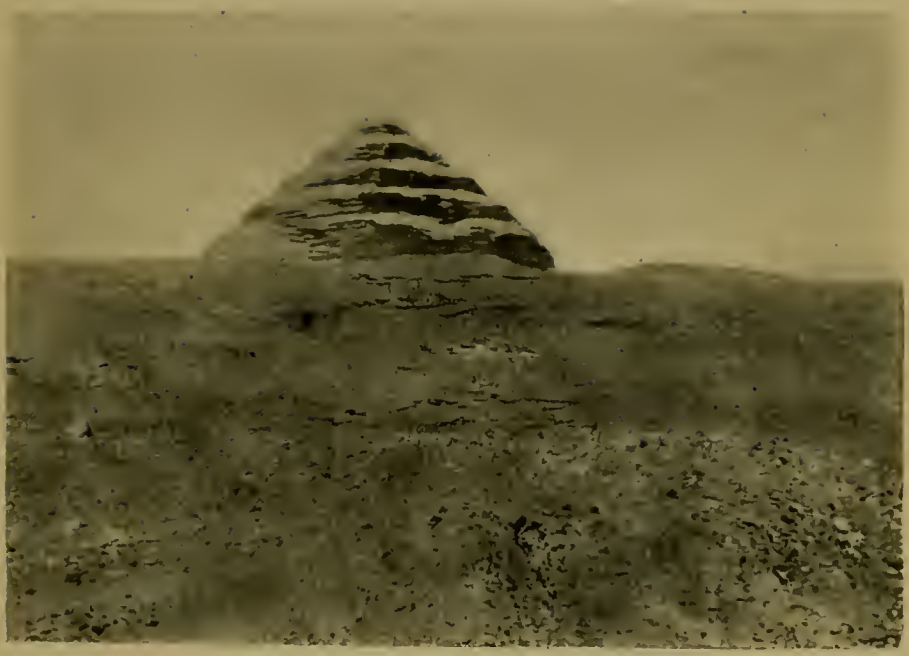
Sunday morning we started out to find some church. We found that we were only a little ways from the Tuilleries and their gardens, just about in the center of the city. We could find no Protestant church, so we enquired for the largest Catholic one. We called it "Notre Dame." Nobody seemed to know it by that name, but called it as we would to leave off the "e" on the last word. We found the cathedral. A beggar sat at the door; just inside a nun stood holding a collection plate. A little farther along a sinister-looking monk sat behind a little desk on a raised platform with a variety of coins on a plate. As I went by he pushed the plate towards me, with an appealing look. I walked along. Services were in progress. We soon discovered that everybody paid to get in. A temporary light fence was set up with a narrow entrance. A boy stood on one side and a nun on the other. It was amusing to see strangers go in and the boy or nun would speak to them. No one passed those portals to take part in the worship without paying. However, there was a wide walk all the way around the services, behind the monstrous pillars, and nobody to ask pay. We walked around. In one open space behind the services and leading to them, a man dressed in a showy uniform stood and with a cane motioned back any one passing. There were more people walking around than went in to the services. Many of them stopped at the different shrines and bowed low in worship. The stained glass, the statuary, and the size of the cathedral are on a grand scale.

As we walked back to the hotel, stores, cafes, building trades, street work—everything was in fulll swing; no regard for Sunday; well dressed, gay, vivacious, light-hearted and merry all seemed to be. Sunday afternoon, as we could look over in the Rue Tivoli from our windows, we saw passing each way great crowds of people with cabs and automobiles, even in the rain, as all Paris makes Sunday afternoon one grand holiday.

Monday morning we went over to Versailles on the cars. It is about twelve miles southeast of Paris. The weather was very fine—a bright, cool September day. The train circled a range of hills most of the way; plenty of trees, shrubbery and flowers, and new houses. Brick is used in building and red tile for the roofs. There are iron balconies in front of many of the buildings. Everywhere in Paris, if not an iron balcony in front, then an iron railing crosses each window. The windows are hung on a pair of hinges like double doors, and each window is covered with a lace curtain. The people open these windows, sew, read and sit in or by them. There are outside blinds, usually open, only closed when it storms. This description applies to nearly all of Paris, except the public buildings and now and then a larger block. The whole of Paris is composed of buildings from six to seven stories high, quite uniform in appearance, with usually a sloping roof, partially Mansard in style. I think there is a law compelling owners to paint every ten years, therefore the city has a bright, neat appearance in keeping with the looks of the people.

We saw many locust trees in the yards on our way to Versailles. The drives, the fountains when playing, the artificial lakes, the shaded walks ,with statuary in many places—as we walked about the immense palace grounds at Versailles—were a surprise to us. We were disappointed that the palace was closed as we wanted to see the Hall of Mirrors, where the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany in January, 1871.

We returned to Paris in the afternoon. We visited the Eiffel tower and ascended by elevator to the top. There had been a sharp shower of rain, clearing the smoke away, and the clouds also. We were about 1000 feet high. The sun was shining brightly, and just late enough in the afternoon to catch nearly every building. What a view! A city of about three millions of people, said to be "the finest looking city in the world," was spread out before us. The rays of this sparkling sunshine lighted up spire, tower, dome, monuments, parks,



OLDEST PYRAMID IN EGYPT
NEAR MEMPHIS

boulevards lined with trees, Napoleon's tomb richly gilded, old cathedrals, statuary, government barracks with troops drilling, square miles of buildings where streets are too narrow even at this eagle's height to see, triumphal arches—one of them the largest in the world, and on the only elevation in Paris—broad, spacious avenues, twelve of them diverging from one point, and winding in and through them all, just like a ribbon of blue spanned by thirty curved bridges is the river Seine. Many pleasure steamers, laden with passengers, steaming along, nothing like it in all the world! Six great railways come into Paris, and we could trace their trains and locate their magnificent stations in different sections of the city. Many times we walked around the top of Eiffel tower. I have been to the top of Washington monument and those of you who have seen that tall marble column, a landmark all over Washington, can imagine a little of our elevation, as we were nearly twice as high. Reluctantly we came down to earth again. As we left, the smoke and haze of a great city was gathering.

The veil had been lifted by the sharp shower of rain. Never will we catch such a view and of such a city again.

We left Paris in the morning. While eating breakfast the hotel proprietor called a Victoria. As we paid our bill, a stamp of ten centimes was added for us to pay for. (In London all bills over two pounds have to be stamped.) The proprietor had the waiter and porter for us to fee as we started off, which we did.

Our cabman drove us rapidly to the Nord Station, in the northern part of the city. We gave him his fee in addition to the cab fare. There are many soldiers to be seen on the streets of Paris. Our train was ready for Brussels. We showed our tickets to the gate-keeper, also to two guards inside, and they directed us to our car. The train was an elegant one, the best we had seen anywhere. The wide, upholstered seats were marked three places and we found a compartment with only four in and took the other two. All the passengers were talking, but none in our language. As our

train was leaving the city many other trains were coming in. A uniformed trainman came in, counting the passengers and another behind talking in French to all of us.

We passed rapidly out of the city, as these through express trains make excellent time. Both sides of Vichy we saw miles and miles of gardens. No hedges and scarcely any trees. What trees there were are planted on the sides of the narrow roads, and trimmed for many feet upwards. In looking sideways across the country and under these trees it seemed like looking on a mirage. The peasants, both men and women, were working in the fields. Every inch of ground was cultivated, yet such little patches of a kind in one place. Then came forests of small trees, all in full leaf, then stretches of farming lands, then a forest of larger trees; then came the collector of tickets. Taking Elmer's ticket he looked at it, then commenced talking to him in an excited way. Elmer said, using a California Spanish phrase, "Quien Sabe." Still he talked. Finally he wrote something on it commencing "Voyageur" and took my ticket, writing the same. I showed it to a man sitting beside me, and he laughed and told a lady and she laughed and looked at us; evidently there was trouble of some sort. Soon we saw by the stations that, while we were going to Brussels, we were not on the route our tickets read.

We saw so many tiny little fields over such large stretches of country. We passed by the side of a canal. The boats were all brown, trimmed with white. There were hundreds of them, in some places the whole width of the canal, five abreast. The peasants were reaping grain by hand. I saw a thresher in a field at work. Our first stop at 10:15 was at St. Goneoten. We saw by our tickets we should have been at Amiens, many miles to the left. I saw the peasants using oxen, two yokes of them in one team. No fences; cattle herded; a very fine farming country; soil of light color. About 11 o'clock the country looked entirely different; hedges, apple trees, more forest, lines of trees at regular spaces, looking in color like olive trees. Villages built of brick; all new

houses have bright tile roofs, and the farmers live in the villages. At a little after 11 o'clock we came to the frontier. Everybody unlocked and opened their satchels. We did ours. The custom house inspector looked at them and passed along. The collector came and carried our tickets away. We saw all the officials of the station in a bunch talking about our tickets, with their hands flying and much excited. Then they came, talking vociferously all the time, and wanted us to pay our fare to Mons, one franc each. We paid it, wondering what they would do with us there. They still kept the tickets. We were in Belgium. The train ran swiftly along. At Mons all the officials of the station again gathered about our tickets and were much excited. They called us out of the car, talking to us all the time. We could not understand a word, but finding a man that could talk a little English, we told him to tell them that "we showed our tickets to three officials in Paris and they directed us to take this train." They allowed us to enter and the train moved on. We passed through a growing forest of small trees. It had been trimmed up and thinned out. Every limb as large as a lead pencil was corded up for wood. What saving thrift! Americans know not the meaning of the word.

We ran into Brussels. Nearly all of the buildings are built of brick. The conductor carried our tickets to the head official of the station. He very politely returned them to us, tearing out the ride to Brussels, and we passed out of the gate. We had ridden to Brussels over an entirely different route than our tickets called for. We went to our banker and changed twenty dollars. We got three kinds of money. French is used in Belgium, but we had to have money for Holland and Germany. There are so many names that we got a book to tell us what the values of different kinds were, and tried to keep them in separate pockets. Yet, as we purchased anything, we would still get for change pieces we had not seen. Those we put in our vest pockets until we could consult the book.

Brussels is a very interesting city. We saw dogs hitched

to carts, usually hitched under, and they would pull as the man or woman pushed. When standing still the dog would lie down in his harness, under the cart. I saw a hearse all encircled with wreaths of beautiful flowers, waiting in the street. The house door opened. The entrance was full of men and women dressed in black, all wearing that soft, subdued, far-away look that is always seen at a funeral. Not long after we saw a wedding party in carriages, all dressed in faultless attire, wearing that bright, bouyant, hopeful look usually seen on such occasions. Are not such pictures seen in our California? Is not human nature the same everywhere? Our surroundings from birth, education, training and temperament make us seem, and we are, different, yet there is a depth in the human heart that is "akin" to all the world.

We visited the town hall in Brussels. The council chamber, with its rich tapestry, paintings, its large mirrors and the paneled wood work, was a revelation. The different rooms, with pictures as real as life, fresco painting, inlaid floors of oak and figures in alabaster of exquisite beauty. The banqueting hall, with its elaborate chandeliers and its paintings were so real that it seemed real life was in them. It all seemed to us like some fabled dream. In the picture galleries we admired the paintings more than any we saw in London. The color, life and animation of these pictures were more than real to us. Our very souls were touched, and we drank long draughts of their exquisite coloring and beauty As we ate our breakfast at the hotel, we admired the dining room. It had large windows of stained glass, with the tracing of flowers and leaves almost as true as nature.

As we came into Antwerp we passed a line of earth fortifications and saw many soldiers working on them. There was mound, moat, some masonry, which probably concealed cannon. The earthworks were in all shapes and looked like they were preparing passages and concealing mines underground. We saw the same in passing out of Antwerp, as our train circled the city just outside of the fortifications. The entire city is being strongly fortified. Antwerp, like

Brussels and all these Dutch towns, is built of brown brick, which is pleasing to the eye, as there, is color in the trimmings.

I saw women digging potatoes in the fields. Just before passing out of Antwerp I saw one man standing on a log sawing it through lengthwise. There are surprises at every turn in the scenery. One knows not what to expect. We soon came to miles and miles of pine forest, planted, seemingly, as thick as it could grow. None of it large, all sizes, the largest is twenty feet high. At Esschen there were bush hedges and again farming and forest. Now and then large stretches of shrub in full bloom, of a reddish purple. I think it was like the heath seen in Scotland. Even among the pine trees planted in places this flower blooms, cropping out like red velvet woven in among the green trees, and thus creating a horoscope of beauty unequalled in any land or clime. Our train stopped at Rosendaal. Just then a sharp shower of rain, not over two minutes' duration, I heard Elmer say, "Those are the largest rain drops I ever saw." For a moment they were.

Then came the custom house officers again. We were in Holland. Once more our luggage was passed over another frontier. As we left the station there were pastures as far as our eyes could reach, and much water alongside the railroad. The cattle looked sleek and fat. Around every farm house everything was picked up and looked scrupulously clean. I began to think every day was washday, as there seems to be large washings hung on the hedges or spread on the garden grass each day of our travels. We saw men plowing in the fields, one handle to the plow, straight beam, and with either a roller or a cutter on the forward end of the beam. Plowing the little patches was in progress everywhere. I think they were sowing winter wheat. We crossed arms of the sea on long bridges, with steamers, canal boats and some ships in view.

Our train came into Rotterdam. There are two large stations. We concluded to go to the farther one, which was a

mistake, as the sequel proved. Rotterdam is one of the most romantic old cities in the world. It is as large as San Francisco and there are arms of the sea and canals at every turn you take. Boats, steamers, ships, yachts and tugs are all painted brown, trimmed with white, and such quantities are lying all about the city. Canal boats, hundreds of them, each having one mast about forty feet high. The quays are covered with merchandise. Great bundles of wooden shoes, such as many men and women in the country wear. Most of the traffic is carried on in strong baskets, particularly fruit, vegetables and all small kinds of goods that would be boxed in America. In all the countries we have traveled so far in Europe there are loads of baskets in place of our boxes.

We secured rooms at the Victoria hotel. How wonderfully common old furniture is. Here was mahogany furniture that you would call a treasure. Tapestry on the bed-room walls, decorations in the favorite Dutch colors, from brown to red in all shades. Our room faced the west, yet as far as we could see were tops of buildings and streets, with a glimpse of tree and meadow in the distance. We get acquainted with single individuals from these European countries in America and form our opinions of this country on that acquaintance, or perhaps on something we may read in connection. It cannot be done. One must see these countries and catch a glimpse of their life, progress and customs. We are surprised at every turn we take in these cities. The throngs of well dressed people, their every-day politeness, their polished, finish of manner and evident progress in all the affairs of life. How neat these Dutch people seem to be! In Brussels one morning I saw a maid cleaning the sidewalk with a cloth and a bucket of water. She would drag the cloth along the walk, then wring it out and repeat the process, walking backwards. Of course she got every particle of dirt. She used her hands. Here in Rotterdam I saw them cleaning hallways and steps just the same way. Dogs hitched to carts are as common here as in Brussels. Patient creatures, how industrious they are! Some of the canals have

grassy, sloping banks, little circles of flowers and rustic-looking bridges, gems of beauty. There are no flies. We have seen none worth mentioning since we landed in Europe. Everybody leaves their windows wide open, and no flies to chase out. We have not seen a mosquito or gnat, or anything to annoy one. There is no perceptible difference between the temperature of the morning and evening There has been little sunshine; no storms, but light rains of short duration nearly every day. There is so little clear weather that we have lost all track of the moon and do not know where it is. This evening in Rotterdam the sun set clear, the first time, except in Paris, since leaving Scotland The stars came out twinkling as merrily as in California. In the morning as we ate breakfast we had the finest of wheat rolls, the sweetest of butter and a pot of tea that in color and brewing would cure an invalid. The rich paneling in the dining room, elegant tracing of foliage on the windows, and all the appointments were truly Dutch in both character and style. It is the rule to pay your bill to the head waiter. When through breakfast we asked for the bill. The head waiter, dressed in a black cutaway coat, and his shirt front of immaculate whiteness, brought the bill on a plate of the daintiest of porcelain ware, using a tray, and politely laid the plate by our side and walked away. We examined the bill, finding it correct, calling for five guilders. We laid five and one-half guilders on the plate. He came with the politest of bows and carried plate and bill away, soon bringing back the plate with bill receipted and the correct change, two silver coins reading 25 cents. We left one for his fee. We found we were at the wrong station; hired a cab for one guilder to carry us to the other station; paid him a fee; gave another fee to an officer in the station to show us our right car. We boarded our train for Dusseldorf, Germany.

We passed out of the city over canals filled with boats, and quaint-looking streets with people in them—typical Dutch people. Phlegmatic they may be in temperament, peculiar

in custom, and, as it seemed to us, gutteral in speech, yet we admired their sturdy character; we saw it impressed upon their faces in lines of determination, boldness and obstinacy. Yet they are polite and courteous, as Europeans are.

We crossed a small arm of the sea and were in the country, which for miles and miles there is none other like it on the earth. This stretch of country is only from eight to twelve inches above the water. There is a strip of water each side of the railroad where the dirt was taken out to construct the track. All the land is laid off in long, narrow strips about two hundred yards wide, with ditches of water each side from six to eight feet wide. The country roads had strips of water each side where dirt was taken out to make them. The houses and yards had ponds of water both front and back, where dirt was taken out to give them a little elevation. These water strips are the fences. Men were fishing in them. One could swim or row around his farm before breakfast, or go a-fishing. The four-arm windmills were lazily turning to give elevation to carry water into the house. Was it not picturesque Holland? Herds of fat, sleek, different-colored cattle were grazing in the pastures or lying down chewing their cuds. Pictures of pastoral life everywhere. The little narrow roads have trees planted on their edges, with now and then one about the houses, and flocks of ducks and geese swimming on the pools of water. We saw thrifty, well-kept yards, bunches of flowers about the homes, men and women wearing wooden shoes, and a church spire and hamlet here and there. Was it not all a strange scene to us? We saw canals with the water in them higher than the land about, there being dykes of earth thrown up to hold the water. Just beyond Utrecht, where our train stopped, we saw soldiers drilling and men working on some earth fortifications. The country was changing to higher land. Some apple trees and some farming land, then pine forests just planted, sandy ridges and hedges of bushes. In a large field we saw many white canvas tents, tipped with green, just erected. Then again many

miles of pine forest, from two to four feet high. Then fields of heath on one side as far as we could see, one mass of reddish purple bloom. As we approached Arnheim, other and larger trees became common. These cities are built mostly of brown brick, with bright trimmings. Another lady got in our compartment at Arnheim, hearing Elmer laughing I looked around. The locomotive whistled for starting three or four times. The lady had a gentleman accompanying her to the car, and each time the whistle sounded, the lady, leaning out of the car door window, was kissing the gentleman, the longer the whistle the longer the kiss. Elmer was laughing at it, yet I have no doubt the same thing occurs in California.

Just beyond Arnheim there were some meadows, broad, nearly treeless, and the greenest ones I ever saw; then before crossing a little stream were more earth fortifications and men working on them. The houses, scattered along on the little farms here, looked very old. Their roofs were covered with moss. We reached Emerich. All the passengers on the train now got out, carrying their luggage into a building to be examined. We were entering Germany. What a jabbering and chattering in German and Dutch! I was surprised to hear a lady next to me say, "I wonder if anybody talks English here." I replied, "I think not." Our luggage again passed examination. The doors were unlocked and we entered our train. As the train rolled swiftly away we began to look at Germany.

The farmhouses were larger and more frequent; better land—a magnificent farming country. We saw some hedges with red berries on them; men plowing with one-handled plows, but with two wheels in front. At Daisburgh we changed trains. We were in an iron center of Germany. There were large manufactories for making or working iron all about us. There were hundreds of tall chimneys scattered all over the country. Just before dark we reached Dusseldorf, and broke our passage again to stay over night and see the exhibition—Germany's greatest exposition.

The next morning we took an electric car and rode to the

exposition. We found a long group of imposing-looking buildings scattered along on the banks of the Rhine, and got our first glimpse of this river. It was early, yet every car was filled; many were on foot or in cabs, until as we reached the entrance we had to form in line for our tickets of admission. What a chance to see the German people! Here were gathered representative German men and women from every rank in life. The industrial commercial, and educational were represented, and some of the peasantry. You have seen at fairs and exhibitions in California, people who were awkward and constrained in their appearance, having on their Sunday or holiday clothes. Such people were here. They were from the farm and field, not wholly at home except in their every-day garb. There were thousands of well-dressed people, many of them with their gloves on, polished and easy in their manners, representing the progressive classes of Germany. The exposition managers had no English guide printed, therefore we could only walk about and guess at some of the names on the exhibits. The display was grand, and one for the German people to be proud of. There was no midway performance. It is the greatest gathering of Germany's art, industry and manufactures that the German people ever held. It would take a whole chapter to tell you of the many things we saw of interest in these few hours. Machines of all kinds, many of them being operated. Iron work of every description, from Krupp's display of cannon and whole mainshafts of a ship to the smallest iron tools. We lingered long among these thousands of German people, and were loth to leave, although we heard not a word of English. They were talking away, and one word occurred so frequently that we soon knew its meaning, as it came so repeatedly that the occurrence of it was as frogs croaking in a pond—"Yah." We have heard the word so often that, as Elmer and I talk together, instead of saying yes, we catch ourselves saying "Yah."

Amid the ringing of bells for the midday hour, we took

WESLEY'S GRAVE
CITY ROAD CHAPEL, LONDON

car again for the station, and were just in time to catch the next train for Cologne, Germany.

We have learned now, in taking a train, to take our ticket and watch and point to the watch as we enter the gates to the station. Then the gate-keeper who punches the ticket points out the hour and minute our train leaves. We have a map and railway time tables printed in English, which we purchased in London for two shillings, concerning all of Europe and consult these tables at hotels and pick out the fastest trains.

The train we boarded at Dusseldorf was a slow one, yet we only had two hours' travel to reach Cologne. In the morning, before entering the exposition at Dusseldorf, we visited the market. This is a novel scene to an American. In the German cities the women go to the market in the morning, and, if not rainy, most of them go bare-headed. They carry either a basket or an open woven pouch or sling. In the smaller cities the country teams come in. There are flowers and all sorts of fruits and vegetables, and such throngs of women! The life and bustle over a whole square of pavement is a wonderful scene. Of course, all the well-to-do people send their servants. As we left Dusseldorf we saw a fine farming country and much manufacturing, improvements in new houses, and new factories. Surely, Germany is very progressive. We were surprised to find Dusseldorf a well-built city. We passed some forest and long stretches of farming country, where men were preparing to sow winter wheat. As our train drew into the station at Cologne, we saw the cathedral for which this city is noted. Our tickets read, and the name on the station is "Koln." We secured rooms in a hotel about one block away from the cathedral. We went into the cathedral, the most imposing and symmetrical one we have seen. To the roof in the central part is 140 feet. You can never realize how one of these great cathedrals looks until you see them. The stained windows are very fine, the pillars to support the immense weight very large, and altogether a remarkable work, one that cost mil-

lions and years to build. Some of the streets in Cologne are very narrow and people have to walk in the street, as there is hardly room to pass on the sidewalk. In all these continental European cities one hears more bells ringing than in London. There are very few bells ringing in London, even on Sunday. Here there are many bells, some ringing as chimes, other singly. As we are coming back to Cologne, after traveling thousands of miles in Europe, we leave most of our luggage at the hotel. It was the finest train we had yet seen in Europe. The ticket collector took a key and inserted in a metallic plate just above our heads, and as he turned it, the word Berlin popped out—our destination. The roads are smooth and we noticed the rails halved together at each end for a foot. The iron used for rails is heavy. The farmhouses are large in this part of Germany, and many new ones are being erected. Brick is used, and tile for the roofs of the houses. Towns and cities are close together, with a magnificent farming country between them. The wonderful German chemists have analyzed these soils and ransacked the whole earth to find fertilizing material; therefore they are more fertile than they probably were many centuries ago. We passed forest, field, farm and factory in quick succession. At Essen we saw at one side acres of shops and scores of tall chimneys all belching forth smoke, until our vision was so clouded we could see no termination of them—it was Krupp's great works, probably the largest cannon and ordnance manufacturer in the world. Just before noon a gentleman in uniform came along and left in our seat a circular with the time table of that train printed in German on one side, and a notice that a dining car was in the train, and its service and price printed in three languages on the other side, one of them English. The language was so remarkable that I copy a little. After describing that a fine course dinner would be served, it went on to say: "Price is three marks, and if no wine is taken three and one-half marks." We passed many freight trains. There are more box cars than in England, and they are a lit-

tle longer, yet not as long as in America. There is no way of walking along on the train, and every few cars on one end of the car there is a little sentry-looking box, one-half in end of car, the other half projecting above. A ladder leading to it, and the brakeman rides in that little box, standing up endways.

All day we rode through a fine country, crossing a small river. There was one range of hills running north and south, and some fine forests. At one place the forests were old enough, so a saw mill was working up the pine. Elmer was walking about and came back and said, "There is a man locked up in the first-class compartment." I said, "Does he look like nobility?" He replied, "He is all alone and reading newspapers." There is a saying common in London that only "fools and Americans ride first class." I do not know how it is in Germany.

Before reaching Berlin we passed several large Portland cement manufactories, and it seemed that on their sidings many cars were loading for market. Unlike England, nearly all the railroads cross the traveled roads on grade, and there appears to be a keeper to let down a gate as the train passes. We saw in wet places the farmers putting in considerable tile draining. In one place there were many acres of asparagus growing. We noticed as we entered Berlin that, unlike American cities, most of the better hotels were near the central station.

We arrived in Berlin Saturday evening and it rained all night and until 2 o'clock of Sunday. We started to find a Protestant church Sunday evening, but failed. We found two, but they were shut up, and one Catholic church open. We did see crowds of people blocking the streets, waiting for the theatres to be opened, and the cafes crowded with men and women sipping tea, drinking beer and other drinks. Our room was not very far from a large cafe, and we heard them until two o'clock in the morning. We walked by the Kaiser's palace. There is a large open space on three sides

of it, fountains playing and much ornamental statuary on the different sides.

On Monday we went to the United States embassy to ascertain what farther to do to get into Russia, as we had learned that just a passport from Washington was not sufficient, though necessary. We were received very cordially and directed to the American Consul General's office. We went there as directed and asked for a "visa" to our passports. The first question we were asked was, "What is your religion?" We replied, "Protestant." Then, after the papers were made out, we were confronted by the consul general with a question, "You declare this to be true?" We paid four marks each for this service, again signing a sort of supplementary passport. This was not enough. We had to go to the Russian consul general's office. His office was up stairs, yet a large door opened into a court and stairway from the sidewalk. We could not open the door. Elmer pulled what we supposed was a door-bell. A passer-by ran up and pulled this supposed door-bell, and then, while pulling, the knob yielded and we went in and walked up stairs. The door-keeper has two tiny glass eyes in the door, which cannot be opened from the outside, and as we came up the door flew open and he bowed very politely to us, ushering us into an anteroom, where we found about a dozen of people of all sorts, waiting. We were soon ushered into an inner room. With our passports in our hands, we told him that we wanted his official sanction. He could talk English. He took them. We paid him four marks each, and he told us to come again at half past two o'clock. We then went to the Dresdener Bank to change four hundred marks into Russian money. We got one hundred and eighty-three roubles, and eighty kopecks, with one mark back. This is the largest and most spacious banking house I was ever in. Yet it took two clerks over half an hour to figure out this money and effect the change. We went back to the Russian consul general's office at half past two. He had done nothing to our passports, and after we had waited a few minutes he wrote his "visa" as it

is called, on their backs, and we were ready to go into Russia. With the politest of bows we were ushered out. Many were coming and going as we sat there, mostly Russians that had been out of the country and were going back.

As we walked to our hotel, we saw three real black negroes. They were attracting much attention on the street. In these northern European cities negroes are scarce. We saw a hearse returning from a funeral. The four horses hitched to it had their heads and entire bodies draped in black, except just little holes for their eyes. Each horse had a black plume on his head.

We left Berlin in the edge of the evening for Moscow. We reached the frontier of Russia just after one o'clock in the morning. The train was locked and no one could get out. A Russian in uniform, with a sword clanging on one side, and a pistol and holster on the other, his pants tucked in his boots, came along in the train, gathering up everybody's passport. Then all the passengers, at half past one in the morning, were gathered into a large room in the station, with all their luggage, for inspection. Ours passed, yet many had to pay duty, as various things dutiable were brought to light; it took two hours to get out of this station. We all had to wait at a window and call out our names in order to have our passports returned to us. We then purchased our tickets to Moscow (as our circular ticket does not include Russia), costing us eighteen roubles each. We boarded our train, paying an interpreter a few kopecks as a fee to guide us aright. Soon after the train started a porter came along and transformed our car into a sleeper, yet there were only cushions to lie down on, no covers. Then the ticket collector came along and asked for our "billets." Next morning I arose early and saw the sun rising over a flat, level country in Poland. The farm houses were poor. Most of them were thatched, low, with only one entrance in sight. They looked a little better where they were grouped in hamlets, instead of being scattered about on the roads. Mostly hay crops, and they looked poor; the women were barefooted, some men were plowing, with

the smallest handles and beam I ever saw on a plow. Not many trees, and no hills. I do not think the soil is as good as in Germany, yet the difference may be in fertilizing. As we neared Warsaw there seemed to be peasants driving and walking about, and all looked wretchedly poor. The reason our consul general asked our religion was that if we had been Jews we would have been shut out of Russia. What a travesty that is, when one-half of all the Jews in the world are supposed to live in Russia.

Our train came into the station. We found nobody to speak English, but were directed to a train for Moscow. It poked off and encircled the city and pulled up at another station, where we were motioned off with the other passengers. An express train stood there for Moscow. The officials motioned us back as we went to get on. We could not make them understand, and while we were recovering our equilibrium the train pulled out. We succeeded in finding a German that could talk English. He told us that we could not leave for Moscow before evening. We were left to meditate in Warsaw.

III.

From Moscow to Milan.

Our meditation lasted all day and until 9:30 p. m. We found that it was unavoidable, as the train that preceded us in the morning was made up of sleepers, with all seats reserved in advance. We walked about Warsaw. A river running north and south divides the city into two parts. On the west side is the best of the city, where the principal stores and hotels are located. The Jews control the wealth and trade, being tolerated here by the Russian government, but are practically driven out of St. Petersburg and Moscow. There are more poor people here, wretchedly so, than I have ever seen before; dirty, barefooted, ignorant, and, above all, with a dejected look, human aspirations apparently stamped out, if they ever existed. Looking at the thousands of such people one could easily become a believer in Darwinism, were it not for one fact. Many of these women have on red, or checked with red, dresses, if partially concealed with dirt. Scientists tell us that monkeys cannot distinguish color. This fact throws out Darwin's theory.

Inside of two hours, as I walked about, I saw four funeral processions passing along the streets, just an old one-horse wagon draped in some dingy black to bear the coffin, and the mourners walking behind—mostly women and children, only a handful, and in one of the instances only three, keeping close to the wagon to avoid being run over. The only brightness was the coffin, which I have no doubt was hired for the occasion.

Policemen dressed in uniform, wearing swords, were at every corner; soldiers of all ranks walking and being driven about, rich and poor jostling each other on the best streets; caste everywhere. Each soldier tips his hat and touches his forehead as he meets one of higher rank; even civilians salute one another of higher position, and the peasants saluting those in authority over them.

I passed by a large church, all fenced in, and noticed a gate unlocked in the fence on one side. I saw now and then a well-dressed lady enter this gate, close it, and then enter the church for worship. Hundreds of the poor were passing in front of the church, many of them with bundles on their backs as large as they could carry. They bent their knees and crossed themselves, many of them kneeling down on the cold, hard, dirty pavement, reverently crossing themselves, not once but several times. It was good enough for them to worship outside. Most of the churches, by their style, seemed to be Greek churches, the national religion of Russia. I soon noticed, as I walked about, that each cab driver, most of the uniformed men, most of the people, rich and poor, and many of them in the street cars, as they passed a church would lift their hats or caps, and cross themselves—not in front of any one church in particular, but all of them.

There are many geese raised in Poland. I saw a flock of several hundred being driven along a street by men having red rags tied to a stick, dodging street cars and teams. Most of the streets are paved with stone, worn so long that they are now round, uneven—the worst streets that I ever saw.

At 9:30 p. m. we boarded our train for Moscow. By paying one and one-half roubles each we secured reserved seats, which gave the entire side of a compartment in a corridor car, which was turned into an upper and lower berth for sleeping at night, quite comfortable and nice, only if we wanted covers and bedding that would cost one rouble more each. The other side of the compartment was occupied by a colonel in the Russian army and a gentleman from Paris, who talked

together a good deal in Russian, but we could not understand a word.

Unlike other parts of Europe, there are few good roads in Russia, except military roads across the country. Outside the larger towns, and they are few and far between, the people all live in villages—just a group of, usually, log houses, with poles for rafters, and roofs thatched with straw, old and gray. No paint, no whitewash, roofs covered with patches of moss, only one door, one little window, scarcely any chimneys. No regular streets, little muddy lanes or paths crooking around the houses, scarcely any trees, not any flowers in sight. No schools, only one room to live in, an adjoining room, without much partition sometimes, for the horses, cows and a pig or two, with now and then some sheep. The peasants do not undress at night. All they cook is stewed up in one dish, and the whole family sit around with spoons, no plates, dipping out of this dish as they eat.

In the larger villages some sort of a Greek church and a priest; in the smaller ones, a place called a church but no priest. At stated times he comes on Sunday, a bell being rung Saturday night to tell the people of his coming. Then they go, a part at a time, crowding into the little room called a church, until all the people get in.

They work Sundays and every other day except the great holidays of the year, paying no attention to the holidays of the cities, and can tell the time only by the sun. They go to work at daylight and work until dark. They herd their cattle and sheep—no fences—and usually the boys or girls do the herding, their only education.

They raise flax. We saw the women washing it and then drying it on the grass, and in the villages was a high framework of poles, to finally cure the flax on. The women weave cloth from the flax in the winter time, their only clothing. The men have sheep skins sewed together for overcoats.

The corn (oats) and buckwheat was the only growing crop in sight; they were harvesting, in the crudest way, mostly being done by the women. The men were plowing for winter

wheat and rye. Some manure was being hauled on to the fields and it was quite common to see the women spreading it with their hands.

Each peasant has a patch of potatoes, small and poor, and a stack or two of hay, on some interval where much haying is done; no clover to enrich the land, naturally fertile, but looking worn out by continued cropping.

After leaving Poland and in Russia proper, a little over one-half of the country, as we could see, is growing forests, mostly white birch and pine of the Norway variety. Of course, there are no primitive forests left, like I have seen in British Columbia and Alaska, yet for growing natural forests there are no finer in any country—trees straight as an arrow, and as thick as they can grow. Thousands of cords of birch wood were cut and hauled by the track, mostly about eighteen inches long, looking, as we passed acres of this wood at times, as though their tops and sides were tipped with snow, the white birch bark presenting that appearance. There were logs of pine, railway ties, telegraph poles and piles of sawed lumber. Truly, this is a country of wonderful natural resources.

In Moscow I found a Russian who could talk English who had traveled in America, and I asked him, "Why is it that the people in these country villages are so poor?" His reply came: "There are many things unexplainable in Russia," and at the same time intimated that they were not allowed to explain them. I understood fully and forebore questioning him further on that line. He, however, told me that the peasants could not cultivate much acreage in grain, as they had no labor-saving machinery nor money to buy with, and that the Moscow merchants sold everything at about one hundred per cent profit, with no competition among them, making it still harder for the peasant to buy. I only saw one American reaper in Poland and two in Russia, yet there were thousands of acres of corn (oats) ready to cut, and women and men working at the crop with sickle or scythe hooked on a straight stick for a handle.

As often as every verst (a Russian mile) or less the country

roads cross the railway on the grade, either through forest or field. Between Warsaw and Moscow, except close to the cities, the railroad people have built small log houses for a peasant to live in at each of these crossings. An iron rail painted red and green crosses the country road, hung with a weight, and always in place as the train passes on each side of the track. The remarkable feature is that, early or late, rain or shine, a peasant, usually a woman, as the train passes, stands between the rail and the track, either one side or the other, as motionless as a statue and as solemn as an owl, with a stick, covered with a green flag wound on it, pointing directly at the train. Between Warsaw and the frontier this does not occur, yet the little houses are there, built of brick.

We passed through about the center of Poland. The country is flat, even more so than a Kansas prairie. From Poland to Moscow it is a little more rolling, yet no hill anywhere. There are fences made mostly of old railroad ties, set endwise in the ground, most of the way, as protection from snow drifts in the winter, with a hedge of spruce or pine growing. The freight cars are nearly all box cars; on each corner near the top and inside is a little iron window or shutter to let down The reason, as far as I could see, is that all the troops are transported in these cars. We saw train loads of soldiers, packed as close as they could stand in these box cars with only these iron shutters and a little crack of the side doors open. I also saw a train load of peasants riding the same way, men and women.

There are soldiers at every station and walking about in the cities, besides the regiments to be seen. We saw at least 3000 troops pass on a street in Warsaw with their bands of music and guns in full marching outfit. The privates looked dirty and ignorant and seemed to be but little more than a mob. All official positions in trade or government in Russia carry with them a uniform; therefore, outside of peasants, it seems almost every other man has a uniform on. Everything is formal. When your train leaves a station the station-keeper rings a bell twice. Then, after a few moments, he rings the

bell three times, then a train man blows a pocket whistle. The engineer on the locomotive responds with a short steam whistle. Then the train man whistles again and the engineer responds, and at that moment the train starts off. There are double tracks on all the roads we have traveled over in Europe, and sometimes more.

We found Moscow, the second city in Russia, quite interesting. There are many Greek churches, and what seems to be in many places a small place of worship at some turn of the street, with open doors and candles burning inside, with people passing in and out. The cabs here have the smallest wheels I ever saw, the front ones about two feet in diameter and the hind ones but little larger. The horses have a yoke sticking high above the collar, in the form of a half circle, to which the fills are fastened, the yoke in turn fastened to the horse's collar about half way to the top. Most of the streets are paved with the roughest of cobble stones. We hired one of these curious-looking cabs, yoke and all, paying one and one-half roubles for a lengthy drive about this old city, once the capital of Russia, and where all the Czars are crowned. There are some blocks of buildings of imposing appearance. One noticeable feature in a European city is what they call an arcade, a long, handsome passageway a few feet in width, running at an angle all the way through some block of buildings, lined with small, handsome stores each side, and usually crowded with people. We saw three of these long arcades, in a block approaching completion, in Moscow. There is more crossing and lifting of hats by the people here than in Warsaw, as they went by the places of worship. A Greek priest in a two-seated closed carriage, sitting with a lighted candle in his hand, passed us. Most of the people in the street caught sight of him and such crossing, bowing of knees, and touching of foreheads I never saw before. All I could see in the carriage was the priest and his candle and two ladies sitting on the back seat. All very material. What were they worshipping? We went into a very large Greek church. Except in architecture, with its lighted

CARRIAGE IN MOSCOW.

candles, we could see but little difference between this church and a Catholic one. There were no pews nor seats, and the confessionals were not as prominent in the places we saw used that way as in Catholic churches. Men were wearing overcoats, reminding us that we were in a cold country, and it was cold. There are other places of interest, but this was one of their numerous holidays and they were closed. I purchased some grapes of a man on the street, paying 45 kopecks for a pound, and what a curious-looking old balancing scales he had, just like those you have seen in old pictures. The poor of Moscow, while we saw whole streets of them, did not look as poor as the peasants in the country or the wretchedly poor people of Warsaw.

As we left Moscow the sun was shining brightly, about two hours before sunset. All Russian cities have many roofs painted a bright green, while all the balls and small spires of the Greek churches are gilded with a color as bright as polished brass. Many of the large buildings are painted in bright colors, unlike other European cities we have seen. The rays of this bright sun caught dome, tower, roof and spire with such a glow and gleam of sparkling brightness as our train rolled away that within my memory's grasp I will ever carry this picture, one of the gems of soft, brilliant beauty that poets love to dream over. The next morning, as our fast express train was covering the long distance to Warsaw, the sun rose clear in this Russian sky, and in a few minutes dark, gray, cold and pitiless-looking clouds overcast the entire horizon, sending a wall of gloom over forest and field. I thought of Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow, over practically the same route we were traveling, nearly one hundred years ago. How easy it was, here on the ground, amid such surroundings, to fill in the picture with all its dire settings of disaster and death, until, as I mused upon it, in my reverie every tree, knoll, or hollow that went flitting by, as the train rolled on, seemed to have a part in the painting of the picture.

Unlike the rest of Europe, all the land in Russia, including

Poland, as far as our trip extended, to Moscow, that is cultivated, is ploughed in extremely narrow lands, not over eight feet wide. The farmer is trying to run off surplus moisture on the surface, while in other parts of Europe the land is underdrained with tile. I should judge that Russia is the natural home of crows, as we saw flock after flock. Some of them would count into the thousands.

While eating in the dining car we incidentally learned that the police of some interior city must "visa" our passports before we would be allowed to leave Russia. Having no alternative, we abandoned our through train in Warsaw at one o'clock at night, went to a hotel, awakened the proprietor, and through an interpreter engaged rooms, handed him our passports with the request that he would obtain of the police their "visa" for leaving the country. Had we gone to the frontier from Moscow as we started they would have sent us back at our own expense. We are again left to meditate in Warsaw.

About five o'clock p. m. we obtained our passports of the police—with the privilege of paying one and a half roubles each for their "visa"—and boarded another through train for Germany, arriving in Alexandraw, on the frontier, at 10 p. m. Alighting, we handed our passports to the Russian officers and awaited events. Our train rolled away. After a while a German train backed into the station and we went on board. For a long time we sat there, then a Russian official with the passports of all the passengers came along the train and at each compartment looked in and requested the names of the passengers. As we called out our names he handed us our passports that he carried in a large leather book, where each passport had a page. Every one having a passport without the proper "visa" on it was compelled to leave the train. There was much excitement and a great deal of Russian talk. As soon as the passengers in each compartment got their passports, it was locked up. When all through the train started for Thorn, on the German side of the frontier.

As we arrived in Thorn, a German officer, wearing on his head a helmet running to a point on top of the crown, looking

like burnished brass, came and asked for our passports. He looked at them, simply noting that they had been stamped by the police on the Russian side and handed them back. Then we carried our luggage into the station, where we again passed the custom house officials. Then taking still another train (as the one we were on was going to Berlin), we started for Breslau, the third largest city in Germany, Berlin and Hamburg being the first and second. It was Saturday night. We lay down on the cushions and curled up, sleeping the best we could, only one passenger coming in to disturb our slumbers, arriving in Breslau at sunrise Sunday morning.

An Englishman in Russia had told us of a hotel where the porter could speak English. Armed with the address, and by showing it to numerous policemen and street sweepers, we managed to find it, and settled down until Monday morning. At ten o'clock we went to the largest Protestant church, and as a German said who could talk a little English, had "the tallest spire in Breslau, 110 meters high." The church was built in the cathedral style, probably before Martin Luther's time, and had been fixed over by painting and decoration to conform to Protestant ideas. There was a large congregation of people not overdressed, as that sort of people do not go to church in Europe. The singing was good, although in German. Of the sermon I only caught two words, Moses and Jerusalem. Of course it was in German. The reverence and attention was good. We saw no signs of any Sunday school.

Breslau is a very old city, the buildings looking old. It has a population of about on-half million. In these old cities there are many streets barely wide enough for a wagon, and never run straight for more than a block or two. There are no stores open Sunday, except bakeries, fruit and meat stores. Progressive German people! We admire their sturdy character and cannot find any more poverty and want in their cities than in America.

Early Monday morning we walked to the station. It was along one of the principal business streets, time not yet six o'clock. I will never forget what we saw. The street was

the hay crop, gamboling about like children, as they spread out the hay. Many of the women had red dresses on, adding color to the scene. At one station I saw women working on some side tracks, digging out the grass and weeds. These Germans are very ingenious, as they make and put up in the fields the most real-looking scarecrows I ever saw. They just seemed ready to talk or walk.

As we arrived at Oderberg we passed out of Southeastern Germany into Hungary. The emporor of Austria is king of Hungary. Here we again passed into the custom house and our luggage was passed through for Austria. As we rode into Hungary the country began to get hilly with more forest. The farm work was the same as in Germany, only the Hungarians in most places had posts about ten feet long setting in the ground not far apart, with crooked sticks passing through them, upon which they hung the hay, making little ricks of hay, straight and uniform in size. Instead of tile, their houses were covered with slate, almost black in color. We began an upward grade by a little river. The hills, as we looked from the car windows, were soon replaced by larger ones, then by real mountains—the first we had seen since leaving Scotland. Through a tunnel, then up another valley, with the hillsides all terraced into little plots of ground. Wild flowers were everywhere, as fresh and bright as nature can paint them. The annual leaf or deciduous trees were being replaced with evergreen trees, many of them spruce, all so delicate in color and fine in foliage that their drooping branches were like festoons of silk woven by the wonderful handiwork of nature. Up and up the grade we climbed, then circling the head of a valley to gain in grade, with villages down below us full of surprises to us in their features and architecture. Again another tunnel, and we were over the divide. On one side these little mountain brooks and springs were flowing to the Baltic sea; on the other side, where our train was now rolling along, the waters were flowing to the Mediterranean. The tunnel we had just passed was only through a small hill, and as we sped along over and

around these small mountains, with forests, and where even the mountain tops are terraced into little, tiny plots of grain and grass, and as far as our eye could look over the country and up the little villages for many miles, we felt that we were not needing any airships to sail away in, but were really riding over the tops of the mountains down into Southeastern Europe.

I wish I had the time to picture to you and trace out the many rare bits of scenery, to portray the ever-changing views. More beautiful than diamonds, more lasting to us than mere apples of gold or silver, will be the ever-recurring memory of this midday ride over this continental divide in Europe. I want to tell you of one little incident. On the frontier of Hungary, at Odenburg, a gentleman and a lady came into our compartment. He was about fifty years old, dark in feature, a type of southern races of Europe. Soon after the train left Odenburg I glanced at the gentleman sitting just opposite of me. I saw tears in his eyes and trickling down on his cheeks. He saw I noticed them, and arose, going into the ante room of the lavatory, where I heard great sobs of anguish. Soon he came back; the lady got their valise and spread out a lunch that would tempt an invalid, and, as she was eating, asked him to eat, in language unknown to us. He shook his head in refusal, and after a while stood in the corridor, where I could see his frame tremble, and hear the subdued sobs. His deep anguish touched my heart, and in sympathy I wiped away some tears. After crossing the divide his face changed; he called for the lunch, and with great avidity ate of the chicken and other food; then afterwards laid his head back on the cushioned rest and slept like an infant. At some time in our lives you and I have had these times of deep anguish, leaves of personal history, perhaps unwritten and unknown to others, yet so real to ourselves.

In this memorable ride to Budapest, we rode through villages in Hungary as pretty in outline, if the mountains were not as high, as those about Redlands, and to this picture there

was the ever-present charm of novelty and trees and green grass. We saw men working in the fields with shirts on as you have seen them in pictures, while the women wore very picturesque costumes. We rode through another tunnel, leaving forests of evergreen. As we emerged from the tunnel we saw only forests of deciduous trees, and over on a steep hill was the ruins of an old castle, a relic of the feudal ages. We passed several of these relics.

It was near evening. The cumuli in the skies had become mere gossamer-looking threads, and the sun shining through them cast its soft, mellow light over hill, mountain, farm, field and forest, and I caught something of its gleam and sang a melody in my heart full of happiness and joy. Just at dusk we rode into a narrow valley. The forests were gone, the hills were terraced to their tops, and the peasants were going home on the country roads from their work. At 10 p. m. we arrived at Budapest.

In the morning I arose early and walked. I soon came to the Danube river, much wider than the Seine at Paris. The current is strong and the volume of water flowing along is large. Pleasure boats and boats of commerce were plying up and down its broad waters. An esplanade, consisting of a walk and trees, with a row of chairs and seats facing the river, looked so inviting that I entered and paced along. I came to a large bridge. Paid in toll four fillers to cross. There are at each end of the bridge two large lions, with their shaggy manes, tails and heads, all carved out of rock, looking almost as real as life.

I walked up an eminence at the side of the river, where there were seats, trees and flowers, saw a well-built city of 700,000 lying on both banks of the river, with many imposing blocks of buildings. There are no sky scrapers in these European cities, yet they are uniform, because whole streets are lined with buildings five or six stories high—mostly five.

Busy, bustling city—life was already throbbing in its streets. I saw some men and women stalking around barefooted, groups of women carrying packs on their backs, as large al-

most as they were, yet many well dressed people everywhere. As I looked at the people, I missed the blue eyes and light features seen among the Germans. Here were darker eyes, and more swarthy features. I was coming in contact with the Southern races of Europe. I felt a warmth in the air, and noted that even the clouds had sharper edges to them, features that are peculiar to and a part of more Southern climes.

I paid two fillers to walk through a tunnel out into a quieter part of the city, passed a little market in the open air with only a canopy for a covering, where the chattering and trading of meat, fruit and vegetable venders was a wonderfully interesting scene. I saw women sitting down, holding live chickens in their laps, with their heads all one way, waiting for a purchaser. I purchased one kilogram of grapes for forty fillers, and as I motioned to the woman selling them for a larger sack, how they laughed, with their sparkling dark eyes and vivacious ways.

I walked along and saw several small boys and girls, with their books in leather satchels, going to school, nicely dressed, with bits of ribbon, pink, blue and red in contrast with gray, on dress and hat; and the boys with as wide turndown white collars as any American boy. They trooped merrily along; so did I. They jumped and played hide and seek. I wanted to. They stopped abruptly, as children do when a thought or whim catches them. I did. Was I not a child? Are we not all, only children, even though grown up or wrinkled and gray with (so-called) age? Among men on earth there is a measurement called Time. It does not exist in Heaven, therefore there are no old people in Heaven and never will be. My morning frolic ended, I walked back to my hotel.

We paid one and one-half krones extra to the cab driver to drive us about the city on our way to the station. Streets full of people, women along the edge of the walks and in the street with baskets of fruit to sell, horses hauling wagons and hitched to one side of the tongue instead of fills, peasant women, some barefooted, some with red dresses on, many of them bare-

headed, some balancing loads on their heads, many of them wearing skirts so large and round at the bottom that it reminded me of the hoopskirts our mothers used to wear many years ago.

Men were sprinkling the streets, or rather washing them with large hose hitched to hydrants, and men and women dodging to get out of the way. Companies of soldiers marching along dressed in navy blue colored clothes with many trimmings of reddish colored braid on coat and hat. Novelty, charm, color and perhaps romance at every turn and step.

We boarded our train for Vienna and as the train ambled away we cast a long, lingering look over a low range of mountains towards Constantinople, wanting to enter the Orient that way, where each hour, as the cars rolled along, we could have noted a change in the people.

We now saw fields of Indian corn, quite numerous all the way to Vienna, and vineyards, the first of each we had seen in Europe. The vineyards are all trained up on sticks about four or five feet high, and the rows are not over two feet apart. At a distance the uniform height and appearance, still in full leaf, resembled a nursery of budded orange trees in Redlands, ready to transplant, with the stakes they are tied to just visible above the top of the green. We also saw the first peach trees, not in orchards, but about the gardens and towns. There were many locust trees planted by the sides of the country roads.

We were practically following up the Danube river valley all day. It soon began to widen out and there were great vistas of as fine farming land as any in the world, level and naturally fertile. The farmers were plowing with the same style of plow used all over Europe, with two wheels in front, and are grain raisers—the first section of Europe we have seen so largely devoted to grain raising. At their villages there were scores of large stacks, not little pointed ones, but long and high, their harvest of the summer gathered and not yet threshed. In three places I saw steam engines pulling plows

ONE SOURCE OF THE RIVER JORDAN.
AT CÆSAREA PHILIPPI

across the field. In many places the little plots of farming had given away to large, broad fields in their place. We passed many fields of sugar beets and men and women gathering them; cars loaded with them at the stations. I never saw a finer growth of sugar beets, just covering the ground with their tops, with no rows visible either way. I do not think the farms looked quite as prosperous as in Germany, yet in many places a richer soil naturally.

Austria is not, from what we could see, building up manufacturing plants like Germany. The German farmer, because of shops and labor required to run them, finds it more profitable to raise not grain, but other food. There are many oxen used in the fields. The valley narrows as we passed Pressburg, quite a city, and the train pushes through a tunnel. We passed some steep hillsides, all terraced into vineyards, with just what we call in California the smallest of cabins, many scores of them, for a watcher to sleep in at night, to keep thieves away. Before reaching Vienna (called and spelled Wien all over this country) we crossed a broad, level plain, rich, fertile and magnificent to look at. I remembered a bit of history. Vienna at one time was the capital city of Europe, rich and powerful. It led all other cities at that time, outnumbering any one of them in population. I refer to the close of the Seventeenth century. The Mohammedans were sweeping over Europe with irresistible hordes of victorious armies. They were encamped before Vienna, more than likely upon this very plain we were looking at. History tells us that John Sobieski, a noble Polish chieftain, raised an army of seventy thousand men, and marched to the city's relief. He came upon the Mohammedan army, 300,000 strong, and at five o'clock on Sunday, October 12, 1683, this brave and gallant Polish army, shouting an ever-memorable battle cry, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thee be the glory," gave battle to the enemy. It is a matter of history that after dark the moon was totally eclipsed, and these Mohammedans whose banner is the crescent, as they saw their emblem fading from the sky, fled away and all Europe was

saved from ruin and plunder. As the gloom of evening settled down upon this broad plain, we mused upon this history and could almost see in our vision its history repeated. We arrived in Vienna just after dark.

We saw a better looking city than Berlin, with wider streets and trees. While Berlin has its great street, Under Van Linden, a magnificent feature of that city, Vienna has several streets of that character, open squares and all shapes of triangular spaces. We rode through the square where the Emperor lives and noted the large palace with much statuary around and about it. The parliament buildings were grand, and the courthouse is equally as imposing and beautiful. The museum and other public buildings are of that character which architects love to look at as they study design and effect. The monuments, statuary on all sorts of buildings, much of it of rare beauty, is not equalled by any other city we have seen. Stone copings, caps to the windows, pillars, and almost everything about the central and newest part of the city seem to be carved with such a disregard for labor, cost and time, that the wonder is when did this people accomplish all this work? London in its general appearance has nothing, except size, to compare with these great continental cities of Central Europe. We saw a novel way of sprinkling the streets. A cart, with tank in the usual way, discharging water out of one sprinkler in the rear and a man walking behind, with a rope hitched to the end of the sprinkler and with a stately tread, would pull the sprinkler first one way and then the other, as the wagon moved along.

The Viennese are a light-hearted, merry people, sipping their tea and reading papers in open air cafes, where they love to sit and talk and look at the people passing by.

We boarded our train and rode away to the northwest, passing into and up a valley of wonderful beauty, with beautiful hillsides, beautiful homes, bits of green meadow and scattering trees. Then through a tunnel, and off we were dashing through the country, over and around hills, with their sloping sides covered with grass or forest, looking up

little side valleys, as pretty as nature and man can make them. Ponds of water, palatial homes of stone, trimmed with soft brilliant colors of green and brown, ever passing forest, field, hill and dale. Over this wondrous and captivating rural scene there came little rifts of sunshine from between the moving clouds, bathing the entire landscape with recurring waves of light and shadow. I gazed; my eyes could not catch all. The surfeit of beauty was too great, and through all the other senses I quaffed great draughts of uplifting, spirit reaching and soul-inspiring food, sweeter, I fancy, than the heavenly food of the angels. We reached an open country, speeding by hamlet, village and farm life again. Over to the left, about forty miles away, I began to notice a range of mountains. They grew in size as the hours passed by. I watched their contour as they assumed height, distinctness and character. I began to suspect that we were approaching the Alps on their northeast corner. They were the largest mountains yet seen in Europe.

We passed one of the porcelain factories that Austria takes such a prominence in. There was a village about it, one of the most ornamental ones I ever saw. The houses were trimmed in beautiful colors of green and blue, being all of one size. After this we passed a village located on a hill, then came to and passed up a large river. There were no poor houses in sight. All are wonderfully ornamented. Under the eaves some of them were light green, and the chimneys were tipped in white. Pieces of forest, no finer in any country, not large trees but thrifty growing ones. The peasants must change work, as in one field cutting their aftergrowth of hay I saw thirty men mowing hay by hand, one after the other across the field, I counted them. The range of mountains at the left came nearer. Patches of forest, farm and meadow or pasture dotted their sides where they were not too precipitous. Villages only two or three miles apart. The most charming combination of rural life yet seen, and as I write this the memory of the picture is so striking and real that I have to hold on to the chair I am

sitting in to keep from soaring aloft in some aerial flight of thought, for fear you might think I was drawing on mere fancy and imagination instead of fact. How true it is as the adage reads, "Truth is stranger than fiction." We left the river and curved toward the mountains, with meadows about us as green as the fields of Eden ever were, with wild flowers cropping out, and among them patches of purple flowers so delicate in petal and color that even a king might covet them to wear on his crown. We came close to the mountains. Their contour had been rapidly changing. We now saw towering peaks standing in a bold outline against the sky, and other mountains with great jagged rocks clinging to their sides, and range behind range, until some peaks were wrapped in snow.

The train stopped at Salzburgh, just in the edge of these Alpine mountains. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The air was cool and bracing, and the mountains looked so inviting that we broke our journey, as our tickets gave us the right to do, abandoned the train and walked away. Many of the passengers left the train at the same time. There were about twenty hotel carriages or coaches at the station and many cabs. Along streets lined with trees, looking like maple, all in full leaf, and turning little corners of parks of flowers we saw a fine looking hotel, as they all are, and hired a front room on the first floor from the roof, to give us elevation in order to see the mountains, being ever careful to maintain our dignity as Californians should. I opened the front windows and looked out. At the left, in a private park belonging to the hotel. I saw a row of rose bushes loaded with flowers circling along a walk, looking more like a row of flowers in California than any that I had previously noticed. Over the mountains clouds were beginning to gather. On the street oxen were walking along, harnessed like horses, pulling great loads. Cabs were flying about. Well dressed men and women were perambulating

along the streets. We were in one of the famous summer resorts of Austria.

After adjusting our collars and cravats and brushing our hats, we started to take a walk. We found curio stores and most all other kinds located on the most curious, quaint, crooked and narrow streets I ever saw, connected with little alley ways, only large enough for carts drawn by dogs or men and people to pass through. There are other streets, wide and nice, but the business and trading seemed to be done mostly on the little streets. We crossed the river, a tributary of the Danube. We came to a sheer wall or precipice of rock with a tunnel through it. Over the entrance there is much carving and sculpture, also on the other side, as we passed through. Beyond this ledge of rock, many hundreds of feet high, and as long as we could see either way, and too steep to climb, with a width of several hundred feet, we found a beautiful quiet valley full of fine homes and streets lined with large trees. All over the city, on both sides of the river, are small and large parks, flowers, many shade trees of maple, silver leaf birch, the poplar, with its ever-restless leaves, elm and locusts, with others I could not name.

There are many churches and large, handsome hotels by the score, some surrounded by parks, others built up on some hill or crag, and still others perched upon a mountain top or side, to catch the glow of sunset, as fashionable people scarcely ever see the sun rise, except by accident.

The next morning I arose early to get an hour or two of quiet. It was before sunrise. The birds were singing as I opened wide the front windows, and all nature, after its refreshing shower bath, seemed to be singing a song of thanksgiving and joy. The approaching light of day in the east revealed an outline of sharp, rugged Alpine mountains, with little clouds hovering over their tops. I watched the unfolding of day. Just over the top of a jagged peak the sun rose, peering through a cloud with just enough of color and sunshine that it seemed to say, "Good morning."

Joyfully I returned the salutation and watched for it to emerge from the cloud, which it did in a few minutes, lighting up, as only the king of day can, hill, mountain and valley, while on bush, tree and flower and adjacent house tops the lingering raindrops caught its light and sparkled like real diamonds. The fresh crisp mountain breeze came from these Alpine mountains, some of them wrapped in beautiful snow. As we walked to the station some three hours later, the unexpected streets running in all directions, the arcades, unheard-of places for stores, monuments, statues, and little parks in triangles and squares; with people in all sorts of dress walking about or riding in carriages, and over it all the charm of fine mountain scenery, made us exclaim, "Beautiful Salzburgh, we only wish that we could linger long within the portals of your inviting doors."

As our train rolled away there was woven over some of these sharpest Alpine peaks a wreath of encircling clouds so fine in texture that in this sparkling bright sunshine they looked like crowns of real lace, finer than any Brussels could make, and were fitting for these monarchs of mountains to wear. We soon came to a lake on the left and meadows on the right, with cultivated farms on the foothills and beyond the ever-varying outline of these bold appearing mountains.

In this European trip I have been much interested in watching the country roads as they would swing into view, sometimes running parallel, and as there is much travel on them, enabling me to catch many views of country life. I saw single cows hitched to wagons with poles instead of fills; cows yoked together, oxen traveling along as brisk as a horse, with collars and tugs to pull by, with their mouths muzzled. Men and women in variety of costumes—mostly women carrying bulky loads on top of their heads, sometimes balancing them without touching them with their hands; not riding, but walking with an active step. Morning and evening these roads are traveled much by the peasants in coming and returning from field and village.

Before and after reaching Prien, the pretty lake continued on the left and the mountains in their change of contour, being large and rugged, were wonderfully interesting. Then we came to the largest lot of lumber yet seen at one place in Europe and a saw mill. Many cars were loading with lumber for market; also in other towns the same features exist. Now the road turned more to the north, leaving the mountains running across an open country very fertile with farms and bits of forest, with their usual bright look, and it is simply surprising to an American to see every farm so neat and their houses in the villages. There is nothing lying around the houses or fields, no fences, and as a rule no hedges in this part of Europe. We passed through, or rather into, Munich. Many of these cities have a large station and the track ends there, then an engine hitches on the rear of the train and away the train goes, circling the city to resume its course again. If the compartment you are in is full, you will be riding with your face the other way after leaving one of these cities. This peculiarity exists mainly in Germany.

Munich is a large, well-built city and full of manufacturing. These German cities, with their bustle and life and crowds of people taking the trains, resemble American cities more than any other in continental Europe. All these cities are built compact, with scarcely any straggling houses. Coming right into farm and field as you leave solid blocks of city houses, it is the same way with the country villages, the houses being close together and cultivated land coming next to the village on all sides. The villages are real close together, there being almost always more than one in sight at once. Not all have stations, as sometimes they will be a mile or two away from the road, and the through express trains (which we always selected) only stopped at the large cities. We passed several peat fields where the farmers have little old wooden houses to store the peat in for their year's use, and some had peat beds on their own farms. We passed Augsburgh, which is quite a large place, and soon reached

Ulm, a city with fortifications all around it. We here left the river Danube, which we had seen at different times, and passed down a small valley with miles and miles of apple orchards on the hillsides, not set in regular form, but scattered around in a haphazzard way. Some of the land is cultivated, but most of it is in meadow or pasture, some trees full of apples, others none, and they are all large in size, except some younger trees not in bearing. On the steepest hillsides there were grape vines on little terraces, looking with their stakes at a distance like little patches of real corn just tasseling out. We also saw after passing Stuttgart many vegetable gardens.

Here the gloom of evening settled down upon us and we did not reach Mayence until midnight, and the next day sailed down the Rhine to Cologne.

Next morning we walked on board the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria at Mayence; rather a fine-looking steamer, yet not as large or handsome as our Hudson river steamers. All sorts of well-dressed people came on board, and from all nations except Oriental. Only now and then did we hear one speaking our language.

An officer of the boat rang a bell by striking it with a stick, making a noise like a dinner gong, which was a signal for starting, and away we sailed. A succession of towns along the river's bank, with an open country, for the first half hour's sail; then stopping at Bingen, a large town where a good many passengers boarded the steamer. The towns along the banks of the river have beautiful walks and drives, ornamented walls and rows of trees. Between the towns the river banks are paved with stone. There are also many jetties of rock to confine the channel, some running parallel with the river, others running out from one shore.

The open country was soon replaced by steep hillsides, not as abrupt but as high as the Palisades on the Hudson. In places they are very steep, yet for miles the entire sweep or slope of these hills are terraced into little plots and planted to grapes. In many places a high stone wall is

built on the lower edge of these little plots only a few feet in width, to hold them. Little stone drains ran from top to bottom of the hill to carry off extra water, should there be a hard rain. Every little nook of land along the river front has a village, and on each side of the river a railway track is built, with trains running frequently and passengers waving their handkerchiefs from the car windows as they passed our steamer. Where a hill is too steep to terrace, it is covered with bushes. We met and passed many little steamers towing canal boats. They were all painted with bands of white, yellow or a terra-cotta color; even the smokestacks of the steamers were painted with some bright band of color around it in the center. Each steamer only tried to tow three or four boats, one behind the other. We passed three rafts of logs during the day, one of them of considerable size. The most interesting of all are the old castles; we probably passed a score of them. On every steep rock or pointed hill, there they were, most of them in ruins. How picturesque they looked, and I could almost fancy that some plumed knight, covered with helmet, would challenge us and combat our passage. The larger the rock or steep hilltop, the larger the castle, as no castles were built in the mediaeval ages except where an abrupt precipice of rock crowned the top of a steep place or small mountain, and then the castle builders could construct a moat, covered with a drawbridge on the most exposed side. All they wanted was three abrupt sides in the foundation as a requisite need in starting the castle. All have towers with loopholes, and some of the larger ones had more than one tower. The work required to build one, as they are placed in such inaccessible places, is simply beyond calculation.

Some one had repaired one and was living in it, having painted the old walls yellow and put in windows, the most inharmonious thing I ever saw. Their natural color is gray, in keeping with their age and surroundings. Even the Germans on board our steamer were as much interested in looking at these castles as people of other nations.

Some of the little towns that had just room to build between the hills and the river, are gray with age, and must be very old. In many places the river was narrow enough to throw a rock from the steamer to each bank. As we journeyed, the hills became smaller and more sloping, with a stretch of land quite level between them and the river.

The scene changed. The whole valley then, with the sloping hillsides, were covered with green grass and apple trees, one of the prettiest rural scenes in the world. Let me draw another picture. I will not need to tell you how the tables on the upper decks were used during the day—only note that waiters stood around with trays in their hands. You can guess the rest. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon dinner was served in the lower saloons, both fore and aft. We had a fine lunch that we purchased in Mayence, therefore did not take dinner. Just near its close I walked by the dining room, the largest one in the aft of the steamer, and as I stood by the tiller I glanced down the whole length of the two dining tables, and in the center was a row of champagne and beer bottles, with their bright showy labels glistening in the light, too numerous to be counted without effort and time. Men and women were sitting there by the scores, and I suppose the most enlivening sound to them was the clinking of their glasses and the popping of the corks as the row of bottles increased. No music on these steamers. No room in the saloons except that occupied by the dining tables. The wind was so cold that the passengers crept behind the smoke stack, pilot house and a place where heat came from the boilers. Towards evening the country we passed on either side of the river was level. Far ahead in the distance we saw the towers of the Cologne cathedral. We reached the landing place a little after 5 o'clock and landed in a city that was founded 38 years B. C by the Romans.

How does the Rhine compare with the Hudson? The Hudson is wider, has larger mountains and more forests on its banks. Nature has done more for the Hudson than

ON THE RHINE,
GERMANY.

for the Rhine. Man has done more to beautify the Rhine than the Hudson. Old castles always have associated with them romance, which in turn captivates people. The Rhine is neat in appearance all along its shores. So is, or was, the Hudson, but man has built scores of unsightly, sometimes unpainted, buildings along the Hudson, sadly marring its beauty, calling them ice houses. The steamers as I have noted are not comfortable. Those on the Hudson are floating palaces compared with them. Yet do not miss sailing on the Rhine when you have the opportunity, as there is a charm, a combination of hill and valley, a landscape varied and interesting, something different than seen from any American river.

In Cologne we purchased tickets for Rome, nearly eleven hundred miles away, costing us one hundred and eleven marks and forty pfennigs each. We wanted to rest on our journey in Switzerland, over the Sabbath, and finding a good train leaving about sunrise, we arranged to take this early train.

In the early morning light we cast another look at this great cathedral, the fifth largest in the world. As we rode away, looking eastward between some streets, I saw the sun just rising like a large, red, round ball. Our train darted through the fortifications and to my surprise the country was enveloped in a fog so thick that for two or three hours we could not distinguish a single object. Were it not for the rattle and bumping of the train, one could almost imagine we were sailing through some ethereal regions in space. As we rode through the fortifications at Coblentz, another fortified city many miles from Cologne, the fog began to disappear.

We were riding up the Rhine on the right bank. For over two thousand years this valley has been settled, and back of that a history in the misty past. As this misty veil of fog kept gathering and then receding, and, in connection with the sun, playing hide and seek over hill, crag, rock, river and castle, I kept thinking that history and harmony were really united like twin sisters, as I looked upon the Rhine

and its valley this equinoctial September day. There was no wind; one of those quiet mornings when all nature seems wrapped in some sort of an expectation. How dreary and cheerless you and I and everybody would be in this old world if we were not buoyed up by expectation.

At Bingen we changed trains, getting on a fast express train, leaving the Rhine and passing up a small valley where the hillsides were covered with vineyards, all trained to stakes for a trellis. I do not see how they can cultivate between the rows, as the rows are twice as close as you see them planted in California. The grapes are very fine in flavor, containing but few seeds. As the train ambled along Elmer spread out our lunch, consisting of some small apple dumplings and some grapes that he had purchased in Cologne the previous evening. As he commenced eating I heard him exclaim with much enthusiasm, "This is fit for a king!"

The country became real hilly. The villages, always close together, were gray with age, and as we rode along, with the city of Worms not very far away, I thought of Martin Luther, who, more than any other man, made it possible for Germany to be the great progressive nation of Northern Europe. Then it took a Bismarck, a man of iron will, of great foresight and indomitable courage, to mould and unite opposing factions into this (as I see it) wonderful German nation. The hillsides again are covered with apple trees and some forest. We came to red soil and stone quarries, where the building stone looked like red sandstone. Much quarrying was in progress. For the first time in Europe, since we landed in Glasgow, as the morning mists cleared away, could we say that the clouds were gone. A cool, clear, beautiful September day, with just a little rippling breeze, enough to catch each leaf and twig, enough to play a melody on nature's harp of golden strings. More priceless than diamonds, of more value than pearls, are our hearts if they are tuned by forces springing from above. Entrancing nature, how I love thee! Every landscape has something fair to me; every cloud is only a golden crown, to sail away with by and by.

The valley narrowed to very sharp hillsides, covered with beautiful forests of pine. After passing Neustadt we came into a level farming country, and again very old-looking villages, only a little way apart. One new feature in the landscape was some Lombardy poplar trees. We were in a vast plain of fertile land, with not a hill or mountain in sight, as our train sped along towards Strassburg. We came to a hop-growing region, passing hundreds of acres. The hops were gathered and the vines were dead. In some fields the poles were gathered and stacked up like a bivouac of arms; in others, they were yet standing. I never saw such long poles used in hop-growing America. They were fully thirty feet high.

We entered through fortifications into Strassburg. These fortifications had a moat in front of them full of water. At each city were passengers getting on and off the train, other trains coming and going, the hundreds of all sorts of people, the many amusing incidents, the different traits in human character displayed, with the hustle, life and activity, interest everybody, and are one of the charms of travel, especially in a foreign land.

Soon after leaving Strassburg we saw to the right some small yet wonderfully pretty mountains. We were approaching the Alps on the northwest corner or side. All the rest of the afternoon, like a panorama, I watched their contour, the rapidity of change, their sides covered with forest or farm, and their unfolding, or rather enlarging, process, as we swept by mountain after mountain, until by their altitude and abruptness of pinnacle or crag they betokened to us their nearness to, and a part of, Alpine mountains.

At 5 o'clock we arrived at Basel, in the edge of Switzerland. Here our luggage was inspected, and we changed trains after waiting about an hour. Three times we had passed into Germany, circling the empire, until we began to feel at home among its people. We were among another people, not quite so regular in feature, of shorter build, and on the average a little plainer in their looks. As we rode

away from Basel we soon left the banks of the Rhine and its valley, which for a short distance we had found again, and began passing up a lovely little valley, with apple trees scattered around, white houses with green blinds, pastures as green as ever grew, through tunnels, around mountains and across the country, until darkness shut out the scene.

Just before 9 o'clock in the evening our train reached Lucerne. We walked about to get a moderate-priced room to our liking among the hotels. We saw a pretty lake and steamers on it, and we wanted a room where we could look out upon the lake. There were lots of people walking about, light and shadow everywhere. Up in the fourth story of a fine hotel we found a room just to our liking, looking to the east, catching the whole lake and two streets coming to a square in front. We paid our usual price, eight francs, with every convenience, and feather beds as heretofore, to cover us with at night, with electric lights and attendants.

I arose early Sunday morning and looked to the east from our hotel to see the surroundings. It was before sunrise. This entire lake on which Lucerne is situated at its outlet for several miles was in sight. For over a mile directly facing our window is a beautiful promenade, with trees each side, clipped low, yet sufficiently high for shade, and another wide walk between these trees, and a nicely built stone embankment aligning the lake shore. On the left of the walks is the carriage drive, and farther to the left many large, fine hotels fronting the lake. For view and scenery we had one of the best rooms in the city. I wanted to see the sunrise. I saw it was coming up over a high mountain and in range of the lake. Only a faint trace of any clouds was in sight, just a few films of cumuli, so fine that they looked like fine threads of gold thrown up against the sky; no wind, yet the lake was covered with ripples, so light that its surface looked like the tracing of an architect's pencil on a mirror of silver. The lake lay in repose, waiting for the king of day. Nearer and nearer this Alpine mountain inclined its top to the coming sun. The

few threads of gold in the sky caught the coming glow and in turn by a reflex wave traced its golden presence over the little trembling ripples until this whole lake resembled a mass of golden butterflies shaking their wings of welcome to the coming sunrise. Soon the advent of the sun caught crag, peak and lake in its brightness and the golden colors melted away, as they had fulfilled their mission in the ushering in of the day.

Handsome little steamers were sailing on the lake. After breakfast we started out to find an English church. We came to the largest church in Lucerne, where a chime of bells was ringing. Many people were going in, and we attempted to. This large church with no seats was so crowded with men and women standing up that we could only just get inside the open doors. Most of the men were standing on the right side and the women on the left. It is a Catholic church, and while standing there we concluded that they were offering incense, as we saw smoke ascend from near the altar. The singing and music were fine. We walked along to the English church not far away. We were just in time for the services, which were conducted according to the church of England's established way. About five hundred people were present, mostly from England, a very few from America, including these two stray Californians. The sermon was short and read from the pulpit in the manner of an essay. I will only quote one sentence from the sermon which will picture to you its standard: "Happiness is eternal life." In the closing prayer I noticed the president of the United States was particularly mentioned.

We walked along the fine promenade already described. The day was an ideal one; soft summer breezes, bright sunshine, one of those days wherein nature attires herself—with her sweetest garb, finer than royalty ever wore. We were surprised at the scene. Here was represented some of the wealth and fashion of Europe. Silks, laces and diamonds, tan shoes (which are still worn in Europe) and white ones as fine and delicate in color as any slippers that Cinderella

ever wore. Each lady had a dextrous way of lifting her dress skirt (some of you lady readers know how it is done), just a little revealing underskirts of such varied colors that in their blend would eclipse the rainbow, or put a peacock to shame. Culture, yes; perhaps not of the Boston æsthetic kind. Every gentleman looked like a walking fashion plate of the most approved Parisian style. Many of the ladies had on soft, brilliant costumes, assuming, as fashion often does, a dreamy, languid look.

Along the water's edge we saw a row of small boats with a flag on each one. During the afternoon as we sat in our room four steamers sailed off on the lake loaded with people, and there were many smaller boats flitting about.

Towards evening we started out for a walk and we wanted to see the sunset. Our course again lay over the promenade. What a change! Wealth and fashion had disappeared, more than likely out riding or sailing, or getting ready for a "table d'hote" dinner. We now saw mostly Swiss people, neatly dressed as one would see in an American city. We walked about one and one-half miles out on the lake shore and sat down to see a sunset in the Alps. In the south we saw the largest mountains with large snow fields on them. In the west the principal one is Pilatus, quite close to the lake. Just then I heard Elmer say, "No wonder people like to climb these mountains and risk their lives." He had caught something of the charm and beauty that surround these mountains more than many others.

The summer climate of Europe is much cooler on an average than in America. At about 8000 feet snow lines begin to be perpetual. All around this mountain lake we could see green grass, apple trees and pieces of forest, except now and then some jagged rocks or a precipitous mountain side. The shadows cast by the setting sun began to lengthen over lake, forest and field, while on yonder mountain tops the snow fields and glaciers began to assume an unwonted brilliancy in color. Their time for evening dress had arrived, and as the minutes passed I watched their changing colors.

FALLEN STATUE OF RAMESES II.

MEMPHIS.

First a spotless white, then a pleasing gray, and later a tint of color rivaling a bed of coral. After sunset from our point of view the scene again changed. On the lake the shadows became sombre, and all about us the gloom of darkness was gathering. Upon those mountain tops the sun still lingered. The slopes of snow and ice became like shining fields of burnished brass. For many minutes the scene continued, then another change. Just before sunset those immense snow fields slowly changed in color to a soft red, almost as brilliant as red velvet, and at sunset the sky caught their reflection in hues of pink and red, and in turn, peak after peak, rock, crag, forest, field and lake, were covered with this royal mantle—the after-gleam of sunset, a radiance so far above the natural, that man can only imitate, never equal. As we walked back to Lucerne just before dark, we again looked at these giants of mountains faintly outlined against the sky. Peak and snow fields were there, looking so cold and gray and still that I wondered as I saw the stars twinkling so merrily if the reflex glory of all the sunsets on the earth was the cause of their twinkling twinkles.

About 9 o'clock that evening as I sat in the window of our room looking out on this beautiful lake, I noticed a streak of coming light in the east; I watched and waited. With tender softness the moon, as if in apology for being the "lesser light," appeared, nearly full in size; and in this clear mountain sky there came forth from the greatest electric light in the universe a flood of gentle sweetness wherein lovers love to talk the waning hours away, until their hearts are melted in tenderness, and promises are made unto the never-ending day.

The next morning as I arose, a falling mist enveloped mountain, city and lake. We took a brisk walk to see that wonderful work of sculpture by Thorwaldson, one of the greatest of sculptors. On the face of a huge precipice a niche is cut in the rock in the form of a half circle, and at the same time a lion is carved out of the same rock, lying in repose as if asleep, as real as life. I think it is the finest piece of

sculpture I ever saw. Even at that early hour, and in the falling mist, others stood in the grotto where the lion is, looking spell-bound at this wonderful work. We walked about among the many curio stores, and saw beautiful inlaid work on tables and chairs, and many handsome carvings in wood. These Swiss people are ingenious, and lovers of beauty, as in the poor peasant's home one will see blooming flowers in their windows. We again boarded our train at 9 o'clock Monday morning for Milan, in Italy. We never left a place where our hearts were so wrapped up with its scenic beauty of mountain and lake as Lucerne.

A dense fog prevented further sight-seeing. It was like sailing along in phantom clouds of mist, a relief, however, as continual sight-seeing is extremely tiresome. How refreshing to lean back on the cushioned seat and let brain, muscle, mind and nerves take a rest. I snuggled down in the soft cushions, closed my eyes and sank into a sort of rhapsody, where in my heart I was singing little bits of song and I am sure nobody but the angels heard me, except Omnipresence. A sudden jolt of the train awakened me after two hours of solid rest.

We were near the head of the lake. The mist was lifting and on the hillsides was the usual scattering of apple trees and the greenest of grass. What a profusion of wild flowers, as fresh and bright as any that ever bloomed in the Garden of Eden. The forests of fir are very fine in foliage and of the darkest green. I have seen fir forests in Canada, British Columbia and in Alaska, but none rivaling these in beauty.

The home life of these hardy mountain people, their quaint houses and way of living up in these mountain valleys, were very interesting. In some places we noticed many piles of small rocks heaped up so the grass for grazing could have free growth. I became convinced that in all things this mountain scenery was the finest I had ever seen, and I have looked at most of the principal mountains north of Mexico and south of the Arctic circle in America. Here is boldness

until many of these mountain sides and tops are too steep to climb. At Erstfield a glacier was quite near between two mountain peaks.

Our train passed through tunnels, some of them built on a curve. Three times we passed one village, until we were far above it, as we had gained grade sufficient to catch another valley. There are in all fifty-six tunnels, aggregating twenty-five miles. The scenery was charming; villages in little nooks, with apple trees around them, valleys and gorges so narrow and the mountains so steep that sunrise or sunset occurs near noon; in other places wide slopes and trees and grass near the snow line.

Away from the line of travel, where money is not being scattered, the people are poor, as they have not much to sell. We entered St. Gothard tunnel, piercing this range in solid granite. Our train, running quite rapidly, was seventeen minutes, as our watches indicated, in passing through. As we began to descend on the other side we found a succession of tunnels and mountains high and rugged. The houses began to change. Their roofs were flat stones rudely dressed, with flat stones for the ridge, and the villages looked so old and gray that I really believe many of the houses were built hundreds of years ago, as their windows were just little ones of about four small lights. There are many chestnut trees, with nuts on them, also vineyards; many little streams of water came rushing down the mountain sides.

At Lugano several passengers got off the train, as some of the Italian lakes are near, yet we were still in Switzerland. Here we came to a very pretty lake, and passed around it and out into an open country, coming to a station called Chiasso. We were now in Italy, and were marshalled into the custom house, our luggage examined, and were required to sign our tickets, then turned out into a little place in the station, fenced in, where we had just room enough to stand up, and waited until an Italian train was made up before anybody was allowed to get out of this cooped-up place. What a scramble for seats in the train as soon as we were

let out! We just had the privilege of standing up for a few miles, until we could get seats.

It was getting dark, and the first town we came to had a chain of electric lights running up a mountain. We arrived at Milan at 8 o'clock in the evening, and what a crowd of people there was just outside of the gate to pass in. They are excitable, like the French people. We found a German on the train who could speak English a little. It seems real strange to hear lots of talking all day, and yet not understand a word. When this German found out we were going around the world and could talk nothing but English, he said: "We would call this lots of cheek up in Germany."

IV.

From Rome to Smyrna.

Next morning at Milan I was awakened as early as four o'clock by the ringing of many bells in the cathedrals and churches. I suppose it was early morning mass. While completing my toilet I noticed our three suit cases and an English hold all sitting on the floor, and, remembering that we had gone thousands of miles in Europe with only one of our smallest satchels, leaving the rest at Cologne, and wanting nothing, I said to Elmer: "What is in these satchels, anyway?" Quick as a flash the reply came, "Everything under the sun!" We are just packing a lot of things around the world, and many of them we will never look at. His reply was so funny that I sat down and laughed so long that I could hardly talk. How unwise we were! We were wishing somebody would steal part of them.

Milan has seven miles of fortifications and is a very old city, yet it is the most prosperous in all Italy. One reason is that there is more manufacturing; another that it is in a more fertile country, being in the center of the plains of Lombardy.

Early in the morning we walked to the cathedral, the second largest church in Europe. The roof is one mass of spires. There are about 2000 carved statues on the outside and some 3000 out and in, including the other pieces of carving. The three large stained windows behind the choir are as large, except curved at the top, as the side of an ordinary two-story house; we admired it very much. To give you

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some idea as to the size, there are 52 pillars 12 feet in diameter, to support roof and interior. For a long time we wandered around these immense pillars, looking at the dome inside 220 feet high and the nave 155 feet high. As I am writing this we have seen the costliest and four of the largest churches in the world, yet this is to our eyes the handsomest. The old stained windows, their wonderful figures, each complete, not just stained glass but all real paintings in the coloring of the glass. It is about 480 feet long and 240 feet wide. We returned to our hotel, packed up our luggage, ordered a cab and at 9 o'clock we were on a train and car, marked as it is spelled here, "Roma."

As our train rolled away from Milan out into a flat level country, we saw for miles meadows and fields laid off into small tracts and trees on their edges. The land fertile and water close to the surface. Some of the fields have furrows for irrigation across them. The trees were quite uneven, as they cut the tops off for wood. One place we saw some cottonwoods, not many; in places were peach and plum trees. The soil is a light clay. I saw four yoke of oxen pulling one plow. As we came to larger, dry looking fields dust was flying on the country roads. The country changed. We passed along a river bed, almost dry, where women were washing clothes on flat rocks by the pools of water, and spreading the clothes to dry on the gravel. The hills on either side were covered with vineyards, all trained to stakes. A train load of soldiers passed us while standing at a station, standing up in the cars holloing loudly and waving their hats. Their white uniforms looked dirty and much in contrast with a car of officers on the same train, all dressed in blue uniforms with gold and red stripes. Up along this dry bed of a river, with little water in it, into a narrow canyon, hills getting large enough for mountains, through tunnels into another valley, where high mountain sides were covered with terraced vineyards, and clouds gathering. Then through a long tunnel into another valley, with brilliant warm sunshine, and not a cloud in sight.

As we passed along, many of the hills and mountains seemed to have a church, monastery or shrine built on them. Then we came to a small town with fortifications behind it, on a range of hills, gray with age. I saw oleander, palm, fig and a few very poor looking orange trees. Then through another tunnel and into the city of Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. Climbing hills on the left lay the city, with the sun shining brightly and the air full of charm and warmth, a possession belonging only to southern climes. As we left Genoa the mountain sides to the left were covered with olive trees. The higher mountains were bare and brown, and the grass that once grew was dry. There was no wind, not enough to rustle the leaves, and on our right the Mediterranean sea looked as placid and calm as any lake you ever saw. Unlike the great oceans, there are no large, rolling waves, only a small tide of perhaps a foot, and just little lazy ripples. The most beautiful and historic sea to sail on in the world. The gardens had many tomatoe vines trellised up like garden beans. We left the coast and rode through a rolling country, with the hills and slopes covered with vineyards and olive trees all intermingled together. Then we passed a country where everything was so dry and rocky that nothing could grow. Farther along at every station we saw great dray loads of white marble, and off to the left whole mountain sides of marble, as white as any snow field ever seen. Villages are many miles apart, each with its own church, with the cross on top proclaiming the kind. On the country roads, dusty and poor compared with other roads in Europe, there were mostly ox teams, some of the tongues of their carts crooked upward at the end way above the oxen's backs. The gloom of night settled around us and just before midnight, as the moon rose in the east, casting its quiet, mellow look over hill, valley and mountain, our train darted through some walls and we were in great, imperial Rome, once and for many years the greatest city in the world and its proud capital. Jumping into a cab we were hastily driven to the hotel we selected, peering with cu-

rious eyes into the strange streets. As the driver came to the hotel he blew a long whistle. The hotel entrance lit up, porters grabbed our baggage. We made terms with the clerk for our room, as he spoke a little English. We were whisked up stairs and soon were sleeping as quietly in this city of romance, history and tradition as we ever did in America.

The ruins of ancient Rome are so great, its history so mighty that as I take up my pen to give you a little peep at some of the wonderful ruins, and weave into the picture a little of thought, association and feeling, I am appalled at the undertaking. We walked to St. Peter's church, said to have been built on the Campus Martus, at the spot St. Peter was crucified, with his head downward at his own request. The approach to the church is on a colossal scale. Some two or three acres of ground are in an open circle, with immense pillars in a semi-circle forming support for a roof all capped with mighty statues on each side. There are at least, I believe, about 300 of these pillars, yet I did not count them. Up many stone steps we ascended to the church, looking at gigantic statues on the roof and all about us of apostles, kings, popes and saints. We walked into the largest and costliest church on earth, costing over $200,000,000. Let me give you the size inside, 835 feet long, 330 feet wide, and 447 feet high. There are no stained windows, yet the gilt and gold with precious stones and alabaster columns, together with its vast size, awaken a feeling of wonder. The costly altars with their lights burning and worshipers before them continually during the day is an impressive sight. Down a little short stairway, where lights are perpetually kept burning, is Peter's tomb, in the center of the church. Many of the faithful go down this stairway, an attendant opens the door and they look in and cross themselves. There among the two dozen or more lights there is at the foot of the stairway two alabaster columns supporting two lights, and I noticed that the attendant struck a match for each party and had them look through the alabaster towards the match. Transparent alabaster is very rare and expensive. An at-

REBUILDING RUINS,
KARNAK, EGYPT.

tendant took us into some chapels and the cardinal's room and pulled away some curtains on the walls, showing us some of the grandest paintings in the world by Raphael. Bible scenes looking as real as life. Marble floors, mosaic pavements and great carved statues on pedestals or in niches in the walls, illustrating the history of the Catholic church, greeted us everywhere. We gave this attendant one franc and told him, who understood our language a little, we wanted to climb to the top of the dome. He called another attendant, who took us to the stairway and said a few words to its keeper, who showed us that permission to ascend the dome must be obtained. We turned to go out but he waved us back with his hand and we climbed to the top of the dome from the inside, then by a door to the outside. A little money opens doors without formal permission. Below us, on and about its seven hills, so signally mentioned in prophecy, lay the modern city of Rome, of about 450,000 population. How mighty when millions of people lived here. We traced the muddy Tiber in its crooked winding way through the city. We saw in the distance the historical Appian way in its approach to and entrance, by one of the fourteen gates, through the walls.

To the south and west of Rome the country is level, to the northeast the Alban mountains, and between us and the mountains the Roman Campagna. Every spot is historical. The present city is unlike other cities, not much color, gray roofs, no smoke and several arched bridges crossing the Tiber. We also walked around on the roof of the church, looked down upon the Vatican with its fine gardens and playing fountains, where the Pope lives with his retinue of two thousand persons about him and eleven hundred rooms to put them in.

We wanted to follow Paul over the Ossian Way out of the West Gate, but since Paul's time called St. Paul's Gate, to where he was beheaded two miles away from the city walls. We succeeded in finding a cabman who was acquainted with the route and could talk a little English. We

commenced at the Mamertine prison, where Paul was incarcerted. We descended into the very dungeon; (in Paul's time there was no stairway leading to it, only an aperture in the top, which we saw, large enough to let a man down or his food through.) We had to have candles in this terrible place, almost circular, about twelve feet across. This prison is cut out of solid rock and on one side there is a passage way, where we saw three holes through the rock for the ropes used to strangle prisoners with. This secret passage way we saw extended to the Tiber, under the old city, where the prisoners' bodies were thrown in. It made us shudder in this prison, yet brave, patient Paul withstood all, through his and our Christ. We rode down a crooked, narrow street to the banks of the Tiber. When Paul was led out of the prison he doubtless saw the great Roman Forum, the palaces of the kings or emperors on Palatine Hill and great triumphal arches which stood just by the prison. One thing that Paul saw (except the clouds, if any that day in the sky) was the Temple of Hercules, standing near the river's brink and built about one hundred years before Christ. The roof is new but the pillars, except one, are there just the same. We passed out of the old gate and drove along in an almost open country. We came to St. Paul's church, where it is claimed the remains of St. Paul are. It is the most costly church of its size in the world, costing over sixty-five millions of dollars. It is constructed of the finest marble from Africa, in all tints and colors, rivaling the rainbow. Upon its sides are the paintings of all the Popes, 287 of them; and there are great marble statues of all the apostles. Some of the finest paintings the earth affords we saw here, one, the Ascension, another Heaven opened and the angels flying around at the stoning of Stephen. The entire ceiling is covered with gold and underneath pillars of alabaster, some of them transparent, the finest that the earth affords. We were simply filled with wonder, and almost tiptoed about amid all this splendor. We drove along a little narrow country road with scarcely a house in sight. Still

following the route Paul traveled to his place of execution, and over in the dry brown fields I saw some beautiful wild flowers; I alighted from the carriage and gathered some of them. A strange, sad tenderness came into my heart, a few tear drops fell, then as I looked at hill, mountain and valley, overarched with dark looking storm clouds, these beautiful wild flowers of pink, purple, blue and yellow again caught my attention and thought.

All over central and southern Italy and on every road we traveled in and about Rome, nowhere did I see so many wild flowers as on this Ossian Way outside of the city's gates.

Did nature hear the prayer of Paul
And wear these royal robes for all?
She truly did, as I could see
With the eye of sight given by Thee.

The angels hovered over all the Way
As Paul walked along that eventful day—
Something of his triumph as he ran the race
I caught from these flowers through bounteous Grace.

Worth more to me than the entire cost of my journey around the world was this one simple touch of nature, so deep that my soul came in contact with nature's God, and I was fed with food sweeter than ambrosia or nectar.

We rode along over the dusty road. In falling cadence the south wind blew, carrying portentious looking clouds along in fitful gusts of glee. Just as we rode up to the entrance of a place called the "Three Fountains" a few large drops of rain came bouncing through the air. As the cab halted we jumped out, a porter opened the gate and summoned a friar to attend us. A few hundred feet away, up an avenue of trees and flowers, we saw three beautiful little chapels, fully twenty feet apart. On the right is, to our surprise, a forest of eucalyptus trees, 150,000 of them, covering several acres. Except some small parks in the city, this forest of

trees ,twenty-eight years old, is the only semblance of a forest to be seen anywhere in the vicinity of Rome. We came to the three little chapels. Then, seeing that we expected their history, or legend, as you may be pleased to call it, the friar told us in broken English, showing us the block of stone on which Paul was beheaded, that as "his head rolled off it bounded three times, and at each time a fountain of water sprang from the ground." We drank from one of the fountains, yet we saw nor heard no water running in any of them. In one of the chapels was some Mosaic pavement, which he said "was two thousand years old," surrounded with a chain. We returned to the cab, with orders to take us to one of the Catacombs. We drove along towards the Appian Way. There are several hundred acres of these underground tombs. We procured a guide, who furnished us with two torches each. Lighting one apiece we began to descend into the rocks of the earth, as these wonderful tombs and passage ways are dug in soft rock; perhaps harder than sandstone, as the rock is dark colored. We expected little and saw much. We followed our guide for one hour up and down, usually in passages high enough to walk in, but narrow. It is the most grewsome sight I ever saw. In some places three stories, if you may call it that, one under the other exist; I shuddered with horror and the odor was very nauseating, and yet people lived and died in these dark, dismal underground chambers and passages. We came to little chapels and arched chambers where we saw in fresco on the walls Bible scenes. Daniel in the lion's den, Jonah thrown overboard—also the great fish throwing him out, animals coming out of the Ark, birds eating grapes, peacocks, animals, children and many other scenes traced on the walls. We saw the old lamps they used, their water jars, places to cook, and all along these passage ways were hundreds, yes, thousands of little niches cut in the rock, where either a streak of white ashes lay, or bones. I touched one of the bones; to my horror it crumbled to ashes. A vast charnel house of the dead. It is calculated that if all the

passages were put in one continuous line they would extend nearly six hundred miles—I suppose we walked about two miles. By different layers of ashes there must have been in some of the niches several people laid away until the great resurrection day. We could only detect these ashes by their edge, as over the top a gray dust, the color of all the rocks about us, had been settling for centuries. We were in contact with the dim, misty past. We began to realize what centuries mean. As I look back, the memory of this hour is more vivid to me, and more real than any mere painting even of "Dante's Inferno." We were glad to emerge from the bowels of the earth and ascend again. How beautiful the light seemed, and as we shook off the dust and mold of centuries, it seemed like a foretaste of the resurrection to come. We drove along by the entrances to other parts of the Catacombs. The whole country about us under a layer of surface soil was originally one solid rock and honeycombed with these tombs of the past.

We drove farther out on this road made famous by the coming of Paul over it on his way to Rome. We saw old ruins each side, great piles of brick and stone with traces of marble facing. Some were very large, others smaller; no regular line of them—just dropped down anywhere. They are tombs of the rulers of Rome and other noted men and women of old Roman times. The largest one is the tomb of Croesus' wife; another one we particularly noted is the tomb of Seneca.

Over to the left, two or three miles away, are some of the old aqueducts, still standing. Each side of us the fields were bare. No trees except a few bushes clinging about the tombs, and now and then the poorest of peasants' homes. Grain stubble, or grass dried up, came close to the Way, and around the tombs. I walked from the carriage to a small rise in the ground to get a view. No flowers were to be seen, but bits of broken brick and rock everywhere. I returned to the carriage and we started for the city. While riding along Elmer suddenly said: "Look at that centipede."

Crawling over one of my shoes was the largest centipede I ever saw. I had disturbed him in his lair while walking, he had crawled up in my clothing and was now seeking his resting place in the tombs. How I shuddered, knowing how poisonous they are. The driver took him from the carriage and killed him.

As we rode back to the city I thought of the mighty armies that had traveled over this Appian Way, of its many changes; one of the most historical roads on the face of the earth. At the city's gates officials are stationed to tax dutiable articles. They have long rapiers, and as a load of hay or straw comes along, they thrust them through to see if something is concealed. We walked around in the great Roman Forum, and stood where Cicero and Cato talked in words of burning eloquence. Nothing but ruins, but the pavements are there, and shattered pillars, cornices and foundations excited our wonder and admiration. We saw the Arch of Titus, erected in the first century A. D., with the picture of the golden candlestick on it, the only authentic picture in existence, a copy for all other pictures.

We hired a guide and walked among the ruins of emperors' palaces on Palatine Hill. The extent and magnificence of these ruins, with the Stadium passing through the center, and many underground passages, is simply astonishing. We saw beautiful frescoes still clinging to the walls, and walked over mosaic pavements that echoed to the tread of the mighty men of Rome over two thousand years ago. Just here, near the Stadium, are the ruins of the Judgement Hall, and I stood where Paul and Peter were condemned to death by Nero. We walked into the Coliseum, one of the seven wonders of the world, finished after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, as thousands of Jews were brought prisoners to Rome and compelled to work on this great structure. I counted sixteen stairways, from twelve to sixteen feet wide, coming from the outside and leading to different tiers of seats, with landings for each tier. Immense columns or pillars were the only obstructions to entering on any side.

ARCH OF TITUS.

ROME.

I stood over the arena, and thought of the many thousands of Christians that were fed to the lions, for over two hundred years, as each night there gathered 100,000 of these cruel heathen Romans to exult over their cries and groans, as they were torn in pieces.

Near the Coliseum stands a great arch erected by Constantine on one of the city's roads. Loaded teams are very frequently passing under this arch, linking the past to the present by the lapse of many centuries. Near by was the great Circus Maximus, where chariot races were run, large enough to hold one million of spectators. There was a square mile laid off for games and sports, and also room for sixteen hundred baths, all constructed of the finest of marble, with great pipes having silver mouths to deliver hot water of any degree of temperature. Mighty Rome with its once four millions or more of population, its emperor living in a house lined with gold, its five hundred senators living in silver houses, its environments taking in the seven hills which are nothing more than the seven heads of prophecy of Revelations, and in connection with other kingdoms representing the ten horns. Would you know its past history and final destiny turn to the book of Daniel, in the Old Testament, and read about the Iron Empire, then turn to Revelations and find out what became of the seven heads and ten horns.

One cannot travel a block or square in Rome without meeting one or more priests dressed in black, and friars dressed in brown, always in skirts hanging clear to their heels. There are nearly three hundred churches and services going on most of the time. About five o'clock every morning you will be awakened by the ringing of many church bells. We looked at many obelisks brought from Egypt, covered with hieroglyphics. We saw many monuments and much statuary, a partial embellishment of its wonderful history. We had read of Rome and its record, yet in our quiet California home we had no realizing conception, until we gathered from its stupendous ruins, the magnitude of its buildings, the costly appointments of its palaces, the towering

height of its triumphal arches, the carved rostrums and the immense ampitheatres, all this only ruins, yet we looked upon them with awe and admiration. What could the picture be when it was filled out; more than any Utopian dreamer ever thought or dreamed.

We learned that the cholera was still raging in Egypt, including Port Said, being easy enough to get there but not to get out. We could get to Jerusalem by traveling nearly two thousand miles over three railways and on three steam ships and with delays would take about eighteen days. There was no alternative unless we wanted to run against the cholera in Egypt, be quarantined ten days and fumigated like scale on an orange tree to get away.

We purchased our tickets to Jerusalem, costing about nineteen pounds each over this roundabout route, and boarded our train in Rome for Naples.

It was one of those delightful days that occur everywhere. The sun and the clouds in the place of sparkling light and shadow were each striving for the mastery, while all the landscape o'er there was a flood of genial warmth. As our train emerged from the city walls, passing directly into the country, the grass was dry and brown. The fields were quite large, many of them covered with grain stubble. A few scattering eucalyptus trees about the poor looking homes and small stations. We passed quite close to the old aqueducts of Rome, and for a distance not far from the Appian Way. We were traversing the famous Roman Campagna, a fertile and comparatively level country. Then we commenced to circle about its southern edges, where vineyards began to appear, some of them trimmed about six feet high. Occasionally a weeping willow or an oak tree. The country became very hilly, and I saw many caves in the rocks, with people living in some of them, others used for stables. The hills were very dry, and as we passed up a rolling valley I saw bands of sheep grazing in the stubble fields and some droves of black hogs. The stacks of grain by the little old villages (looking as old and gray as the rocks), were not threshed

yet. There were a very few stacks of hay to be seen. The villages are perched on the tops of mountains or high hills. and were so gray and regular in appearance that they almost looked like ledges of rock. The country was very rocky. No trees, and the villages a long distance apart. The few houses scattered between the villages were very rude in construction, poor in appearance, and heaps of rocks were scattered everywhere. This kind of country continued for many miles. We stopped at a small country station. I walked up and down the platform. I looked aloft, clouds and sunshine were woven together, blended in one harmonious color.

Light and shadow had ceased to flow,
All nature was in a sweet repose;
Calm and tranquil in its rest,
As an infant on its mother's breast.

Refreshed and rested as the train sped along (for I had come in contact with nature in one of its melting moods, where I can always gather such delicious food), I now saw a new feature in the vineyards, each vine planted by a small tree. The trees are mulberry trees and the leaves are used to feed silk worms. When they get by their vigorous growth then the vines, using the trees for stakes, have their best growth. Soon we were in a very mountainous country, where very little of anything could grow. Then about noon we came into a region where whole mountainsides were covered with olive trees, planted among the rocks. Again, no forests, whole mountain ranges as bare as the day they were thrown up from the bowels of the earth, with little soil, mostly bare rocks.

For many miles before we reached Naples we passed through a level country. The mulberry trees are large, planted in rows ten or twelve feet apart, and the grape vines were trained from one tree to another, high enough to see the fine bunches of grapes hanging there ready to gather.

In some fields only the rows of grapes and trees and gardens between. We came into the station at Naples, the largest city in Italy. We climbed to some of the upper streets and looked out on the bay of Naples. In the distance is the island of Capri. This placid sea with just little ripples enough to sparkle as the sun caught them, lay before us like a painting dropped from the skies. Why write about this beautiful bay? Poets and writers in all ages have gone into ecstacies over the bay of Naples, until it has become a trite saying, "See Naples and die." Let them write in jubilant tones; we will continue our journey and gather thought and beauty from fields where it is better gleaning. The fashionable hotels are located along the sea with a wide drive in front, then a sea wall. Many of them close in the summer. Naples is not a clean city. One will see all sorts of carts—four wheels to any wagon used in business is scarce. I saw one cart with a large load with an ox hitched in the center, a horse one side and a donkey on the other, all pulling together. Most of the small carts are drawn by single donkeys. Every night one will see droves of goats driven along in the city and some cows; the goat or cow is milked in the street as the milk is sold. We saw people living in upper stories of houses letting down baskets with a rope and dishes in them to get the milk. The goats walk along the crowded sidewalks, dodging along just as a person would. Each drove having leaders with bells attached. We saw a funny funeral procession just at sundown. A very fine looking coffin was carried along on the shoulders of some bearers, followed by a score or more of men dressed in white, with their heads wrapped in white and so arranged that each man appeared to wear very long white whiskers. They stopped at a church and the street filled up with women and children, some of them crowding into the church. As the coffin was carried in these ghost-like looking men chanted or sang around the coffin, each one holding a torch aloft. This continued a little while and then the very fine looking coffin was brought out and carried away and a plain coffin was put in a hearse and

driven off unattended. We concluded the fine coffin was only hired for the street procession to the church.

We concluded to visit Pompeii and climb Mount Vesuvius in one day, and so started early Tuesday morning on a train for Pompeii. Passing along the edge of the sea for several miles by villages and gardens, we came to a small station, where our guide procured a carriage to drive two or three miles to Pompeii. We passed many macaroni factories, and up little narrow streets swarming with carts, men, women, children, flies, dogs and dirt. Driving like a Jehu and cracking his whip like a pistol, we soon reached Pompeii. As you all know it was suddenly destroyed one day in A. D. 79 by this volcano, or rather covered up several feet deep, was forgotten and left buried until about one hundred and fifty years ago. The impression of this city with its streets, fountains, baths, water pipes, theaters, stores and private houses, all one story high, now deserted, except by guards and curious visitors, was singularly strange. The streets were very narrow and large stones for crossing them made the chariots all keep in one place, and we saw ruts worn with wheels into the solid rock pavement three and four inches deep. The water pipes were made of lead hammered into shape. Much work in fresco, some of it handsome, and the pavements were as bright as when their owners walked in and out. What curious ideas we often form of a place before seeing it. I supposed that we would have to look at Pompeii under the ground. The excavations simply mean all the ashes and lava is shoveled out of the streets and houses, and there is Pompeii almost as it stood two thousand years ago, just as real and on top of the ground as it ever was, and only a few walls are broken in and down. We saw their rude stones fitted together to grind flour, their wine shops, their jugs and samples of almost every article they used. Even loaves of bread found in their ovens. Their way of living as revealed by looking at their houses, where you can almost imagine they have just moved out, is worth a trip to Naples to see. Some of the people were wealthy, as

they had flower gardens in an inner court, houses built around them and richly decorated rooms. How strange it all seemed.

We saw the work of uncovering still going on in Pompeii. It is not hard, as, unlike Herculaneum, it was covered with ashes and pumice stone. We saw old wine shops with their jars in place as real as today. We saw fountains in the streets, places for people to drink water, and the stone casings where they leaned on their hands to drink, worn to a hollow. We walked about in their theaters, temples and well appointed bath rooms, arranged for either hot or cold water. What a little span of time life is, yet there have been many spans of life since that tragic August day in 79. Villages are located all around Pompeii today as it is five or six miles from the foot of the volcano. Life is always eventful, full of tragedy, and you and I are actors in the drama. These Pompeiian people have played their part. We were studying the cast of their play. We found much to condemn, very little of approval, and as our guide summoned the carriage and we were driven rapidly towards Mount Vesuvius, I mused as never before, catching in my mind the grasp of centuries, enabling me to look back over all the ages that are past. Then with one mighty sweep of vision, I saw the race, on down to the end of time, and I said "all I want is Thy approval."

For some distance we passed along a village street enclosed with walls, then we came to the starting place, where we exchanged the carriage for horses. Two very ordinary looking horses were brought to our side and we mounted the steeds. The street was full of people to see us start off. Boys were asking us for money, and offering little longer sticks, expecting if we took them to get a few centimes. The drivers whipped up the steeds, catching hold of them by the end of their tails, holloing "R" at the top of their voices, and away we went up the street, amid this babel, jolting hard enough to shake our ribs out of place. As soon as I could recover breath I looked at the long distance to travel on an

STREET IN POMPEII.

CHARIOT RUTS FROM FOUR TO FIVE INCHES IN DEPTH.

ascending slope, then at the abrupt climb to reach the top, and my heart sank within me. Was I equal to the emergency? I saw before me one of the hardest physical efforts of my life. I resolved to carry it through.

We passed along for about two miles fine looking vineyards each side of the road. They were gathering the vintage and in places we saw them treading out the wine with their feet. Some fig trees with fine fruit on them were scattered by the roadside and through the vineyards. We met women and men carrying great baskets of grapes and figs on their heads. Then we came to ridges of lava, and as we climbed the slope we passed away from the vineyards and into hundreds of acres of little pine trees, many of them not over two feet tall, planted in rows. The large pine trees of Italy are very different from any I have yet seen in other parts of the world. At their tops they spread out like a Japanese umbrella tree, and are light colored.

Soon we came to a place where the horses could carry us no farther, we alighted and, taking our coats off, commenced to climb. We had been in the saddle about one and one-half hours, and it would take that much more time of hard climbing to reach the summit. How we toiled up, step by step. In places the ashes being soft and yielding to our feet made it still harder. The ascent became so steep that we had to zigzag our course. As I would stop to catch breath how wistfully I looked to the top. We struggled on and just as the crest came in view, with an almost perpendicular climb to get there, our guide told us for the first time that there was a government tax to pay, if we went farther. Others coming down said they could not see into the crater as the wind was not favorable, failing to blow the smoke and vapor aside. Elmer and I held a council and concluded that unless the volcano began to eject red hot lava we were going to stand on the crest of its crater. Inch by inch we crawled up, and there stood the government tax collector silhouetted against the sky, standing on a ledge of rock, once molten lava. We paid him nine francs for us and the

guide and went on. Time, persistence and grit will overcome obstacles, therefore at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we took the last step and were standing on the crest of the crater encircling the most noted volcano in the world.

I looked down. At first I could see nothing but an abyss of wreathing, circling vapor or smoke of silvery whiteness. Now and then a puff of it would catch us, and its fumes were similar to the brimstone you would use to smoke bees out of a tree or hive. In a few minutes a puff of wind blowing downwards caught the inner walls of the crater near where we stood, and we saw a long ways into its depths, revealing one of the most wonderful sights of my life. Beds of burning sulphur, jets of steam and smoke, and the almost perpendicular walls of the crater looked like a crust of smoky ashes and cinders just covering up the strength of its fiery master, ready at any moment to startle the world with its convulsions. I stood spellbound. I was in the presence of one of the mightiest forces of nature. Hitherto its greatest forces I had ever seen were in floods rushing to the sea, in the uncontrollable wind, or as nature often loves to do, gather its forces in some towering cloud, or clouds, and bombard the earth, with bolts of electric light and power, so brilliant that man can never imitate. Here was to me a new force, awe inspiring, captivating because of its power—yet not wholly unknown hitherto, as in my California home I have seen the mountains tremble, shaking clouds of dust into the air. I have felt the earth vibrate like the passing of an ocean wave. I have heard the sound of its voice in the rumbling earthquake. As I turned my face away from this sleeping, slumbering, smouldering volcano there came wrapped in the gentle wind as it fanned my brow, a soft and pleading voice:

Do not tremble at this power;
Be at peace this very hour.

Again looking down into this fiery volcano, a cloud of smoke

and vapor encircled me and hidden away in its mystic depths there came the faintest of whispers,

Do not love me any less,
As I, too, have power to bless.

It was enough. It was the God of nature speaking to me, bringing a quiet, restful peace into my heart as I turned and walked toward the foot of the mountain. Elmer and the guide started to run. They got to going so fast down the mountain they could not stop, and as I saw their coat tails flying I sat down on a crag of hardened lava to watch the result. Fortunately they kept right end up, yet as I saw them leaping along in such gigantic strides of twenty feet or more, they looked like giants trying to sail off into the realms of space.

As the race ended I looked around. I could plainly see the uncovered streets and houses in Pompeii, and villages lying much closer to the mountain than Pompeii ever did; and all around this volcano is a vast plain—some of the most fertile soil in the world. The level land is not as wide next to the sea as inland. I remembered what a German once told me in Spokane, Washington. He said: "I am a graduate of an agricultural college in Germany. The richest soil in Europe is volcanic soil on the plains about Mount Vesuvius. I came to America to find similar soil. I found it only in Colfax county of this state and I have settled there." And with pride he pointed out to me his samples of wheat, apples and pears, as we were talking on the Washington fair grounds at the time.

The whole country except a strip behind the volcano lay spread out before me. What a lofty view! I was like some eagle perched upon a crag. Out in the distance lay the city of Naples, fringing the shore of the sea, and on the anchorage were ships from all climes. On the mountain side below me a few clouds were beginning to gather, and then to melt away, like some of our dreams, which when we awake

are scattered and gone. Out in the country, and on those distant mountain ranges, this last day of September, the sun was catching village, vineyard, trees and rocky mountain slopes and bathing them in robes of royal brightness.

As I traced the shore lines of this bewithchingly beautiful bay of Naples, and noticed that arising out of its blue depths there were white, fleecy looking clouds, beginning to appear, yet so transparent that they seemed like mere phantom spectres of imagination—I must forebear. I promised that I would not write about the bay of Naples, yet it is awfully hard to keep out of the arena where gladiatores have fought so long, and I would like to take one good turn of pen and thought. Lame, blistered, tired and sore, I crept into my bed in Naples.

At 7 o'clock in the morning we were on a passenger train leaving Naples for Brindisi. We saw boats in the bay with fishermen and in the gardens we saw them pumping water with donkeys, and I saw one goat hitched to the wooden sweep, pulling it around to pump water for irrigation.

Bathed in this morning's sun Mount Vesuvius arose abruptly out of the plain and I saw a curl of smoke arising from the crater on its top, weaving itself into a shroud of snowy whiteness, looking like a robe fit for angels to wear. As we passed Pompeii at a little distance, its walls, houses and streets were deserted and silent-looking, gray and grim with age.

After crossing the level plain, covered with gardens, we came to a hilly country near the Sorrento mountains, where I saw some orange trees, not looking thrifty, but good looking vineyards. There had been a heavy wind blowing from the mountains and I noticed very large fig trees, several of them, uprooted and thrown down, also mulberry and other trees by the wayside with many limbs broken off. We rode through a valley, and on the other side came to where clouds nearly obscured the sun. Off to the right was the Mediterranean sea, with sky and cloud so blended together, and all of the color of this placid sea, that in this gray morning light it seemed we were on the edge of the world, peeping off into space in search of other worlds.

We reached Salermo at 9:30, and beyond saw mountains covered with olive trees; then an open level country several miles in extent, with nothing of much account growing; too dry and rocky, soil poor. Again we came to mountains of olives; then into a rough, hilly, mountainous country, with some small trees and many bushes; a natural forest-growing region, as I saw on one hillside a grove of grand old oaks. We passed up a river with very little water running. Men were plowing with the crudest-looking plows I ever saw, and living in poor houses, yet most of the population seemed to live in towns a few miles apart. The singular part of it is, these towns are perched up on the top of small mountains, and so gray that the buildings look like one tier of rocks above another. These hills were as bare and brown as any ever were in California. At each station were venders of all sorts of fruit and bread and water which was carried in two handled jugs with a tumbler to draw. The small rocks are everywhere, the subsoil being made up of pebbles or rocks, not many larger than one's fist. We saw improvements being made on the railroad tracks and women were carrying baskets of dirt and dumping them, grading new road, some olive trees on the hillsides and a few apple tress. At the small stations and along the country roads nearly every woman in sight wore a red shawl.

We came to an open hilly country and could see for miles each way. A very poor country, almost too poor for anything to grow. Then we passed down a small river and through numerous tunnels, yet the whole country was not worth much. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we came out of the hills and mountains and commenced to cross an open plain of good land, yet there was nothing growing, scarcely a tree in sight. I saw several yoke of white oxen plowing. After a few miles we came to the shore and for many miles ran near the sea, the dirt in some places thrown up like the dunes on the Pacific coast. Little, yet old, pine trees grew among the dunes and on top of them, all bent towards the land, showing much wind through the year. Looking at the sea, this Octo-

ber afternoon, with scarcely a ripple on the shore, it seemed in one of its mildest moods.

Toward sundown we came to Taranto, where many of the passengers got off. We were looking out on the Gulf of Taranto towards the Ionian sea. As we passed along we saw a few pomegranite trees. Bands of black sheep were grazing on the scanty herbage; ribs of rock land and thousands of olive trees, some of them looking centuries old. It grew dark. We had traveled the whole length of Italy and found no orange groves worthy of the name. I think the orange growing district is nearly all on the island of Sicily. The Italians have not allowed any forests to grow, south of Northern Italy, since the forests were cut off by their ancestors. The mountains, more than likely, had some soil on them, but the erosion of rain for centuries has largely taken that away. Except around Vesuvius, and now and then a strip of naturally good land, the land not in rocks is poor and needs fertilizing. I saw no fields of alfalfa, nothing growing worth mentioning, except olives, mulberry trees and grapes, except in gardens, where irrigation was the rule, from a surface well, and by the crudest of methods. These remarks apply wholly to Central and Southern Italy. Sicily I did not see and know nothing of. Northern Italy is well watered. Its mountains have forests, its people are enterprising and progressive, its cities are rapidly increasing in manufacturing. Over one-half of the time we were in Italy it was cloudy weather.

While traveling in England, on the Midland railway, I met an American lady who resided in Florence, only being in England for a season to attend the coronation. We were talking about Italy. I made a remark about sunny Italy. "Oh," she said, "those books were written by Englishmen, and in contrast to England it is sunny, but there is much cloudy weather there." You may come to Italy some October and find green grass; I did not, and I think they need to irrigate as much as in California. There is less area of natural damp lands, and mostly poor soil, nothing like

the north of Europe in natural fertility, except the rich spots noted. Many of the country homes have a patch of cane growing for basket-making.

About 8 o'clock in the evening we alighted from our train in Brindisi, hired a cab and drove to the steamship's wharf. We saw the streets full of people; boys and men sound asleep on the sidewalks; country people were bringing in their vintage. I saw one street full of people, where some man was selling patent nostrums. We found that in order to go on the steamer we would have to declare our intention to the police. We did so, and they sent word they wanted to see us and our passports. We went to the chief of police's office. He took our passports, yet he looked more sharply at us than at the passports. That ordeal being over, we waited for the steamer. About half past nine the steamer arrived from Trieste. We went on board and were assigned to some rooms in the ladies' cabin, as all others were taken. We were afloat on the sea once more, after traveling nearly eight thousand miles in Europe in all sorts of cars, under all conditions, exciting and otherwise, and through many countries. We retired, and about 12 o'clock the whistle blew, the gang planks were pulled off and the steamer started.

We were sailing on the Adriatic, one of the most stormy seas in the world. The sea was in a pensive mood, waiting for its master, the storm king, to assert his sway again. Early in the morning I arose and went on deck. It was sunrise. About twenty miles away to the north were high, abrupt mountains. Not a tree on them; but little soil; almost all rocks, and rising abruptly from the water's edge. It was the Albania country, a part of Turkey. We were sailing about due east, and on the right were four rocks arising out of the sea, or small islands.

Just a film of clouds arched the heavens o'er, enough to give a quiet look to land and sea. At 10 o'clock the ship came to anchor before a small town in Turkey, a port with a title so long and hard that I will omit its name. It was the port for the capital of this province, Albania. Boats filled with Turkish and Greek men wearing a "fez" came to the

ship with much clamor, and considerable freight was put off. Two other steamers came from somewhere, with many red-capped passengers.

Only a little row of two-story houses on the shore, some old ruins, gray with age, a few houses torn in pieces, as the Greeks shelled this part of the town in their late war with Turkey. Just back of the shore are ledges of rock, with scarcely room for a spear of grass to grow. All the morning we had been sailing by lofty, towering mountains, without a tree, the most rocky, desolate, bare-looking mountains in the world. Besides the little port, there were two old ruins up on high hills, one cedar tree, six smaller ones and about a score of bushes in sight on these rock-ribbed mountain sides as far as I could see in either direction. A trail leading over the mountain in a low place, and running along its side for grade, caught my attention. I saw almost a continual line of pack mules going each way. Over by the water's edge and back of the houses were hundreds more, moving around or standing still. They were there to pack goods into the interior. The men in flowing robes would start one or two animals off and then walk behind them. Coming in or going out, if the load was light, they would ride.

It is a two days' journey to reach their capital. We sailed along over these charming seas, clad in summer breezes. We came to Corfu just a little after noon, on an island, its most northern point. On the mainland a bay of considerable size indented the shore, and the same desolate look on mountain and land. Corfu, this warm summer day, with shade trees and carriages in waiting to carry one about, looked inviting, yet we did not land, as the steamer does not come to a pier at any of these ports.

Our course now lay a little to the southeast through a strait about twenty-five miles wide. On the other side of the island beyond Corfu I saw a few trees. All day we met and passed several sail boats—on one I counted sixteen sails set. Until night the mainland in Turkey still continued to present the most rocky and desolate appearance I ever saw. At half

past seven in the evening I walked on the upper deck. The clouds were gone, the wind blew from the east, a nice, soft, refreshing breeze after the heat of the day. The evening star shone with wonderful brilliancy, other stars were twinkling merrily in the heavens, and the Milky Way in one grand, reaching sweep of brilliant beauty, circled the heavens from southeast to northeast. I located the north star and the dippers and gazed with fondness on star after star, the very same ones that I have so often loved to watch from my California home. Turning my eyes toward the sea I looked. In the southeast, just above the horizon, commencing with the Milky Way, only of its width and tapering out toward the zenith was a band of brilliant light, brightest at its commencement. Out upon the rippling sea the reflection of this to me unlooked for and surprising light, shone with more splendor than if all the diamonds in the South African mines were scattered over that strip of sea. I was spellbound. The most brilliant part of it was just over the horizon, where sea and sky flashed almost together, eclipsing in effect all the incandescent lights that Edison ever made; for many minutes I looked in quiet rapture. I do not remember of ever reading of anything similar. I returned to the cabin. Just one hour later I again walked on the upper deck. The stars shone as bright, the cool, refreshing breeze was there, catching my throbbing brow and resting on my upturned cheeks as before. The Milky Way was there. The brilliant light, with all of its flashing reflections, centering in one grand diadem of light, just above the horizon, was gone. Between me and the Milky Way the sea rolled along in rippling waves, as shown by lights on the ship, but beyond all was darkness and gloom, as it was one hour before at every point of the compass. I cannot explain. It certainly was no reflection from the sunset. In calculation those bright scintilations of light, all pointing towards the horizon, would just about point towards the city of Jerusalem, our present destination. Was it a beacon light, something like the shepherds saw (Luke 2:8) "keeping watch over their flocks by night" nearly two thou-

sand years ago? Or was it a token of blessing to me and approval of my intended travels in the Holy Land? Or was it that wonderful city "New Jerusalem" (Rev. 21:2), with its gates of pearls, its streets paved with pure gold, stretching out in size fifteen hundred miles wide, long and deep, "and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like jasper, clear as crystal" (Rev. 21:11), and destined, after this old world is resurrected from its ashes, to be moved down from the heavens above, where you and I can "walk in the light of it" (Rev. 21:24)? Did heaven open its portals long enough, letting the angels swing wide open the twelve gates of pearl, throwing through the interminable realms of space something of this light, catching the Milky Way in its course, until by reflection I caught a glimpse of "the holy city" (Rev. 21:2)?

I am writing this not far from the Isle of Patmos, but sitting on another steamer, looking at the mountains of Asia in the distance. I am still wondering, as I am looking into the calm, blue depths of this historic sea, what the meaning of this vision to me. Was it the beating pulse of loving nature's flow? Was it another throb of some volcano's glow? I cannot explain the vision or its sight, unless it was a glimpse of heavenly light.

The next morning our steamer sailed into the port of Patros, in Greece, just before sunrise. I was on deck at early dawn. At the left of the harbor are two beautiful mountains. Just as the sun rose, our luggage was in a boat, and accompanying it were these two Californians. Very soon we were lined up with the luggage in the custom house for inspection. As usual, there was much talking and tumbling over of luggage. I saw the inspector tell one woman, as I judged by their motions, to hide a piece of fine dress goods under her cloak. This ordeal over, we had our luggage taken to a hotel, and we started to walk. What curious shops, queer customs, dirt, heat, sunshine and flies. We came to a Greek church, entered and saw two priests chanting some sort of a service. There was only one worshipper present, and one more going

in as we came out. The large chandelier was covered with a red cloth, looking like a red balloon ready to sail away. Better muzzle the flies. We purchased three pounds of grapes for sixty leptas. We returned to the hotel. The train for Athens was ready.

We entered and away we went, looking, every sense on the alert, to see and catch something of historical Greece. In our compartment, by my side, sits a Greek priest; just opposite a Greek soldier and other Greek men, women and children, sitting all around, as the train is full. The conductor does not come into the train at all during the day. While the train is running he climbs along on one wooden step, about one foot wide, attached to the outside of the car, and, as the windows are all let down, looks in the window of the door and gathers the tickets.

It seemed singular that the first tree I saw in Greece was an eucalyptus tree of Australian origin. At first we passed through vineyards, pruned and without stakes, looking exactly like our California vineyards, except that the rows were a little closer together and no roads through them, as the people carry the fruit on their heads. There were some olive trees in the vineyards. I saw men treading out wine from grapes with their feet. At times we were some little distance from the sea, again just by the shores, looking down into its blue waters, where every rock on the bottom resembled chunks of blue vitrol. Every little while we would cross a river bed, now dry and full of gravel, coursing its way to the sea. Some of the mountain sides to the right were too steep to cultivate and had some brush looking like oak. Over in the interior were some mountains, yet they were bare and desolate. We saw some very fine tall cypress trees. They are extremely handsome, of a very dark colored green. At a small station I saw one each of umbrella trees and weeping willow. By the side of the road were some wild flowers, thistles and blackberry bushes. The country was dry and there was plenty of dust flying off the country roads.

We came to quite a large place. Hundreds of boys and girls

were sorting currants, and men were nailing up the empty boxes, out of doors, while a ship was waiting in the gulf or strait to carry them away. They are the Zante currants of commerce. We passed magnificent groves of olive trees, with the limbs bending to the ground with olives. We saw them irrigating on the basin plan. The pomegranates were very fine, and no better grapes anywhere. The olive trees look more thrifty than in Italy and average larger. We saw thousands of them.

We found by consulting our railroad schedule that we would arrive in Corinth at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, 75 miles from Athens; and we could resume our journey at 4 o'clock by catching another train. We did so, hiring a carriage to take us from New Corinth, to the Corinth of Paul's time. As we drove away from the station, through a poor looking town, I saw many of the poorer houses built of adobe, and many walls constructed of gray bricks of adobe. We passed out of this village and for about half a mile by the edge of the water. We halted the carriage and walked by this lovely sea, dipping our hands in the water. Directly inland is a round mountain about two miles from the seashore, several hundred feet high, the upper part having precipitous sides. It is a natural fortification, and by name is called Acro-Corinthus, meaning the citadel of Corinth. We drove directly towards this mountain from the sea. About half way we ascended a sloping rise in the land of perhaps thirty feet, and at the base of this mountain extending out to this slope and very hard to tell how far each way the rich, prosperous and, in Paul's time, important city of Corinth stood. The location of the city was a natural one at the head of this gulf of water connecting with the Adriatic sea.

The view was grand, this beautiful sea in front, tall mountains on the other side, and off to the left a valley widening out, and vineyards, with the stubble still standing of wheat fields. No wonder Paul lived here eighteen months, making tents out of goat skins and teaching the people. I believe that tall mountains, mighty valleys and a love of nature and na-

ture's ways are staircases, not to walk over altogether, but to extract from, something of their honey, then mixing it, with a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ, you have the true elixer of life that philosophers have hunted for in all ages. Then you have a stairway taller than the tower of Babel, one that will reach up to, and beyond the stars. Paul climbed this stairway. I was looking at the same sea, the same mountains and valleys, at similar flowers blooming around me, and at similar clouds that were weaving their fleecy folds around the rock-capped mountain above; and as I looked out on this sea (the gulf of Lepanto) gleaming in this afternoon's sun, I too climbed another span of this stairway.

Another point of vantage gained;
Another height of glory reached;
Another touch of nature's love;
Molding me for heaven above.

It pays to sit at nature's feet and learn of nature's ways. I have gathered from the storehouse of nature in this little trip so far such bounteous sweets that I am wondering if nature's storehouse has any more for me; I am sure it has.

As I write these lines, October 15, I am sitting on a steamer in Beirout, Syria, looking at the mountains of Lebanon, where the cedars grew, catching loving nature's flow of sweetness as never before, still traveling toward the Promised Land.

All around me were ruins, marble columns, pillars, beautiful work in sculpture, great arches still standing, the theater that once resounded with shouts and music, aqueducts for water, a few peasants' homes, some of them built of broken ruins, and in the midst of them the largest cottonwood tree I ever saw. Foundations, size of buildings easily traced, old pavements over which the tread of those Corinthian people are lost in the echoes of the past, proclaimed the greatness of Corinth. In and among the ruins a few little garden stuffs being watered by hand were trying to grow.

Some women were washing on marble slabs lying on the ground; these may have been in the synagogue that Paul "reasoned in—every Sabbath" (Acts 18:4). Read the 18th chapter and see how the Lord appeared to Paul one night in a vision, and also after the stay of eighteen months, he "tarried yet a good while." Think of the two grand letters he wrote to them in keeping with their location and inspiring scenery. Look at the first verse of the second letter and see who else is included, and remember that Paul was so interested in these people that he wrote a third letter to them, which was lost and not yet found. As we drove away I lingered to look at mountain, cloud, land, sea and sky, and I began to see where Paul obtained, coupled with Divine inspiration, words full of counsel, pathos and tenderness. We rode back to the station, paid our driver the agreed price, twelve drachmas, ordered a cup of tea each at a restaurant, sipped it with delight, and boarded our train as it rolled into the station with our faces set towards Athens, whose very name means, "Minerva, the Goddess of Literature."

While waiting for the train to start, I cast my eyes up and down the well-crowded station front to see how these Corinthian people looked—baggy trousers, white shirts worn by men, shoes tipped up in front, wads of black hair on, the top of the tips as large and round as the brush on the back of a blacking brush, red caps, costumes of all colors and stripes; some dressed like us, all talking like the roar of a whirlpool, in a language unknown to us, and you have some idea of the kind of people Corinthians are today. The train ran along, we crossed the ship canal—a deep straight-cut in the rocks from sea to sea, looking to be two or three miles long. At a small station we saw a lot of goat skins full of wine for shipment. We passed some scrubby pine trees, then mountains all rocks, and a town among them. Over the rolling slope between the sea and the mountains were thousands of olive trees—not a spear of green grass in sight—all the mountain tops bare and desolate and the olive trees were dry

and poor. No forest trees—rocks and desolation. Darkness settled about us, a relief to tired eyes and brain.

On our arrival in Athens, a city founded soon after the flood, we hired a cab, drove to the Hotel Patros and were soon snugly ensconced in our room.

In the morning in Athens, while we were talking with the hotel proprietor, I showed him my passport. He looked at it and shook his head. He could read the language. The rascally consul general of Turkey in Rome had played a trick on us and put the 'visa" on for Alexander, in Egypt. We must get another "visa" or we could never land in Asia, where Turkey ruled. Our steamer would sail at one o'clock in the afternoon from the harbor of Piraeus, five miles from Athens. We decided to hire a carriage and a guide, one that could talk English, as we must get to Piraeus just before noon to get our passports fixed. We completed our arrangements and started out to see Athens.

The first thing we noticed was a row of Mexican pepper trees. We drove towards the Acropolis, first walking in and among the ruins of one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. We were looking at the temple of Jupiter Olympus. A few of the fluted columns of marble are still standing, of the original one hundred and twenty, fifty-seven feet high, looking as large as the ordinary tower of a country church, chiseled out of the finest of Pentelican marble, with flutes running around the columns in a partial cylindrical style. We walked around the second largest temple for heathen worship, the one of Diana at Ephesus being the largest. Even in its ruins, we looked on in wonder and amazement. It stretched out from the base of the Acropolis to the banks of the celebrated river Ilissus of the classics.

As we drove up towards the top of the Acropolis, so named because it was an immense rock rising abruptly out of the plain, of considerable size on top, I was surprised to see not one but many score of century plants, only I noticed none that had recently thrown that wonderful shaft upwards into the sky of stalk and bloom. In the days of Athens' splendor

and triumph the Acropolis was covered with temples. We walked around on their ruins, gazing at their stupendous magnificence, as their size, the cunning work of the sculptor's hand on marble in figure, column, base and cap, with cornice to match, the curve or circle of foundations, still unmoved, and their number, as every Grecian god had a temple, filled us with speechless awe. The largest and best preserved is the temple of Minerva, the patron deity of Athens, as its name indicates.

We were admitted to the prison hewn out of a rock, and stood on the place where Socrates was imprisoned, and we thought of that hour when they made him take the poison in the very place where we stood, when this sublime philosopher, living hundreds of years B. C., with only the light and touch of nature to guide him, said: "Weep not for Socrates; he will not be here; he is going to dwell with the God for whose testimony he lays down his life." We walked up on Mars Hill, not far from the Acropolis, and stood where Paul preached to the assembled multitude, and if you will insert in the first verse of that sermon, as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, in place of the words "too superstitious," the words "very religious," the real meaning, then you will catch a glimpse (as we saw the full force, with temples of worship all around) of Paul's thoughts and argument.

We climbed into the great amphitheatre hewn out of the rock, on the Hill of the Pnyx, and stood where Demosthenes, the greatest of orators, held the people spellbound, as his burning words of eloquence touched their hearts and lives. We saw glistening in the distance the new marble seats recently placed in the Olympic Stadium, where the ancient races were run. We saw the temple of Thesus on a little rise of land below the Acropolis, almost in a state of preservation, yet three thousand years old. We saw thirty-six marble columns supporting its porticos. We went into the museum and saw statues of Greece's mighty men, gold trinkets and masks for their faces, and shrouds made of gold, which the kings

PARTHENON.

ATHENS.

and queens of Greece had buried with them thousands of years ago. We saw their lamps, water jars and many other things, mementoes of the past.

Casting only a look at the Hills of the Muses and Nymphs, we drove towards the harbor of Piraeus. At the north are the mountains of Parnassus, and it is said on the top of its highest mountain sparkles a spring of water called the "Pierian Fountain," and to every one that climbs the mountain and drinks of this fountain that there is imparted to them the true genius of philosophy and poetry. You may laugh and call it a whim, yet I really wanted to climb this mountain. On the south is Mt. Hymettus, celebrated for its fine honey. Athens has one fine street, considerable business, many novel sights, as here European ways are being cast aside, or rather never learned, and Oriental costumes and customs were attracting our attention. We met carts loaded with goat skins filled with wine, with feet of the once live goat sticking up or out one side in the air. We met coming from the harbor loads of blankets from France, and coal from England. Either side of the road as we drove to Piraeus was dry and bare, except where some pumping of water was being done in a crude way, enough to irrigate some small gardens. The mountains were bare, not a tree, scarcely a bush. Were these the famous plains of Attica, once so fertile that poets caught the blush of its beauty and wove into lines of rythme, such a a charm of thought and expression? We arrived in Piraeus, hunted up the Turkish consul and obtained his "visa." As he handed them to us we discovered that only Smyrna was included. We also asked for Jaffa, which he reluctantly added. We had the privilege of paying ten francs.

As we sailed out of the harbor we were in the bay of Salamis, where one of the most memorable naval battles in the world was fought. You know the history of how this mighty Persian king, on yonder round-topped mountain on the north, overlooking this beautiful bay, had his golden

throne set up, and, sitting in it, ordered his fleet of ships to destroy the little Grecian fleet. To his surprise, the Greeks burned his ships and obtained a sweeping victory. Not many miles distant, afterwards his mighty army was defeated by the Greeks. We watched the islands and the mountains of Greece as long as we could see, as we sailed over this calm Ægean sea, fanned by summer breezes, I mused about many things. Always in Europe on the railway trains the first thing I looked for in the morning were the wild flowers, and the last I looked for in the evening. They were always there to welcome me. Up near Moscow they were nearly chilled out of existence, yet they were there, making me look close and seeing only the tiniest ones, almost strangled with cold. The most surprising part was that up in Scotland the red poppies were very plentiful, peeping above the uncut grain. Scattered through England and sometimes lost for days on the continent, yet at times hundreds of miles apart, this scarlet poppy would come in view, if not more than one.

In the morning I walked on deck to see the surroundings. We were sailing over seas so placid that they might be called "seas of marble." At the island of Chios we came to anchor before a town of several thousand inhabitants, prettily situated, and with an apparent Sabbath stillness on shore. After discharging some freight and taking in some passengers, we again sailed. It was a beautiful day, clear, with just a little cool breeze blowing from the north, which seemed to be tempered by the frosts of Russia as it came pushing its way through the Dardanelles. There were a good many passengers on board. I walked on deck to watch the mountains of Asia. As we came nearer they were much different from those in Greece—not so rocky, and trees and bushes, or fields under cultivation covered their slopes.

As we sailed into our place of anchorage in Smyrna, I was surprised to see such a large city circling the end of the gulf—the largest in Asia Minor, about 300,000 popula-

tion. The steamer cast its anchor and a small boat came from the shore flying the yellow flag of quarantine, and reported that a case of black plague had occurred, and Smyrna might be quarantined. We would either have to go ashore or sail up to Constantinople. All the passengers decided to go ashore. A large barge was moored alongside the ship, and while it looked like a trap, we went on the barge. No one was allowed to touch the ship, and Elmer, after he got off, as the barge rolled a little, put out his hand to touch the ship, and those watching shouted to him at the top of their voices, as the ship wanted to avoid all communication with the land, or with anybody after they left. What a shouting and noise, and we were taken directly to the custom house, where our luggage was inspected and passports demanded. I never was in such confusion before. Luckily for us, they overlooked the English hold-all. We went to a hotel and concluded that it was the queerest afternoon we ever spent—and on Sunday.

Towards evening we took a walk. The narrowest of streets, stores all wide open and selling goods of all kinds, and the queerest of people. We nearly got lost with the top of a sloping hill and the sea as sides of the city. It took one hour of hard walking to find our way to the sea front where our hotel was, and we were not ten minutes' walk away. No sort of church services did we see, and thousands sitting out of doors in the European cafe style. In the morning we visited the American Consul. He did not give us much comfort as he said "a rigid quarantine was liable to be established." We could only hope to get out of Smyrna without going through quarantine. We saw near the Consul's office two caravans of camels loaded with licorice root from the mountains.

The Consul told us that we could depend on no one. He said: "All will lie for five cents." He informed me that the exports were figs, wool, cotton, licorice, grain and wine. He told me that books were generally taken by the Turkish offi-

cials, if they contained anything on the country. I told him what books we had. He said, "they will get them."

We went to the Imperial and Ottoman bank to draw some money. It was half-past two in the afternoon. Do not think it was easily found, for we had to have a guide to lead us there through such streets as you never dreamed of, narrow, and crooked. The bank was not open until 3 o'clock. All the offices and banks open from nine to twelve in the morning, then close and open from three to six in the afternoon.

I presented our request as these large banks always have some one to speak English, and was asked what kind of money I wanted, I said "Napoleons," as French gold is called.

While waiting I was astonished to see such large deposits and withdrawals—bags of gold, and not counted—all weighed; and as they were emptied they used shovels to put the gold on the scales. The noise sounded like shoveling loose corn and beans, only there was a metallic clink. I secured what I asked for and as we passed down into the street I saw a carriage at the door, and three large sacks of gold lifted out. A donkey had three sacks more, with porters behind, and top of a man's back a little further along, were three sacks more of gold, with guards about, all going into the bank.

Can I picture this wonderful street scene? Women veiled; nearly all the men dressed in red caps, most of them flowing robes; some women not veiled; caravans of camels; all in streets so narrow as you meet them you have to crowd to one side while they pass; donkeys with loads on their backs larger than they; Arabs with flowing capes on.

We met men selling water with skins full of it on their backs; selling lemonade out of large bottles, and traveling stores on men's backs, selling all sorts of goods. The roughest of cobblestones are used for pavement in the narrow streets, some of them covered in a ramshackle way, letting but little light in—no sidewalks, everybody and all the animals in the street; dogs fast asleep under your feet or howling at night;

dirt, flies and smells too numerous to mention; and the streets beginning and ending, just as it seemed to happen.

On the water front is the only wide street, with horse cars running, the horses hitched to the cars ten feet away with ropes for tugs; money changers sitting on the streets, rattling the coin in their hands. As we sat in the hotel I heard somebody playing on a piano in an adjoining building a piece of Faust's opera music and as we sat at the dining table a dressmaker was making up dresses for the hotel proprietor's girls, consulting Butterick's fashion plates, and using a Singer hand machine. We visited the American college, called undenominational, yet really under control and support of the Congregationalists. They get now and then Turkish girls in the school, then comes a sweeping order from the Ottoman government forbidding any attendance at Christian schools, and they are taken away. In the country Turkish girls are not educated and all Turks believe that women have no souls.

We purchased very fine grapes to eat, making us think of the game played and words used many years ago in New York State. "The Malaga grapes are very good grapes but the grapes of Smyrna are better." In the evenings thousands of men and unveiled women would gather along the street on the seafront and sit by tables, sipping drinks, smoking, talking, the ladies all dressed up in the most approved Continental European style. The proportion of Mohammedans to Christians in the population is small, so marked that the Turks speak of Smyrna as "the infidel city." Alas! Here in this Oriental land, everything not Mohammedan is shaken up all together and called "Christian."

V.

Ephesus, Damascus and Palestine

One morning we arose before sunrise and as the sun was looking at us from over the hills and mountains of Asia, we were briskly walking along the sea front, distance about one and one-half miles to catch the railroad train for Ephesus, only one running each way a day; distance about fifty miles. We were just in time, secured our tickets for sixty piastres, and were rolling away on the train at half-past six. At a small station, the first stop on the edge of the city, many more passengers—all men—crowded into the train, with all sorts of luggage—dark featured, many in flowing robes of all colors and stripes; and as the train again started, they ate pomegranates, chunks of bread and grapes with such avidity as to indicate their usual breakfast. At first we saw some orange trees, not many, but looking well. We began climbing a rocky ravine, with some vineyards on the hillsides; then we came to a plateau of fine looking land. The day was warm. A few clouds were scattered between us and the sun in that peculiar manner, when people exclaim, "The sun is drawing water." The valley widened until almost as far as we could see were stretches of one of nature's most lovely valleys, fertile and as level as any farmer could desire. Fields of cotton and Egyptian corn were scattered along, with groups of people gathering cotton. Beyond and around these fields were areas of stubble and uncultivated land, as dry and brown as any October view in California. Yonder not far away, swaying like ships on a rolling sea,

was a caravan of camels wending their way along. We saw three more caravans before reaching Ephesus.

Little stations were scattered along, and our train halted at everyone; and if anyone wanted to alight he had to rap on the door as we were all locked in and there was no way of walking along the train. The guard at each station raps loudly on the outside of the doors announcing the station. At all the larger stations women, boys and sometimes men, ran along the train on the outside, selling water from jugs at about a penny a glass. If you wanted any you reached from the windows, all opened by shoving them downwards. At every station men flocked to the windows, sometimes two heads out of one window, until from the outside our train looked like a row of red night caps, as nearly all wore the red fez.

The most peculiar feature of the engine was a cow catcher attached; nowhere seen in Europe. About half way to Ephesus there is a branch road running to the north, and as far as we could see, the country in valley, slope, hill and mountain, is as handsome and fertile as any in the world. We passed a damp place and saw a large company of Arabs, with their tents and ponys camped there. Most of these valleys have water near the surface and if I am any judge, artesian water could be made to flow in streams as refreshing as the one that flowed from the rock in response to the touch of Moses's rod. A few miles before we reached Ephesus, we came into a region of the finest fig orchards I ever saw, in large orchards, each side of the road. Such monstrous trees and so dark and thrifty in appearance.

Our train came to a station marked Avassoulook. We concluded the name stood for Ephesus, as it was time to arrive, and showing our tickets were motioned to get off. We had five hours and we started to walk to old Ephesus over two miles away. In the new town we saw lots of ruins, columns standing, and arches, yet having seen so many old ruins we were getting to be judges and concluded that these ruins were not old enough and placed them in the middle ages.

We trudged along, meeting camels and two droves of cattle. It was very warm, clouds all cleared away and the sun beating down on field and road with the power of Southern climes. I took coat, vest and collar off, and seeing some old ruins in the distance on the edge of a hill, we concluded it was Ephesus and struck across a cotton field, and then a pasture, to reach them. As we climbed the low hill, we saw many more ruins in the distance and leading to the hill. About one and one-half miles away we saw the sea. We walked along. We had expected to only see some small ruins; they were quite extensive ones. In the fields, on the road, and by the wayside lay piles of broken columns, cornices, bits of mosaic pavement, pieces of capitals with acanthus leaves on them and lizards as they saw or heard us, running for cover. An Austrian society was excavating, and we came to where they were at work, uncovering water pipes of burned clay resembling bricks. We walked down a wide street once leading to the sea, now all excavated, and what a thrill of surprise and wonder caught us. We walked on mosaic pavements, by the side of the bases of pillars once standing or over stone pavements that Paul and the people of the church of Ephesus once walked on. How long the street was and wider than any we have seen in other ancient cities. What a wealth of alcoves, of arches, and of wrecked marble pillars; and as we walked around, on the side is the great fountain where wreathed bulls and lions, with broken human figures, all of marble, were lying so thick on the pavements that we could step from piece to piece with ease. The gymnasium, market place, and the custom house were not far from here and by their ruins of arch, pillar and cap still standing must have been of magnitude and beauty.

At the east end of this wide, noble street stood the theatre where there is such an uproar described in Acts, 19th chapter. It was here where thousands of Ephesians cried with a loud voice for two hours: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Acts 19-34. This theatre with the stairways and courts and shrines at the entrances, hollowed out of a hill with many of

CAMEL CARAVAN LOADED WITH COTTON.
EPHESUS.

the pillars still standing in the arena, would seat 60,000 people. We picked blackberries and ate them, ripe, sweet and delicious, growing in this theatre and in the streets approaching it. History tells us that at this time Ephesus was the most wealthy city of Western Asia, its metropolis, and here was this great "Temple of Diana" two hundred years in building; one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. We saw its location, the most complete in its ruins, not a pillar or arch standing; tragic, yet pathetic in its fall. An ancient gateway in a narrow street still standing near the main entrance to the theatre, just the same as in Paul's time, with ruts worn deep into the hard stone pavements, made by passing wheels. We walked over a mile by ruined temples toward New Ephesus, and came to a large rock under a wall of some great building perched on a low hill. This wall was fully five hundred feet long and in some places forty feet high. With great arches under it twenty feet high running under into its depths in some places as far as the light would penetrate. Some immense building was there, as we were only looking at the ruins and the foundation walls still standing. I sat on a rock under the shade of this great wall, like a mountain. I looked towards the sea, just a level plain and in front five or six miles away was a low range of mountains running to the sea, parallel with the valley. I saw two caravans of camels out in the valley going towards the sea. Near me stood a very large fig tree. As we came up a large eagle flew away from the ruins, and we saw two buzzards flying along. I laid on the rock and shut my eyes. The breeze from the sea came in a gentle cooling way, and over behind the ruins we heard a flock of sandhill cranes, uttering their peculiar cry, so familiar to us in California, as they flew by. Perhaps Paul sat on this very rock, as he wrote that inspiring first letter to the Corinthians, here in Ephesus in the spring of A. D. 57, staying here until after Pentecost, early in June. Where it says in the Bible this letter was written from Philippi is an error and not in the original. Some other hand added that at a later date. His letter to

the Ephesians, the most heavenly of all his letters, was written in Rome about A. D. 61, four years later in Paul's "hired house." Here in Ephesus the Apostle John was living in A. D. 121, when he disappeared and no record of his death is given. Many Christians believe he was translated.

How real it made Paul's letters to me to look at the same mountains, sea and valley, walk around on the same pavements, and look and lie on the same rocks; and in every way touch nature in the same way and at the same place. Beautiful Ephesus once located by this gentle sea, on the most fertile of soils, in a genial clime, and lovely mountains near with outlines as fair as nature ever made.

We walked back to the station, and at one place on the road there were Egyptian corn fields each side. The stalks would average eight feet high and the corn was gathered, leaving the stalks partly dry. I will never forget the whirr and rustle of those corn leaves as the steady sea breeze caught them in a twirl and whirl, almost rivaling a group of Aeolian harps. The wild flowers were beautiful and in and among the ruins I picked some.

As we came to the station two men were selling grapes in the street. We purchased one piastre's worth. They would measure fully one inch in diameter each way—the largest I saw. In weighing them an old battered iron balance was used and only rocks for weights. While drinking some tea served to us in tumblers, in front of the station, I looked at the surroundings. Camels not far away, lying down, their loads still on their backs; men sitting all around, some playing cards, others sipping tea or wine and yet others smoking; not far away a lady making some pink dresses for a girl, dogs sound asleep near our feet, donkeys hitched, the people dressed in Oriental costumes and talking vociferously.

We boarded the train, again full of curious people, and as we halted a few minutes in the edge of Smyrna at sunset, I looked over in a vacant field and saw fully one hundred camels lying down in rows, eating their suppers of chopped hay or straw. The next day, just before sunset, with some

books tied under our arms before being attired in our coats and vests, our luggage passed inspection by the Turkish officials, and we boarded the Urano, an Austrian steamer, and sailed away.

In the morning, just after sunrise of October 9, I walked on deck. At the right were beautiful little islands and on the left as we were sailing south were mountains in Asia. The seas were as beautiful as ever, with soft summer breezes playing all about us. While writing in our room at 10 o'clock in the morning, Elmer came and said, "we are passing the island of Patmos." I scrambled on deck and there to the left, not over two miles away, lay this not large island, with not a house in sight, just an undulating surface of hill and dale, treeless, yet altogether one of the most historic islands in the world. Here John one Lord's day heard "a great voice as of a trumpet,' and saw the Lord and wrote the message to the seven churches; and then again "I looked and behold a door was opened in heaven," Rev. 4-1, and this great voice said to him "come up hither and I will show thee things that must be hereafter." Wonderful reading, this Book of Revelation, and if anyone seeks and takes the gift of knowledge, one of the nine gifts mentioned in 1 Cor. 12, they will understand Revelations and get the blessing described in its first chapter and third verse. How true in the first church of the seven, the candlestick was taken away as we had just seen at Ephesus. We sailed by islands on the right all day and were much interested in the contour of the mountains of Asia. Mountains, next to clouds, are one of nature's ways of touching me as nothing else.

About 5 o'clock we sailed into the harbor of Rhodes, situated on an island of the same name. As we entered the harbor, I wondered how large the great brazen statue was, and I saw the two points of land nearly a mile wide, where this statue straddled the harbor, and ships sailed between the legs. It was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Oranges, lemons, sugar cane and grapes were brought on board for sale. Several windmills were being turned by the wind

near the shore. The town looked beautiful at a distance, as all Turkish towns do. We sailed away. Our course now lay to the east, and as we left Rhodes, its minarets, towers, town and old fortifications were burnished in the rays of the setting sun, with a bright golden glow. The next morning I arose early and we were still sailing east, with the main land of Asia in sight. We made no port during the day and encountered the strongest wind, with the largest waves yet seen. Toward evening we came in sight of the Taurus mountains in Asia, celebrated in poetry and song. The sunset glow of this October sun caught these mountain peaks, circling them in colors of pink and violet, while all about us the sea wore its proud colors of amber and gold.

At sunrise October 11, I was on deck and saw we were approaching Meresina, the nearest seaport to Tarsus, the city of Paul's nativity. Tarsus is a city of about thirty thousand at present and lies east of Meresina about 35 miles. Another city called Adana, of fifty thousand, is farther inland. The ship laid in this port all day, discharging and receiving freight. The country is very fertile, handsome to look at and exports much cotton. There is a Protestant college at Tarsus, called St. Paul's Institute. With our glasses we could see the ruins of the temple of Soli, not far away from Meresina. History tells us it was destroyed by Tigranes, King of Armenia.

It was a beautiful summer day. The next morning we approached the seaport of Aleppo, an old city in the interior. A Turkish officer who sat at the dining table opposite me each day, wearing his red fez at the table, got off, with a small boat load of luggage and attendants, going to Bagdad, twenty days journey by horses. The name made me think of stories in the Arabian Knights. About 10 o'clock we sailed away to the south, over the usual soft summer seas. Toward sundown we reached the port of Latakia, admiring the mountains and valleys of Asia. The afterglow of sunset, as it caught the sea, town, mountain and valley was particularly handsome.

Our ship after leaving this port sailed almost on a west-

ISLE OF PATMOS.

erly course for the island of Cyprus. Again I walked on deck just before sunrise and saw the east end of the island just coming into sight. The island of Cyprus is under British rule. England pays the Turkish government 92,000 pounds rent each year. This arrangement commenced 22 years ago. The population of the entire island is about 200,000. The tax is one-tenth of all gross income, or crops raised. There is some surplus out of this tax after paying the Turkish government, which goes into improvements. At every Turkish port as we cast anchor, about a dozen or more boats would come up and the men would jump over each other up the stairs, beside the ship, to get passengers to take ashore, holloing at the top of their voices. The noise and clamor and their Oriental costumes were very interesting. Under British rule these same kind of people, come on orderly and well-behaved.

Soon after sunrise we came to the port of Larnaka. The ship stayed here three hours, this port being nearer the capitol of the island, situated in the interior. Like California, all through this country it only rains in the winter and on Cyprus it forgot to rain much this last season, the dryest year since 1879. One farmer sowed 1000 kilos of wheat and harvested 1½ only, sowed 1000 kilos of barley and harvested 450, sowed 800 kilos of vetches and harvested none. A kilo is about fifty pounds.

For miles and miles not a house to be seen from the ship. The mountains were not high and there are extensive areas of fine level farming land, only it forgets to rain sometimes in the season for rain. Toward sunset we arrived at the port of Limasol, on Cyprus.

Not far away an English ship was loading with carobs. They grow on trees and are taken to France and England and fed to horses and cattle. One small ship had already sailed with a load of pomegranates for Egypt. The island raises cotton when there is sufficient rain. In the evening our ship sailed away to the east. Barnabas was a native of Cyprus, and Paul preached on this island. In the morning

of October 14th, I arose early. We were still sailing east. The sun rose, throwing brilliant golden light over ship and sea, with not a cloud to mar the bluest of skies. We were approaching the main land of Asia and soon came to anchor off Tripoli, so named because there are three villages at this port.

As our ship sailed away to the south toward noon, we were approaching the Lebanon mountains. There is not a more handsome sight than we saw on the slopes of these mountains, covered with mulberry trees and vineyards. These slopes are settled with Arabs mostly, and they raise much silk for weaving table covers and other fabrics famous the world over. There are many third class passengers on these steamers, and instead of being put down in the steerage, they occupy the lower deck, and only pay passage on the steamer. They have their blankets of bright oriental colors, and bring on their bread and fruit, boarding themselves. They sleep in rows on the deck, in the open air. I glanced down the deck—Maronite priests, Jesuits, veiled Turkish women, Greeks, Turks, in all sorts of costumes; some of them sitting down with their legs curled up, eating, smoking, others talking or walking around. Truly, a wonderful and novel sight!

We came to anchor in Beirout harbor, a city scattered over a sloping hill projecting into the sea, of about 125,000 population. As I sat on the steamer's deck, I could count over twenty villages up on the slopes of the beautiful and fertile Lebanon mountains. Some of them were on the top of mountains three or four thousand feet high. I do not think checks are used much, as bags of gold and silver are seen often coming on or going off the steamer. At every port we enter the yellow flag of quarantine is displayed aloft, until the ship's papers are examined and until the officer of the port declares the ship clear, no communication is had with the land; then the flag is taken down. We saw five ships in the harbor, anchored, all flying the yellow flag. They had come from Egypt, where the cholera is prevalent and each one must go under a quarantine of 12 days. The passengers must

either stay on the ship or go into some barrack-looking buildings on the shore. All of the day succeeding our arrival the steamer laid in this port. We went ashore, giving up our passports to the Turkish officials at the custom house, as all the small boats land and depart from that point on the shore at every port. We walked up to the Protestant college under the management of President Bliss. The college term of school was to commence the next day. We saw a room about twelve feet square packed with young men registering for the term. Nearly all wore red caps and some had on flowing robes. They were constantly arriving by carriage, with their satchels and little trunks, and by the flash of their eyes and elastic step they would compare favorably with scholars gathering for an American college. This college is under the auspices of the Presbyterians. The location overlooking the blue Mediterranean is fine, the buildings are good, and the sowing of Christian ideas and teaching among these young men from every land in this vicinity must bear much fruit.

We returned to the steamer, having the privilege of paying one piastre each to the official for safely keeping our passports, as he returned them. Just as the shades of evening gathered over land and sea, our ship sailed away to the south. At last, after weeks of expectation, we were about to enter the "promised land." I arose very early. The ship was at anchor off the port of Haifa. The large, almost full, moon was just setting over the edge of Mount Carmel. This port or town is on the edge of this noted mountain, and the harbor almost takes a turn to the south, behind this mountain coming boldly into the sea.

At the north of Mount Carmel we could almost see the Plain of Esdraelon, as the sun rose over the hills of Galilee, lighting up the sea, ship and mount with tinted colors of amber and copper. Away to the northeast, arising in a high dome-shaped peak, we saw mount Hermon, nearly ten thousand feet in altitude. On the inner circle of the bay, not far to the north, is the old town of Accho, now called Acre, where

the new Christ (Abbi Effendi) is getting many followers, even in America. How beautiful Mount Carmel looked, with houses dotting its sides and a little grotto near the end of the mountain claimed to mark the location of a cave that Elijah lived in. The ship soon sailed away for Jaffa. How jubilant we were as the next port would be the last and then we could enter the "promised land." As we rounded a low cape projecting seaward from Mount Carmel, and sailing quite far to sea on account of shoal water then the ship sailed south. We were much interested in watching the hills and mountains of Samaria. The breeze was cool and bracing coming directly from the land. I looked along the upper deck. Over one-half of the people were priests dressed in flowing robes, mostly black, wearing caps the shape of a stove pipe with a little crown on top also black. Surely it needed no other proof that we were approaching the most religious city in the world. The mountains of Samaria were soon passed and we saw the Jewish colony established by the site of old Cæsarea. The plain of Sharon covering a wide stretch of land along the coast looked nice and level, and over behind the low mountains of Samaria to the northwest we could catch glimpses of the Plain of Esdraelon. Soon the hills of Judea came in sight beyond the Plain of Sharon as this Plain extends to the environs of Jaffa. The banks of land next to the sea were only a few feet high, yet too high for us to see much of the Plain. As we came to anchor off the port of Jaffa with our yellow flag flying as usual, a boat came from the shore also flying a yellow flag and reported much cholera at Gaza and two suspected cases in Jaffa with a prospect of quarantine toward Jerusalem. After a very exciting time, most of the passengers got into boats all flying the yellow flag, with boats watching the ship that no one might come on board. We decided to stay on board the ship until morning. As morning came the captain went on shore and reported that quarantine was established, surely catching the passengers landed; and the ship unloaded its freight into boats, with boats flying the quarantine flag watching the ship. Two hundred passen-

gers made application for passage, but all were refused. We concluded to turn back and not land, and paid our fare back to Haifa.

As we did so, I thought of the giant cholera and the probable cordon of quarantine stalking as high and fierce looking as any of the giants that the children of Israel ever saw. We were the only two passengers on the upper deck and only four more on the ship. Where were all the rest? Gone into the promised land. Only fifty-three miles from Jerusalem where all our mail was, not hearing a word from home for weeks, yet so scared by the giants that we turned away. Alas! How sorrowful we were, and had the same feelings that some of the children of Israel must have had as they turned back one day from Kadesh Barnea. The rudder rolled, the chains creaked, the ship jarred, and over on one side the friction of chain, rope or rigging sang a little rhyme of plaintive song full of mourning and sadness.

I looked around. Elmer sat astride of the roof over the steering gear, looking at the port of Jaffa, fast retreating in the distance and beyond into the mountains. He looked limp, almost hopeless, courage turned into weakness and was humming a little tune full of mournful cadence. Just before sunset we sailed into the harbor of Haifa again. We would camp into Jerusalem from there. The ship stopped ready to anchor and a boat put off from shore flying the quarantine flag. As soon as it came in hailing distance the officials said the ship could not touch as the governor had put a quarantine around Haifa ten days. The captain asked if we could land. "No Senor," was the reply. The ship turned and sailed for the north. What would become of us? When would our wanderings out of the "promised land" end? Would we ever enter and where?

The sun was just setting over the top of Mount Carmel. The hills of Galilee wore bright colors and a long row of tall palms, almost under the shadow of Mount Carmel, looked inviting. We had no alternative but to pay our fare to Beirout, the next port north. Our calculations were all re-

placed by reflections; cast down, but not dismayed; jubilant feelings gone, yet full of hope. We would go in via Syria. During the night we came to anchor off Beirout. Saturday morning came, and while I was pacing the deck the captain went ashore. A boat soon appeared, a doctor came on board and all the crew and the six passengers were walked before him. Another boat and doctor came and the decision was we must be quarantined ten days.

They left a guard with yellow bands of cloth tied to his arms, and we were drifted to a position among other ships that were in quarantine, all with the little yellow flag flying aloft. Relentless fate, how inexorable thy lines are! We were prisoners and only had the ship to walk about on, and were never in prison before.

Not in some prison dark and drear;
Not where the sun could not cheer;
Not in chains or dungeons deep,
Not where nature could not speak.

I know of no place in the world where as prisoners, we could see, think and catch such grand thoughts. Were not these the mountains of Lebanon where the cedars grew? Did not Job speak of their movement; Solomon sang of their excellence, and Daniel said the righteous "shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." In 1st Kings, chapter five, you will read of the thousands of men sent into these mountains after cedar.

We watched the camels walking on a road near the shore. We watched the sunset, lighting up every nook, hill, knoll or dale on the slopes of Lebanon, catching their mountain tops, villages and rock in colors of brilliant beauty. We watched the moon rise, and as its mystery of light caught sea, ship and city, we let its soft mellow rays encircle us until we were wrapped in a vision of such ethereal light that we lost all thought of being in prison, just dreaming beautiful dreams of heaven and home. Sunday morning I arose early and sat on deck wrapped in reverie. The guard was still pacing back and forth. An autumn day of just that degree of comfortable warmth with all of the sun's

brightness—the very best of nature's gifts. About 8 o'clock I saw a boat coming to the ship flying the Turkish flag, and on board were two doctors. They said a telegram had been received from Constantinople saying we would be released from quarantine if we all passed inspection. The crew and the six passengers all walked before the doctors and they set the ship free. How our hearts leaped with joy, and gathering up our luggage, not forgetting to tie our books under our arms again, and went ashore, passed the custom house, and hailing a cab were soon at the Victoria hotel, made a bargain for a room and then began to realize how magical the word "freedom" is when a prisoner is set free. What a wonderful view from our room, looking into a large garden. India rubber trees, orange, fig, lemon, pomegranate, pride of India (our Chinese umbrella trees), locust, loquat, apricot trees with fruit on them.

Hired girls get 50 or 60 cents a week and the men no more—about 10 cents a day; yet the American vice-consul told me one American girl would do as much as five of the Syrians. The passion for gambling pervades all classes, rich and poor. They have a game they call in Arabic, "Trick Track." The wealthy send to Paris for their dresses, and French gold is used more than any other gold. The principal exports of Beirout are silk and wool. Camels, donkeys and men, called porters, all compete in carrying goods or freight about the streets. These porters have been known to carry a piano alone on their backs up two flights of stairs. I saw them so heavily loaded that they could only move a few inches at a time. We went into the American Mission printing works, the second largest mission printing house in the world. They print a good many Arabic Bibles, selling more in Egypt than in Asia. It is a grand institution, under Presbyterian auspices. We applied through the American consul for tezkaras to travel on. He procured them for us of the Turkish officials and we paid, including service, ten francs each, and this only reached Baalbec and Damascus. It appears that there are two sects of Greeks

in Asia Minor—Greek orthodox and Catholic. The Greek Catholic bishop died not long ago and was buried sitting up, and carried through the streets to his grave, held in a sitting posture in the carriage. The room we had and all the other rooms in the hotel were fully twenty feet high, and many rooms in the private houses are as high. We decided to go to Damascus and purchased our tickets at sixteen francs and forty-five centimes each. The morning of our departure for Damascus I was awakened by a peculiar chanting song at a neighboring house in sight from one of our windows. The language used was Hebrew. It was a Jewish family and it was getting towards the close of their "Feast of the Harvest," and they were saying their prayers. I had noticed a good many houses in Beirout that had on their back porches booths erected. They were to keep this feast of eight days. Some had tents in their yards. This family commenced this chanting or prayer at about 4 o'clock in the morning, and in their constancy and fervor were full of devotion, although I could not understand a word. This service continued until sunrise. Hiring a cab, we drove to the railway station, passing by many places where in little shops the Syrians were weaving silk and cotton goods by machinery, very crude in construction. We passed a fountain where many women were waiting to carry water away in jars or jugs on their heads. As we arrived at the station Elmer took our tickets to the office to have a "visa" put on them, and we had to sign them. Our tezkaras were demanded and the porter was placing our baggage on the table for inspection. I grasped the situation and handed a beshilick to a Turkish official and then the porter was allowed to carry the luggage direct to the train. We began to climb the Lebanon mountains in places so steep in grade that the rack and pinion system is used on the steepest grades. Tall date palms, many groves of mulberry, fig, cactus and carob trees, olive orchards and bunches of grass looking like pampas plumes were the first features of scenery. At many places as we climbed these rocky mountains the city of Bei-

rout lay gleaming in the morning sun, thousands of feet below us and in the distance, like a painting, the bright, blue, rippling Mediterranean sea stretched away until sea and sky were blended together in a haze of soft autumn colors. Whole mountain sides terraced in little plots, many villages, nearly all Arab and noted the world over for their silk fabrics, women robed in colors that are matchless in design, yet wholly oriental. We saw miles of terraced vineyards, where all the trunks of the grapevines are trained to lie flat on the ground, all pointing one way; the country road to Beirout, full of asses, camels and Arabs; beautiful wild flowers peering at us from the wayside—all together as we climbed over this great Lebanon range of mountains this mild October day, was unlike anything yet seen in our travels, and for novelty, charm and real beauty I believe there is nothing like it in all the world. Now and then I saw a little mound of fresh dirt thrown up by the roadside, resembling the gopher mounds in California. Lebanon province is practically independent, as it is under the suzerainty of the European powers and pays no taxes to Turkey, having a governor appointed acceptable to the powers.

As we passed over the crest of the Lebanon range of mountains we saw the Syrian farmers plowing on the little plots of ground among the rocks and on the mountain tops, with the smallest of oxen and the crudest plows. On the mountain sides the smallest of plots were made by piling the loose rocks on the lower side, thus forming a terrace very narrow, and sometimes only a few feet long. Some mountain sides were such ridgy ledges of rock that there was no chance to plow for grain.

The villages, as we passed down the eastern slope, were so gray with age that they were the color of the rocks about them. The roofs of the houses were flat, and many of the Arabs were walking on them.

Our train rolled down the eastern slope of these great Lebanon mountains into an upland valley of about ten miles in width and extending as far as we could see each way, lying

between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. This valley, as we entered it, is about three thousand feet above sea level, and sloping towards the north with a heavy upward grade. I was surprised to see the grandest mountain of Biblical history in the Anti-Lebanon mountains, some distance to the south of us, yet the valley we were in is very narrow and hilly as it passes Mount Hermon. As we came to a station called Ryak out in the valley, we left the train, called for our tickets, which our conductor had, and after lunch boarded a train standing there for Baalbec.

Our distance to Baalbec, about twenty miles up this valley, called the Plains of Beeka, was a ride where all about us, in association, in charm of landscape, thought and history, cannot be excelled in all the world. Tradition claims that here Noah built the ark, and as the word "gopher" used in the Bible is synonymous with "cedar," the story is quite likely to be true, for did not the cedars grow here? And the only grove of them left is over in the Lebanon mountains, about fourteen miles west of Baalbec. As the train passed up the valley not far from the center, I heard Elmer exclaim, "This is the prettiest valley I ever saw!" I looked around. The villages were old and gray, except that the fronts of most of their houses are painted or whitewashed, shaded into a blue, all in a cluster, with long stretches of country between, except here and there were Bedouin Arabs, living in black tents.

The shades of color over mountain, hill and plain were what attracted Elmer's attention. I have never seen any scenery just like it in any country. It is entirely treeless and hard to describe. There were some small clouds in the sky, just enough to scatter bits of sunshine and shadow, and were an angel or some giant sitting on top of one of these small clouds, having before him a reservoir full of the colors of a rainbow, then taking a huge bucket would catch it full of colors, and with one mighty sweep toss them over mountain, hill, nook, dale and plain, in irregular form, the effect would be something like what we saw. There was

just enough wind to catch the white and purple thistle bloom, and in its passage through the air we had to look sharply to distinguish between bloom and butterfly.

Caravans of camels were passing up and down the valley just the same as in Abraham's time. I saw two irrigating heads of water being used on land as in California to prepare it for plowing and a crop. Shepherds were caring for flocks of flat-tailed sheep. Their tails, just one mass of fat, with no bone, would weigh from 25 to 30 pounds. At Beirout and in the adjoining villages the Syrians purchase these sheep for their supply of meat, and fatten them before killing, and their tails get so large and heavy that they fix a yoke on the sheep's back to tie the tail to it, otherwise the sheep cannot walk. All the sheep we saw were fat and flat-tailed.

Our train kept up this valley all the time on a heavy grade, over lands as fertile and handsome as ever the sun shone upon. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we saw in the distance, on the edge of the plain, over next to the Anti-Lebanon range of mountains, some ruins, very imposing in appearance, surrounded by green trees and gardens. The train stopped at a small station. We alighted, hired a carriage, and were soon in the Palmyra Hotel, and not far away, in view from the windows of our room, we saw some large, tall pillars still standing, marking the place of one of the most remarkable ruins in the world. We walked out through the little dirty, crooked streets of the Arab village, dodging by camels and donkeys, and were confronted by the still standing walls, some of them seventy to eighty feet high, fourteen feet thick, and with a circumference of 3300 feet, all looking so great and formidable that we turned back (concluding to go early the next morning) and walked upon a small mountain to see the sun set and take a look at our surroundings. Already a feeling of amazement was creeping upon us, and as we looked down upon the massive walls, and caught sight of pillar, column and cornice still standing—all on a scale of such magnitude we wondered who the men were to erect such a wonderful structure. The sun

set on the ruins, lighting them with warm colors, and the chill of night came on. We walked back to our room, and just before retiring looked out. The ruins were wrapped in the mystery of moonlight. The stars twinkled, and nature everywhere was clad in robes of sweet repose. The next morning with much expectation we paid a megida each (about 85 cents) to the Turkish officials and entered the only opening, as these immense walls have no doors or windows.

We walked along a great subterranean passage, one hundred and twenty feet long, about twenty feet high, and the same in width, built of very large stones, elegantly hewn and fitted together without cement. The passage was arched overhead. Before the days of gunpowder it would have been impossible for an army to enter this great citadel. This immense enclosure we came into was still more startling. I saw rocks in the walls over thirty feet high that would weigh seven hundred tons or more, about thirty-four feet long and eight feet square. I saw other rocks near the foundation of one of the great temples inside that are still larger and would probably weigh one thousand tons. I measured some marble pillars, all one monolith, 23 feet long and three feet in diameter. I measured columns sixteen feet long and about seven feet in diameter. These columns were put up one above the other, so nicely squared together as they stood perpendicularly that the fitting was hardly discernable. Six of these great columns were still standing in the Temple of the Sun, of the original forty-six erected in three sections, and over fifty feet high, and then surmounted by capital and cornice. No roof; three hundred feet long and about half as wide. All day long, when not cloudy, the sun shone down in this great temple. The mountains and the sky were the framework between these immense columns, where multitudes of worshippers could burn incense and worship the sun. There was also the Temple of Jupiter, about eighty feet long and fifty feet wide, with columns as large or larger, and another temple much larger than any other, called the Pan-

TEMPLE OF JUPITER
BAALBEK.

theon, where there was room and shrines enough to worship all the gods, over two hundred.

There were many smaller temples. The marble columns could not have been quarried in Asia, but must have come from Egypt. On capital, base, portico, or fountain there were carved vines, wreaths, cupids, leaves of acanthus and lotus, and all the niches were once filled with gods and goddesses. All the stone to build the walls was quarried about one mile away, and I saw left in the quarry one stone that I measured, it being thirteen feet square and sixty-nine feet long, corresponding to the three we saw near the foundation in the walls. Where in the twilight of time, and who were the men who by any means could move such stones and erect them with such precision in the wall? Did the immortal gods lend a hand to conceive and execute such a cyclopean structure?

For several hours we walked about in and among the wonderful ruins of these different Temples at Baalbec. Broken pillars, capitals, bases and huge pieces of cornice pillared doorways, broad, beautiful stairways, old pavements, marble fountains and sculpture everywhere. How our emotions were stirred. No modern appliances could handle these vast stones. The scale of size does not fit into our age and times. Marks of Grecian and Roman occupation are evident but far back of their times in the misty past these foundations were laid. How did men move stones weighing over 1000 tons and lay them in a wall? How were such pillars as seven feet in diameter and many feet long elevated sixty feet into the air and placed directly over another pillar?

We turned away puzzled, mystified, unable to solve the riddle, dumfounded, astonished and entirely unable to comprehend by what manner of men or what means this construction occured. We boarded our train about noon and returned to Ryak where we alighted and again took the train for Damascus (the oldest city in the world.) In crossing the Anti Lebanon range of mountains, I saw one or two small pieces of alfalfa and many silver leaf poplars along the streams of water,

in the little valley as we ascended the mountains. These mountains are extremely rocky with a little valley of good land and abundance of water as we passed over and down towards Damascus. Not far away lay the ruins of Queen Zenobia's aqueduct of over two hundred miles in length to carry water to Palmyra, the Tadmar that Solomon built. As we descended the mountains by the side of a racing river, passing little villages of Arabs with their houses of flat roofs so close together that they walked along on the housetops we saw very large apricot, fig and silver-leaf poplar trees, and a few English walnuts. On the mountain sides there were many caves in the rocks with Arabs living in some of them. I saw a few apple and maple trees and black-berry bushes by the side of their irrigating ditches. Flocks of goats on the treeless mountains, where not a bush or spear of grass was to be seen, all ridges of rock lying in regular rows. Many camels on the road and one was so frightened at the train that he threw a man off from his back as we passed.

Coming out of the mountains with gardens and trees all about us, we soon came to a station with many carriages in waiting and alighted. We were in Damascus; the meaning of the word being "Shem" and it is thought Shem the son of Noah, founded the city. The station and principal hotels are outside of the walled city and for five days we had a room in the Victoria Hotel, where we could see the river Abana as it flowed by in sight of our window, and heard the music of its rippling waters whenever we were awake in the night time. We saw men wading around each day, casting a drag net (the same kind used in Bible times) and catching little fish. Large fish can be caught the same way, only there is nothing but small fish left to catch in this river. There are lead weights on the end of the net and the natives are very skilful in folding them up in such a manner that like a flash they hurl them a distance of twenty or thirty feet, then they draw the net in, and reach their hands under catching the fish and placing them in a basket hanging by their side. Abraham must have often

been in Damascus as Eleazer, his steward was a native of this city.

Not far away we could see the mountains of Hauran, where Job lived two hundred and eighty years, a beautiful, fertile country with much level land; the asme land as the "land of Uz" and noted in these days for its wonderful crops of wheat and barley. Every morning we were awakened early by troops of black donkeys, being driven into the city by our window, running along on a dog trot, each drove having a bell strung on its leader jingling along. Every evening not far away across the river many hundreds of crows came to roost in a grove of tall silver-leaf poplar trees. What a cawing and circling about. At nearly any time of day camels were passing by in and out of the city. Everywhere passing pictures of Oriental life, so wonderfully varied, interesting and picturesque.

On entering the city (the walled part) we inquired for Straight street. We walked its entire length nearly the whole distance across the city. A part of the way the street is arched over with a roof and the other part has small short curves in its course. How wonderfully true the Bible is as in speaking of this street it says "called Straight." We visited the house of Annanias and the place where Paul was let down over the wall is near this house. The house of Naaman the leper is not far from the east entrance of Straight street outside of the walls, and is now used as a leper hospital. As far as drainage and the sanitary conditions of these cities are concerned the situation is dreadful. Human excrement is as common on the streets as from horses in American cities and where there are no sidewalks and the streets only from six to ten feet wide, you can easily imagine the condition.

Much pearl of shell work especially on furniture is made. Weaving cotton, silk and wool or camels hair curtains, and draperies are a great industry, wholly oriental in taste and designs. Three of the richest men to be worth 30,000 00 pounds were pointed out to me. All the stores as a mark of courtesy to their customers have coffee served on trays in

almost the smallest of cups and as a mark of special favor, serve violet water while the trading is going on. In all cities of Turkish rule the telephone and electricity are not allowed, therefore there is no power, and we saw wood turning where the power is by hand, also all the weaving. Workers in brass, copper and silver are very common as Oriental people buy and use the product of these clever artificers of metal, more than our American people. I fancy they are working the same way as in olden times.

On Saturday, the Jews' Sabbath day, I walked through their quarters. It was in the afternoon. I saw many of the ladies dressed up making calls, while the gentlemen wear long coats looking like cloaks. Many of them are very poor. There are all sorts of people on the streets, among them many pilgrims to Mecca and Circassians from Russia. On Sunday I went to a little English church. About fifty English and Americans were present and three Arabs, dressed in camels hair coats and cheffieurs wound with braids of goat hair about their heads. I saw one of the Arabs fall asleep during the preaching, yet that was nothing strange as I have seen people fall asleep in America during service. One feature of the service I do not recollect of ever noticing in America was, they passed the collection plate to the preacher.

There are forty-two Moslem mosques in Damascus. We went into the largest one. It will hold several thousand people. It is said there are ten thousand Persian rugs on the floor as the entire floor surface is covered with them. Some of them are very costly and many of them are such beautiful patterns that an empress might covet them. Nobody, not even Moslems are allowed to wear their shoes as they enter. One can either go barefoot, wear their stockings or draw on a pair of slippers. Many Moslems are there, either at prayer or reading the Koran. Mohammedans pray five times each twenty-four hours, at sunrise, at noon, between three and four in the afternoon, at sunset, and at midnight (if they are awake.) They always face Mecca as they pray, and bow to the floor or earth wherever they are several times.

Damascus is the largest city in Syria, about one quarter of a million is its population. Swirls of dust, dogs in almost countless numbers, furnishing a free concert every night. As you walk the narrow, dirty streets, you will run against donkeys or camels at every turn. I have seen small logs about twenty feet long on camels backs and also wood and stone. The bazaars are almost countless in the arched streets, and become monotonous. Venders of Turkish delight and various sweets are all along the streets. Down in the dust on the streets with only a tray to lay the bread on are the bread merchants selling bread.

During our stay of five days in Damascus we contracted with a dragoman to camp to Jerusalem, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, as we planned the trip. We were to be furnished with tents, horses, food and bedding at fifty francs a day. As it was quite doubtful, on account of cholera, of ever getting to Jerusalem in this manner, we further aranged that, if compelled to go into quarantine at any point, we were to pay one-half of the full amount (twenty-five francs each day) and all the quarantine expenses connected with the government, which is a variable and unknown quantity in this land of misrule.

Most of the time we were in Damascus there was a gray haze settled down on mountain, plain and city. The day before our departure the haze cleared away. There is a tall mountain near and overlooking the city and country on the north. The Mohammedans claim that Mohammed climbed this mountain and as he looked around, said: "This is the paradise of the world." We climbed the mountain. They claim that this was the veritable "Garden of Eden." Not wholly improbable, as for several miles in each direction, except the north, one vast park of gardens where fruit trees of many kinds grow wild, and among them the largest apricot, fig, and English walnut trees that I ever saw. In this afternoon's sun the many minarets of the mosques, the arched roofs over the streets and the sun's bright rays, and in pleasing contrast, like the setting of

a picture, the foliage of fruit and shade tree encircling the city looked like a real picture of paradise, peace and plenty.

As far as our eyes could reach toward Mecca we saw a stretch of plain and low mountain ranges, while in the southwest was the "Land of Hauran" and beyond the "Land of Moab." Just at the foot of the mountain for over two miles and next to the city are thousands of Mohammedan graves. They use no coffins and dig the graves very shallow, and to keep the dogs from digging use concrete work. I saw five men and four veiled women all sitting curled up by the side of a grave mourning, one of them singing a mournful tune and swaying back and forth. As we passed through this immense cemetery, the taint of decaying bodies caused us to hold our breath as we hurried on. Association and history sometimes has much to do with the beauty of a view; yet, without these features, there is no finer view in all the world than this old city of Damascus, embowered as it is by such extensive gardens of luxuriant foliage, fertility and beauty. Josephus tells us that Abraham was a reigning prince at one time, of this city. The large mosque, 1100 feet long and 800 feet wide, with four or five minarets, is the most conspicious building for religious worship in the world. The site of this mosque was once a pagan temple, then a Christian house of worship, and said to contain the head of John the Baptist encased in a basket of gold, then for the last twelve hundred years this great mosque has been a Mohammedan place of worship. Damascus has been called "the pearl city of the East," and as we turned away and cast a lingering look from this projecting spur of the great Anti Lebanon mountains, over city and plain, the landscape over all touched with tints of amber and gold from the rays of the setting sun there came to me a consciousness that:

One may roam in every clime
And never find a pearl so fine:
Of wondrous luster and matchless hue,
There never was a pearl so true.

What a wealth of thought the true traveler can catch every day and in every place. The next morning, October 27, a

CAMPING FROM DAMASCUS.

bright, cool, clear autumn day, our cavalcade gathered for a camping trip to Jerusalem. There were five horses, one donkey, two muleteers, a dragoman and ourselves. Two of the horses and the donkey were required to carry the tents, baggage, bedding and food. The muleteers walked. About eight o'clock in the morning with our faces set towards Jerusalem, we started. How our emotions were stirred on account of the cholera. Would or could we get through?

As we started on either side of the road were the largest "adobe" bricks I ever saw, laid in walls. They were about thirty by thirty-six inches in size, and beyond were gardens full of trees, flowers and vegetables. Some of the gardens had rope walks and natives were weaving rope by hand. The fruit trees were mostly apricots, some pomegranate trees. On this road, near Damascus, Paul was converted. No one knows just the place, yet we traveled over the same road. We rode to the West all day, skirting the Anti Lebanon mountains near the "Land of Hauran." Most writers locate the river Pharpar in Damascus city. Some call this river a tributary of the Jordan. I cannot understand how anybody can make such a mistake. It was nearly night before we crossed the river Pharpar, many miles from Damascus city, yet in the same province and many miles from any of the sources of the Jordan. As we rode along we saw much of country life among the Arabs, many of them plowing for their grain crop. We were interested in watching the women gather weeds in the fields for fuel and then carry them to their village, on the top of their heads. Some of them had donkeys and would load them with such huge bundles that we could only see the donkey's head and tail. After noon our course over the well-worn trails carried us away from the plains and nearer the mountains, with rocks all about us and successive canyons or gulches, called in this country "wadys." We were astonished as we rode along, finding our Syrian horses so sure and nimble footed with nothing but rocks, and, in many places, steep and slippery ones, to climb over. We had left the old Roman road running in a direct course to Je-

rusalem, and were traveling to reach Cæsarea Philippi at one of the sources of the Jordan. In one wady we saw a flock of fine large partridges. The weather was cool, clear and delightful. Not until nearly sundown did we reach a branch of the Pharpar river, containing about 1000 inches of water. Here is quite a large Arab village and I saw on these steep slopes about 100 acres of Indian corn all topped just above the ears. It had been grown with irrigation. Tired and hungry, yet we rode along to another village and camped there.

In the waning twilight we walked through the village. The streets were only little crooked paths. Donkeys, Arabs and chickens all seem to live in about the same quarters. We saw the women milking goats on top of the houses. Rough stone walls, roofed ones, with a rude door for an entrance, just about completes a description of each house. Some of them had little apertures for windows. Arab faces were peering at us, and troops of dogs were everywhere. We walked back to our camp, which was only a short distance, and just by the side of it were the threshing floors where these villagers had gathered their Indian corn and were threshing it out with long straight clubs. The ears of corn lay in oblong heaps, about three feet thick, and either two or four men would range themselves on each side and pound away with all their might. Each blow was accompanied with a grunt, almost as loud as the sound of the stroke.

This work did not stop until darkness cast its mantle all the landscape o'er. Every village or tribe has a sheik which is the head or chief. He came to visit us and we hired two of his men at one franc each to stand guard through the night. As they made their appearance, all wrapped up in "abbas," their name for cloaks, and carrying such old-looking guns that I wondered which would suffer the most if they ever fired them at a robber, as the guns looked as though they might kill both ways. One is quite safe in these villages after hiring some of them as a guard, and that is a cheaper and better way than to take soldiers and their horses along as an

armed escort. How sweet the supper tasted after the dragoman made some tea and announced it was ready.

Camped as we were not many miles away from the base of Mount Hermon, we found before morning that it was quite difficult to keep warm. Eating our breakfast before sunrise, we began to think that there is more prose than poetry in camp life. The scores of dogs kept up for our benefit a free concert all night, which together with the cold, had deprived us of needed rest and sleep. The Arabs were threshing out their corn, others husking, and some went off with their small oxen to plow, all before sunrise. I walked down the slope and saw some large fig and carob trees, also a grove of silver leaf poplars, growing in a damp place. I ate blackberries from bushes twenty feet high.

Returning to camp we again mounted our Syrian steeds and started out, still traveling to the west. We were in full sight of Mount Hermon. As far as we could see, not a tree was in sight anywhere about the mountain, and its dome of three peaks, although at a distance looking like one, was tinged with shades of purple, violet and gray Some bits of good land, free from rocks, and many bands of goats and herds of cattle nibbling the scanty grass and herbage The villages are plenty and most of them were Druses. We crossed another tributary of the Pharpar river, in volume about 800 inches of water. There were several flocks of goats and cattle drinking from the river, and women from a village carrying water on their heads in large jugs [illegible] water jars. We saw a number of camels feeding on a [illegible]

We ate our lunch, just halting a few moments on a high ridge, where we obtained our last view of Damascus many miles away. South of us were the blue mountains, not lofty, marking the "Land of Hauran." From here until we reached one of the sources of the Jordan are the worst of rocky trails found anywhere. My horse stumbled once and in places the grade was so steep and rocky that I was afraid to continue riding and dismounted and walked. Nobody ever picks

even a loose rock out of the trails, leaving them where they roll in. In places solid rock ledges are worn in tracks and paths caused by the tramp of feet for centuries. I have seen them two or three feet deep, and in soft rock many feet deep.

Toward evening after picking our way over these rocky trails we saw on a high eminence overlooking Banias, which is the present name for Cæsarea Philippi, the ruins of an old castle, one of the last strongholds of the Crusaders, one of the grandest ruins in Syria. We did not visit the ruins, yet saw them not over a mile away, as our trail wound its way down these steep cliffs. We were in the northern part of the old "land of Bashan." Large gnarled olive trees and some oaks still were standing on the steep mountain sides. Toward evening we came to Banias, passed through the town with ruins of temple and palace lying about, and pitched our camp in an old olive orchard, some of the trees being several feet in diameter. We were now on historic ground, the extreme northern part of Christ's travels.

The Grecian city that Christ visited called Cæsarea Philippi was built three years before Christ's birth. A town called Baalrad, in honor of a Canaaniteish god, had occupied the place for ages. From the ruins we saw broken columns, old towers and portions of the old city wall. Everything must have been on a scale of grandeur. Before supper we bathed our hands and faces in the limpid waters of the Jordan, as it ran with a rippling sound down by our camp. As we retired after supper, the crickets were singing with loud voices. All through the night, whenever awake, I still heard them in great numbers, and I listened to the musical running waters of the most mysterious river in the world. I noticed that at day-dawn the crickets all stopped singing and then many birds continued the song as nature has taught them.

In the morning we walked up to the source of the river, not over three minutes' walk from our camp. There is a large cave at the foot of a mountain, now partly filled up yet Josephus refers to it as full of water, " so deep that it

INTERIOR OF JEWISH HOME, DAMASCUS
(INNER COURT)

could not be measured." About forty feet from the cave, on almost level ground among some rocks, not over tyenty feet square, this river (not a spring) breaks out and goes rushing down the slope like a mountain torrent of fully 1000 inches of water, perhaps more. At the right of the cave I counted five niches cut into the precipice of rock, and here was a temple used by the Greeks for the worship of Pan, as inscriptions show. Before this there was a temple of Baal. Herod the Great, also built a temple here, dedicating it to Augustus Cæsar, and after Titus destroyed Jerusalem he was received with honors by Agrippa and they returned thanks to their gods for victory. All these temples are gone, yet this wonderful river is bursting out of these rocks just the same as thousands of years ago. We drank heartily, as without doubt Christ and his disciples did when they were here. Eusebius, the historian, visited this place in the third century and writes about it as follows: "At Cæsarea Philippi, which is called Banias by the Phœnicians, there are springs shown at the foot of the mountains from which the Jordan rises, and on a certain festival day there was usually one person thrown into these springs and the victim, by the power of some demon in a wonderful manner entirely disappeared." Now, the cave and niches cut in the rocks are a sheltering place for goats and cattle and have been for centuries, by their appearance.

Fascinated by this wonderful appearance and source of the Jordan, we sat and gazed with thrilling emotions. It was in this place or vicinity that Jesus asked his disciples, first, how the people regarded Him, then as to who they supposed Him to be. This brought the answer from Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then, perhaps, while looking at these temples of heathen worship where these circular places we were looking at cut into these great walls of rock for worship, occurred the charge to Peter and commission, "Thou art Peter," the word meaning "Petros" (living rock), so different to yonder dead rock where in every curve

we saw there was a god to worship, made like an image, but all of dead stone. For six days He taught the disciples of His crucifixion and coming resurrection here in Cæsarea Philippi. Then, as the narrative reads, "Christ taketh Peter, James and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain." This mountain must have been Mount Hermon. Travelers, who have stood on the crest of Mount Hermon, tell us that on the highest of its three peaks there are the ruins of a temple erected for Baal worship. It is also a singular fact that all the temples of Baal worship, wherever the ruins of them are now found all face Mount Hermon. How significant that on the most symmetrical and conspicuous mountain to be seen in all this land of promise and hope, that the transfiguration took place! No wonder Peter, in one of his letters to the church, speaks of "the holy mount" as he refers to that voice from heaven that came from a bright cloud. Was it not the most natural language that John could use in Rev. 22:1, "A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal." Were we not looking at a river clear as crystal? Was not its source from Mount Hermon? Did it not come from those great rocks where for ages Baal, Pan and heathen gods had full sway? To me it was very significant that the God of all creation by his presence on the mountain, by his reference to these rocks, and by his inspiration in the word John wrote, using this river as a figure and as our eyes looked down this rushing river we saw fruit trees of various kinds, and their leaves "were for the 'health' of the nations," not "healing," as the Greek word used is a noun, not a participle. The figure John uses, Rev. 22:2, "the tree of life," simply symbolizes perpetual immortality; and has not this stretch of tree and verdure by the side of this river as we saw it, been a perpetual one?

We returned to our camp at Cæsarea Philippi from the source of the Jordan finding our horses all saddled and mounted again the third day of our camping travels. An old cemetery among the largest and oldest oak trees I ever saw,

first attracted my notice. Then I saw thirty camels all lying down and a little farther along twenty-five more, neither caravan having broken camp yet. We looked towards Mount Hermon's lofty height. We saw the southwestern slopes of the mountains leading up to Hermon and were surprised to see them covered with vines, trees and verdure, unlike any mountains anywhere else in sight. I remembered that in the third verse of Psalms, 133rd chapter, there is a blessing pronounced upon Hermon, and I was only seeing some of the "life for evermore."

I saw a large herd of camels feeding in a corn field where the corn had just been gathered, and instead of eating the succulent cornstalks, they were reaching their long necks up into some trees and browsing on the limbs. I have seen camels eating dry weeds when there was green grass just by their side. There are men and women in the world craning their necks to reach and eat from trees whose limbs are hanging full of theology, creed, liberal views, criticism and scores of other isms, yet there is plenty of green, succulent food within reach—all contained within the Word of life. Cæsarea Philippi has about it more trees than any place we have seen except Damascus. We passed through oak and terebinth groves looking very large and old. We soon came to a place where on a hill about eighty-five feet high the old village of Dan was located, and out from under this hill there bursts forth into a great river within a few feet of radius the largest source of the Jordan. I estimated that fully 2500 inches of water leaped forth from under these rocks, and with mighty leaps went bounding down its rocky course roaring like a new-born cataract. On the eminence an Arab village without paint or finish, like all their villages, gathered into one compact cluster, lay resting in peaceful repose. Along the banks of this newly formed giant of a river large herds of sheep and goats under the watchful care of shepherds were grazing as in the "days of old." As we passed along to the west away from the village I saw an Arab

with a rifle slung over his shoulder, mounted on a fine looking horse covered with rich oriental mountings, riding at full gallop. As he passed us clad in flowing robes, he reined in his charger, looking toward the village, and while standing in his stirrups shouted at the top of his voice. I asked our dragoman what he said as his excited manner indicated some message. The dragoman replied, "He is telling this village that two horses and four camels were stolen last night and demands that this village give them up or he and all his village will come down and fight them." Not waiting to see how the colloquy ended, yet it was a wonderful illustration to us of oriental life and ways. We passed hundreds of acres of shrubs full of yellow bloom, a few with pink colors. We came to another river called the River Dan, having its source further north than any of the Jordan sources. This river flows along between banks covered with verdure, oleanders in bloom and small trees looking like maple in full leaf with many birds singing notes of gleeful sound, and butterflies flitting about on this cloudless autumn day; then I began to realize that after many days of waiting and watching we had really entered and were traveling in the "land of promise." We crossed this river on an old Roman bridge with one span between the arches so nearly gone that only a little narrow pathway of slippery stones are left, on which we carefully treaded our way across. This river had fully 2000 inches of water, the third important source of the Jordan. The old village of Dan is about five miles west of Cæsarea Philippi, and on the eastern edge of the valley of the Jordan. This valley, as we passed down its western edge, is about five miles wide. We came to a threshing scene where three oxen were treading out maize or corn. I looked to see if they were muzzled as I remembered that in the Bible it says: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." They had no muzzles on and were being driven round and round on a pile of ears of corn. Of course, the corn of the Bible is one of the small grains called corn in Europe

TREADING CORN WITH OXEN,

JORDAN VALLEY, PALESTINE.

to this day. On our right were high hills once occupied by the tribe of Naphtali. We saw many threshing floors of corn, as by using the waters of the Jordan for irrigation, many hundreds of acres of corn were being harvested and threshed. We saw for the first time the celebrated bulls of Bashan, one whole herd of them in the large irrigating ditch so covered with water that only their heads were above water. In and among the corn stalks and elsewhere we saw millions of crows, and I presume some ravens were among them. When we were in Russia we thought that country had most of the crows, yet we found many all over Palestine. Mudturtles were plenty. In one square foot of water I saw ten in one bunch. Centuries ago B. C. Abraham pursued the kings of Mesopotamia who were carrying Lot and his goods into captivity. Their route was over the very ground we were traveling on, and Abraham caught them by the village of Dan, rescuing Lot and his goods. It was also in Dan that Jeroboam built a temple and in it set up a golden calf. Irrigation by these Arabs is carried on in a similar manner to irrigation in California where there is abundance of water and no cement ditches. Along our course by the side of irrigating ditches on the west side of the valley were hundreds of Bedouin Arab tents, their entire top made from goats' hair and wool, all black. I saw malva, cocklebur and parsley among the weeds. As we approached the waters of Lake Huleh there were many piles of Egyptian corn by the side of the yellow corn. One man very unscripturally had three large black "bulls of Bashan" treading out corn and they were muzzled. The government gets one-tenth of everything raised as its share in taxes, also an additional tax is levied on the land and each fruit tree. While opposite Lake Huleh, or the "Waters of Merom," we crossed another river of about 800 inches of water. As the Lebanon mountains were not over five hundred yards away with no canyon where this river could come down from in sight, we concluded to look for the source. Again we were surprised to find this

source or tributary of the Jordan springing out of the base of a mountain; not a spring, but a river out of the rocks. We drank heartily of this water, having now seen three of the four sources of the Jordan and the two most important ones.

The papyrus reeds still grow about the "Waters of Merom," —a beautiful sheet of water, gleaming in the rays of the sun as we passed by at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We were now only about five or six feet above the surface of the sea. Just here Joshua slew Jabin, king of Hazor. Urging our steeds along we commenced to climb a rolling plateau At our left, not far away, was a Jewish colony called Syndelphia. This word means "meeting of the brothers," it being the very spot that Jacob and Esau met. We hurried along and at sundown entered a street leading up to a mountain side lined with eucalyptus trees, and over in the fields were vineyards, mulberry trees and peach orchards. On the side of the road are miamosa hedges, and such a road or street, all crushed rock without any dirt mixed in. Up and up this terrible street until darkness enveloped us in its draping mantle we rode until a place called a hotel was reached ,where our aching and weary limbs found rest and refreshment while the camp equipage was reaching us and getting tents in place. We were met with the information that cholera was raging in Tiberius, our next camping place, fifty-nine deaths occurring there the day before. Our way was blocked. All sorts of rumors were in the air. We must try to reach Jerusalem some other way. It was extremely doubtful if we could camp much farther in any direction without getting into quarantine or being turned back. We were in a Jewish colony called Jauneh.

I arose early in the morning. A few feet away a Mohammedan was saying his prayers, bowing his head until it touched the ground several times, with his face turned towards Mecca. Just as the sun rose a very bright sun-dog made its appearance by its side in the only bit of cloud in sight, looking like an omen of hope, that we might yet be able

to dodge the cholera and reach Jerusalem. From my point of view, perched upon the side of a mountain, I could see the extreme northern edge of the sea of Galilee. We concluded to leave the tent and muleteers, take the dragoman only, and ride to the west a few miles to the city of Safed in order to get information as to the real situation, as we were in a land where in its entire length and breadth, not a newspaper is published, except a small paper printed once a week, in Jerusalem, in the Hebrew language. We could consult the Turkish governor of Safed. Before leaving this Jewish colony of Jauneh I will note what I saw and heard. A few years ago the Rothschilds started a few Jewish colonies in Palestine, this one among them. Nice stone houses were built, the land purchased, European tools and stock sent out, and each member of a Jewish family, after all this start, was given a few francs each month in money. The location of this village I think, was very injudicious. Built upon a steep mountain side where there is very little water, and all its good farming lands below it, the farther part of them miles away. True to their trading and scheming ways, the Jews hired Arabs to do the most of the work at ten or fifteen cents a day, and looked on themselves. I saw in one yard, loads of barbed wire, torn up after being used. I saw some orange trees about large enough to commence bearing, and they were trying to irrigate them by digging a little around the trunk for the water, wherein the sun with its heat and action of the water would hurt the trees. Everything seemed impractical, and the head man of the colony told me they were all dissatisfied and wished they were back in Europe. No wonder, no market, no more subsidy in the way of a few francs each month, as the Rothschilds had taken that away. The worst road on earth to travel over to get to their work, on the steepest of slopes, full of sharp crushed rock the size of eggs, each piece as jagged as porcupine quills. Hundreds of acres of nice sloping land down towards the Jordan with nothing at all growing on it except in places wild carroway

as high as a horse stands. Taxation higher with every honest effort made to raise something. With the exception of a little silk they were raising to sell, I saw nothing else to sell except faith in the future, and I do not believe any American would give them ten cents on a dollar on the whole investment for that part of their outlook. At Syndelphia, another colony in sight on level land, the finest in the world, they had good houses fenced in with door yards filled with flowers, finest of European tools and stock furnished them about six years ago, and now I was told the fences were gone. The tools lay out in the weather, the flowers dried up. No trees, no crops worth mentioning, except weeds. I could come to but one conclusion, you cannot make a farmer out of a Jew, and the outlook for farming in Palestine is too poor for anybody to attempt it under its present Turkish misrule. This Jauneh colony alone cost, I think, about $300,000. Leaving Jauneh we commenced to ascend steep rocky grades toward Safed. On these trails in Palestine we were always much interested in meeting or passing the "fellaheen," as the country people are called. Their variety of mountings, different costumes, all carrying so many different products in many different ways, were ever a constant panorama before us of change and color. I saw at one place on the trail one camel, six asses, three goats and six Arabs, four of them with rifles strung over their backs, walking towards Safed. The guns looked a hundred years old. We passed many olive orchards and in some of them the natives were gathering the fruit. They would climb a tree, knock them off with a pole, and the women would gather them into baskets from the ground. After climbing steep, rocky trails we came to Safed, a city of 25,000 people and not a wagon in the city, and the roads leading into the city from all sides so steep and rocky that one cannot be driven to it or within miles of the place. We drove to Dr. George Wilson's house, a Scotch physician resident there six years. We were kindly and courteously received and he left a room full of patients to accompany us to the

governor's house. Ophthalmia is a very prevalent disease of the eyes and the doctor told me he "treated about two hundred people each day, nearly all natives." I saw a whole room full of them waiting for him while an assistant was examining them. The doctor accompanied us to the Turkish governor's house where one large room is used by him for official business. We first inquired as to the situation. The governor said, while sitting cross-legged on a divan which entirely surrounded the room, except the entrance: "Nazareth has just been declared clean, but Hattin and Tiberius are very bad, seventy deaths alone in Tiberius yesterday." This was fully one per cent of the population of Tiberius The governor further said: "There are several villages between here and Jerusalem infected with the cholera." Several of his advisers and assistants were also curled up cross-legged on the cushioned seats. Soon a servant brought a tray filled with small cups of coffee, which is always the custom in these oriental lands, passing them about to everybody present. While sipping the coffee Dr. Wilson asked the governor in Arabic if we could go to the northern part of the Sea of Galilee. The answer as interpreted to us was a preemptory refusal as with the request we asked also for permission to return to Safed as we knew we could travel no farther toward Jerusalem without a paper from the governor, that we had been in no infected town or village, thus having a clean bill of health. I walked over to the doctor's side and told him that if necessary he could arrange to give the governor a Napoleon or two, as it was our only chance of reaching the Sea of Galilee. The doctor replied to me in English, "This is a new governor that is very wealthy and would take no gift or bribe." Wherever we mentioned this at other places in Palestine our hearers were almost incredulous as it was an almost unheard of attitude for any Palestine governor to take. The doctor then again told him that we were Americans and were endeavoring to camp through the country to Jerusalem and would be pleased to reach the northern end

of the sea where no cholera had yet appeared. Finally, after nearly an hour of persuasion and talk, which is according to oriental style, it was arranged that the governor would furnish us a soldier at sunrise the next morning to accompany us to the sea and then would allow us and the dragoman to return into the city the next evening. For several days the city had been surrounded with an armed cordon of guards on every trail and stopping everyone coming from the direction of infected towns. The dragomen sent a courier back to Jauneh to order the tents along and that afternoon, after partaking of lunch in a native English teacher's home, where we were partakers of Syrian cooking, we rode about four miles northwest of the city where a great Jewish pilgrimage takes place each year, as many thousands of Jews from all countries in Europe, gather. We saw there a schoolroom cut out in the rocks where the Talmud was written some two hundred years before Christ, and the two great rabbis who wrote the Talmud are buried there. This is a holy place to the Jews. The ride up and over rocky hills and through olive groves was a delightful one. We hurried back as by invitation we dined at Dr. Wilson's that evening where we enjoyed the hospitality of their lovely home. In the morning, promptly at sunrise, the Turkish soldier with his horse appeared and gathering our fishlines we mounted our horses for a ride to the Sea of Galilee.

With the Turkish soldier in the lead, his rifle strapped upon his back, our dragoman next, and your two humble servants in the rear, the cavalcade started at a little after sunrise. Our altitude, 2917 feet above sea level, is the highest point in the vicinity, and it is believed that Safed was meant when Jesus refers to a "city upon a hill whose light cannot be hid." We could see the Sea of Galilee, seemingly not far away, yet the distance is about eight miles. Our descent would take us to a point 652 feet below sea level. Down over the steepest of rocky trails, with large olive trees scattered over the mountainsides, our course led us the first mile.

Many women were carrying water up into the city with large jugs poised on their heads. Shepherds were herding bands of goats on the mountainsides, and in every band there were several sheep. I have noticed this mixture all over Palestine, so suggestive of the separation mentioned, "And he shall set the sheep on his right hand but the goats on his left." (Matt. 25:33.) Now and then we would come to little valleys, but most of the way is a continual descent. As we neared the lake, for over a mile black bugs in countless numbers crawled all over the surface, several hundred on each square yard. In some places there was good farming land, the richest I ever saw, as black as coal.

About ten o'clock we arrived at the lake shore at the very spot where the three apostles, Peter, Andrew and Philip, lived, and two of them were fishermen when they heard the call and "followed" Jesus. We were in Bethsaida,now called Tobcah. A German priest lives there, the Rev. Mr. Bremer, having built up a nice place on the shore of the lake, and, like a patriarch of old, has many people living about him, nearly all Arabs. The shore slopes beautifully and the beach is covered with pebbles, some large rocks scattered about. Here is the largest spring in Galilee, coming out of the ground a few hundred feet from the lake. The location, a curved shore line, forming a pretty bay, is between the two disputed sites of old Capernaum, Tell-Hum and the Plain of Gennesareth. Up on a sloping hillside, not far from and in full view of the lake, is the place where the five thousand people were so miraculously fed.

We told Mr. Bremer we wanted to catch some fish, having brought our lines from America, and asked him for a boat. He said, "I have no boat." We then asked if he could get one. He replied, "There is not a boat on the lake outside of Tiberius." He further said, "There is some deep water over there," pointing to some rocks on the shore towards Tell Hum. He sent one of his Arab servants to cut some canebrake poles, gave us a piece of beef for bait, and after adjust-

ing our lines, we started off, the proudest fishermen you ever saw. We were going to fish in the Sea of Galilee! We had talked and almost dreamed about this fishing in California, and yesterday at Safed Dr. Wilson told us he had "seen the fish so thick in the Sea of Galilee as to lay in ridges on the water."

The day was warm, and as I started off, walking briskly, with my coat cast aside, my step was as light and elastic, my hopes as buoyant and full of enthusiasm as any boy ever was. With nervous haste I baited the hook and cast the line.

Like spiders' threads woven at night,
To sparkle and gleam in the morning light,
Were my expectations of delight,
While I was waiting for the fish to bite.

A grasshopper came jumping into sight;
I caught him for bait; oh, hope so bright!
While dreaming of the fish I wished to take
I listened to the waves, as they did break.

Not a fish did I get after all my toil,
Not a fish did I see, except minnows so small;
With sadness and silence I turned away;
Perhaps you can catch these fish some day.

I sat down, wrapped in meditation, while Elmer, divested of his clothes, swam away from the three foot depth of water at the shore, and fished while swimming, but without result. At one time, many centuries ago, there were four thousand boats on this lake, now only a very few, and all at Tiberius, the largest city in the world below sea level, having about seven thousand inhabitants. The place was in view across a portion of the lake, about four miles away; no life in sight, no boats flying about, silent and motionless-looking, almost like a charnel house of the dead, as an average of three per-

PLAIN OF GENNESERAT,

SEA OF GALILEE.

sons each hour were being swept away with the cholera.

Galilee, according to Gibbons, the historian, had at one time 214 cities of fifteen thousand population each and over. Great areas of the richest land in the world are now lying idle, except a little grazing land, used mostly by the Bedouin Arabs, especially about this lake. Not many miles away are the mountains of Gadara, and at one place facing the lake were all the conditions necessary to fill the scriptural description of the hogs running into the sea when the demons took possession of them. A goodly part of the Lord's ministry and teaching was about this lake, and mostly on and around this northern shore.

We walked along the pebbly beach, we bathed in its limpid waters, and how we longed for some sort of a boat to "launch out into the deep." Not one in sight in any direction! How my emotions were stirred as I gazed on the "blue Sea of Galilee," to me, because of association and real merit and beauty, the gem of all lakes I have ever seen, and it has been my privilege to see many lakes in many lands and climes. While looking about, our Turkish soldier came hunting after us, and standing on a rock by the shore of the sea, partially disrobed, performed an ablution, and, facing Mecca, bowed his head to the rock several times successively, their way of prayer. What an anomalous scene! One of the most certain places in the world where the Savior walked, talked and taught, yet another came to be an usurper.

To me this last one of October days was full of echoes of the past, warming my heart, cheering my hopes and strengthening my faith, like the links of an endless revolving chain, continually bringing cups of charm, sweetness and love. Leaving this spot, the Bethsaida of Galilee, so called, as there was another Bethsaida north of the lake, but east of the Jordan, called Bethsaida Julius, we walked over a ridge of rocky land and were on the east side of the Plain of Gennesareth. We walked along the beautiful seashore, picking up tricurated fresh water shells and many pebbles.

Fringeing the shore are oleander trees in full tint of pink bloom. This plain is not large, not over three miles long and one mile wide, yet it is the richest spot of land in all the world. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, writes of this plain many centuries ago: "Its soil is so fruitful that every sort of tree can grow upon it—the seasons also seem to maintain a generous rivalry, for the plain not only nourishes fruits of different climes, but the soil yields them at various times of the year, grapes and figs ripen continually for ten months and other fruits come in delightful confusion all the year round."

The fruit trees are gone, yet we came to a large patch of wild blackberries. The vines were ten feet high in places, regular thickets. I picked and ate heartily of them. The declining sun and the long road up these rocky slopes compelled us to prepare to leave the most interesting part of our entire journey. Gladly, if possible, would we have lingered long on the shores of this wonderous lake, so far below the level of the sea. We will ever cherish this day as one of those rare days that come now and then into our lives, bringing thoughts fringed with glory, until our whole inner man is bathed in a halo of radiance and rest.

VI.

Traveling in Palestine.

As rapidly as we could, yet reluctantly, we rode away from the Sea of Galilee towards Safed. Not far away to our right, about two miles from the lake, are the ruins of the old city of Chorazin. We did not have time to visit them. The woe pronounced against this city, together with Bethsaida and Caperanaum, are entirely true, as desolation reigns supreme and even their sites are questioned, especially Capernaum. We heard a lamb bleating on a mountain side and saw the shepherd searching for it. There are no trees near the lake growing wild except the cydr or thorn tree, which has the worst thorns I ever saw, a double one at every leaf, pointing two ways. It is believed that the crown of thorns Jesus wore came from this tree. All over Palestine we found small birds plentiful. The most common one, gray in color, is called the hoepee and sings a note about the way you would pronounce the bird's name. Mr. Bremer sent along with us and the soldier two Arabs and an ass, to purchase some supplies at Safed. At the foot of the steepest climb an armed cordon on each trail was stationed. At this camp we met a man who said, "I am sent by the governor of Safed with orders to let no one pass this cordon except yourselves and dragoman," addressing himself to me. The result was the two Arabs and the ass were turned back, not being allowed to enter Safed. As we were climbing this steep, narrow, slippery and rocky trail I looked back. The sun was setting over the hills and mountains of Galilee, lighting up the lands of

Hauran and Moab east of the Jordan with fires of amber and gold, while the reflex of the sun's rays were painting colors in pink and violet over the blue waters of the beautiful Sea of Galilee. I reined in my horse and gazed in mute admiration upon the scene. I simply am taking this journey around the world to hunt out, to catch and feed upon all that is beautiful and inspiring on land and sea.

As nature plays her perfect part,
I find answering chords within my heart;
The charm's complete, the music is sweet,
As I catch the tune when nature speaks.

Up and through the funniest, narrowest stone-paved streets you ever saw, we threaded our way. Because we came from the direction of the sea the people were alarmed, being afraid of the cholera. One young Jewish lady cried out in fear of me, "Are you from Tiberiyeh?" Most of the population of Safed are Jews; this, with Jerusalem, Hebron and Tiberius, being regarded as the four holy cities of Palestine. The Jews have a tradition that when the Messiah comes he will establish his throne at Safed.

Within modern history the city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1759, and again on January 1, 1837, over half of its population at that time were killed by an earthquake—about 5,000 people. The Jews are of the poorest kind, filthy, superstitious, bigoted and the most of them live on the charity of Europe. They clean out their rooms but once a week, just before their Sabbath, coming on Saturday, or rather beginning at sunset on Friday. After our supper, in company with Dr. Wilson and the Syrian English teacher, we again visited the governor in his home. As before, coffee was served—a mark of oriental hospitality. The governor was doubtful about our getting through to Jerusalem; however, he promised us a bill of health, and after a long consultation we decided to try. We hired a guide for Nazareth at ten francs

for the trip, and arranged to start early in the morning. An English lady missionary had just been quarantined ten days at Nazareth, arriving at Safed that evening. Early the next morning we started with our paper from the governor. Over and around mountains we plodded our way as we must avoid the village of Hattin on the direct trail. At times we would catch a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. There is scarcely a bush or shrub near the larger cities in Palestine, as everything is taken for wood. There are no fruits scarcely except olives, figs, grapes and a few pomegranates. Meeting donkeys, camels and even women loaded with wood, sometimes going miles for it, is a feature of the trails as you leave a city like Safed. The roots of bushes, weeds and everything else is taken to burn, until all about the cities, except the few fruit trees and the old olive trees, is at this season of the year one entire barren waste.

Another peculiar feature of plant life is that nearly all the dry weather weeds," as we term them in California, are full of thorns, a part of the desolation on the land. There are rocks and rocks, until you are surprised when you find any spot clear of them. I have seen in many places grain being sown where the soil could scarcely be seen, the loose rocks were so thick. Then there are whole mountain sides where great ledges of rock run in regular courses across and around the slope. These courses will be a few feet across, then another one rises in the rear. The loose rock are piled in the front on the solid ledge and thus there are little strips of land to plow all over the country among the hills and mountains. Yet many hills are too rocky to get even these little strips of land, and are used for pasturage. We passed, just after noon, a village that had the cholera, guarded with soldiers. We had to stop and show our paper from the governor of Safed before we were allowed to pass, yet we were one hundred yards away from the village. A man from the village came to communicate with the guard and to receive the

paper with a written message on it, the guard reached out his gun to take the paper on the end of the barrel.

Nobody was traveling on the trails after we passed this village. We came to another, and with guns and clubs were halted; wanting to turn us back. We gave them the paper. They could not read it and the only way we could get by was to tell them in Arabic what the paper was, then to flourish it in their faces and spur our horses along.

We came to the great plain of El Buttauf, where there are several thousand acres of rich, level land, most of it clear of stone. We crossed this plain and about four o'clock in the afternoon came to a village. I was in the lead and at that time I saw many men and boys in the trail ahead. As I came up to them many had rocks in their hands, and by the great uproar I understood I was ordered to stop. Had I taken another step I would have been knocked from the horse with rocks. I never before saw such savage fury. Even children were standing there ready to hurl rocks. The dragoman and guide came up. A group of men a little farther along had rifles. The paper was handed to them, yet it was only after a long and angry altercation that we were allowed to proceed. As we did pass on several rocks were hurled after us and many imprecations. We avoided other villages, making detours around them. Everywhere, when halted, we had to produce our tezkerahs and the paper from the governor, accounted our animals and enumerated each of us.

Not many miles west, as we looked over this beautiful plain of El Buttauf, is the port of Haiffa lying under the shadow of Mount Carmel. As the sun set in the west we saw not far to the left the village of Cana, where Jesus turned water into wine.—His first miracle. What a picture of rest and repose as we saw the shepherds taking home their flocks about this village, just as in the days of old. As the darkness gathered and the stars shone forth, the same ones you see twinkling in America, we came to a long avenue or trail bordered with large cactus, called "prickly pear" in Palestine. On and on

we spurred our weary horses, climbing up a mountain side over a rocky trail until just before we reached the mountain's crest we were stopped by an armed cordon. We were ordered into quarantine as on the other side of this mountain is the village of Nazareth. We were tired, weary and worn after twelve hours of continuous riding.

As the tents and baggage reached us where we were ordered into quarantine, we had a little tea and some Arab bread. I was completely tired out as I crawled into our tent to sleep, with only a rug thrown on the rocky ground for a bed. I felt like a king, as weariness always invites restful sleep. The soldiers guarding us would not let out dragoman get any supplies that evening, therefore we had to go to bed almost supperless. As a cool breeze sprang up, beating a tattoo on the canvas of the tent, the associations clustering around Nazareth caught my mind and thought, all weariness stepped aside and I had an audience with the Creator of all things. One who dwelt so long, in human form, at Nazareth.

Sunday morning came. I sent a little note by a messenger to Dr. Vartan, who has resided in Nazareth forty years, requesting him to see the governor and ascertain why we were detained in quarantine. How uncongenial our surroundings were. Just a few feet away were the squad of soldiers guarding us and the trail. On the other side within a few feet was a tent filled with Arabs and their belongings, having been in quarantine several days. Every person coming along the trail was challenged, and as these oriental people talk very loud, there was a continuous babel of voices from some direction all the time. Dr. Vartan came to see us, riding on a horse. He had seen the governor and our quarantine would end at sunset, in the afternoon we would be fumigated and then set free. He gave us some good advice, saying: "These officials are very hungry and if you find it necessary to pay them something, begin very small as they will always want a good deal more than you offer." In the afternoon a fumigating machine arrived and it was turned

loose on the Arabs and their luggage. We came to a conclusion that the whole arrangement did not have power enough to kill a single scale if turned on a California orange tree. We simply laughed at the whole proceeding—a farce of the first degree. After the Arab camp was fumigated Arabic doctor who superintended the arrangement, came to our tent, looked in, stood silently eyeing us a few moments, then said in English. "You are free and may go." Thanking him, we gave orders to our dragoman to remove the tent into Nazareth, as we wanted to camp near the fountain the ensuing night. Giving a beshelick to the nearest soldier, we hastily departed as we heard them crying out for more money, knowing that we still had the officials to satisfy. Never did two mortals walk any prouder, because of freedom, than we did as we walked rapidly over the mountain's crest and down into the village of Nazareth. The afternoon's sun was warm, the air stifling, yet surrounded with sultry heat, our hearts and feeling were as elastic as lambs in the spring time. We had not walked far before we met the Arabic doctor. Addressing himself to me he said, "There is a charge of ten francs for inspection and discharge from quarantine." I thanked him very courteously and gave him the one-half of a Napoleon that he demanded, remarking, "We will want a bill of health." He said," We will give you one in the morning." We passed a delightful evening at Dr. Vartan's home by invitation. He told us when he came to Nazareth forty years ago there was only one old building, which he believed to be about where the site of the synagogue was. We saw the place, and there is a steep rise back of it which is more than likely the place the enraged people sought to throw Jesus down, "headlong," but "passing through the midst of them he went his way." The site of the carpenter's shop, the great flat rock shown where it is claimed he and the apostles ate from, and the kitchen of the virgin did not interest us as we well know these so-called places possess no significance. The fountain where the only spring flows, and not over fifty yards from

FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN
IN NAZARETH

our camp, must have been about the same. I will never forget the sights and scenes I saw at this fountain. Before sundown I saw many women waiting to fill their jugs with water at the two places in a wall arched over where about a dozen women could stand at one time yet only two jugs at once could be filled from the small running streams, a few feet apart. Two men were there to keep these women from quarrelling about their turns to catch the water. The women fought, pulled hair and shouted at the top of their voices most of the time as they crowded around these two streams of water. I thought as I retired in the evening that soon the uproar would cease, but it continued all night without interruption. The want of water was greater than the supply while the spring was at its lowest ebb just before the winter rains. I still hear the echo of those women's voices wrangling and quarreling over this water. After a sleepless night we arose just as the morning was breaking, having hired a little Greek boy for a guide, we climbed to the highest point of the mountain back of Nazareth. We arrived there before sunrise. There is no finer view in Palestine. Without doubt the "Prince of Peace" walked and played on the spot we were standing many times. While the little village of Nazareth was despised, hidden away in a little amphitheater among hills and clustered about this fountain behind a mountain's ridge on top, do you think that the youthful days or years of Christ's life were passed in some obscure corner of the world. We saw the sun rise directly over Mount Tabor, the only mountain in all Palestine, having a large rounded top like a dome. At the northwest beyond a continual rise in the mountains is Safed, and in the distance in the great Anti-Lebanon mountains grand old majestic dome-shaped Mount Hermon lifts up its lofty head. At our feet in the north is the beautiful plain of El Buttauf. On the west ,north and south of Mount Carmel, glistening in the morning sun, are the rolling waters of the Mediterranean, where in some mysterious manner most of the greatest events in the world's his-

tory have occurred on and about the shores of this wonderful sea. On the south, not far away, flanked in the distance by the mountains of Samaria, lies the greatest battlefield in the world, where the shock of contending armies have met with mighty force, strewing the great Plain of Esdraelon with its almost countless thousands of the dead. Out of this plain on the east are the peaks of Little Hermon and Mount Gilboa. At every point of the compass is either village, sea, mountain or plain, full of history, all of it connected with mighty events, most of them the greatest in the world.

Each moment was full of precious thought
As I lingered on this mountain top,
An angel carried my message of love
As I turned away, to the Savior above.

There are times and places when no mind can grasp all of its surroundings. On this mountain top I found such a place, yet impulse and emotion lent their aid, and with one mighty effort every force within me threw this morning's picture on the fairest page of my memory. I have the picture yet, so fair and bright that I often draw it into the light. On our return from the mountain to Nazareth we were again ready to camp towards Jerusalem.

We were, however, kept waiting in Nazareth until after 8:30 a. m. before our bill of health was sent us from the governor's office. I gave the attendant who brought the paper two beshelicks for his fee. An English clergyman and two ladies had just passed through quarantine in Nazareth and it cost them twenty-six and one-half Napoleons ($106.) We think the English people's style and appearance had something to do with the extra cost, besides we were learning oriental ways and the art of matching these officials with diplomacy of their own sort. They were kept ten days. Our one day costing a little less than three dollars. Again we started from our camp at the fountain with our faces towards Je-

rusalem. A warm, sultry morning with just a little wind blowing from the East. After about two miles on a descending, rocky trail we came to the famous Plain of Esdraelon, most of it entirely free from rock or stone. Not a tree in sight except one or two on the northern edge. No fruit trees or crops of any kind as this particular time of the year is at the close of the dry season, as in California. The soil is heavy and in many places there were large fissures or cracks in the ground, caused by dry weather. While riding ahead of our party I was much startled as I saw a serpent about four feet long, as black as ebony, a few yards away, coming towards me at a terrific pace, gliding along with a convolvular motion. As I was turning my horse to gallop away the serpent ran into a fissure of the earth. We came to a field where the wild gourd vines, similar in leaf to watermelons, occupied the ground, having fruit on entirely unlike the California kind, about the size of plums. In different directions were trains of camels plodding along, just the same as in the days of the patriarchs. On the edge of one village we passed there was a decided modern innovation, a pumping plant to obtain water for herds of stock. We came to another village; cholera, like a grim specter, was stalking about—no activity, no children playing around, houses looking vacant, almost lifeless, yet the people were there, simply waiting with oriental stoicism to see if "it was written." Just by the trail a woman was drawing water from a well, another woman was taking the water to this village in a goat skin lying on a donkey's back, driving the donkey and carrying a jug full on her head. Another woman was coming from toward the mountains of Samaria, about four miles away, with a load of wood on her head for fuel. A strange people and a strange life. There was nothing unusual about the day, only commonplace, yet the birds were flitting about and warbling bits of song, little whirlwinds of dust were floating lazily by and out by the wayside ,hidden away somewhere, the song of the locust was "heard in the land," usually present in a time of sultry sum-

mer heat. Little flecks of fleecy clouds were poised in the air, not knowing which way to go in this soft summer breeze while up and down the landscape the heated air gathered itself into undulating and tremulous lines, finer than threads of gossamer, encompassing hill, mountain and plain with charm, warmth and color. I have purposely refrained from weaving into this bit of an every-day picture anything of its wonderful surroundings, history or association for the purpose of analogy. I doubt if these cholera-stricken Arab people ever caught much of these pictures about them, only commonplace, yet what lifting power when applied to any person's life. Aside from spiritual teaching the charm of Bible history is its contact with and intimate knowledge of nature. Would you climb, then weave out of the web of nature all about you a chain of love long enough to reach the farthest star, throw it over, catch the ends and swing out into space. With Mount Tabor not far away as we rode over the Plain of Esdraelon, rising as it does right out of an edge of the plain, and Little Hermon's range out of the center and Mount Gilboa on the south edge all near together making an impressive view. On the north side of Little Hermon, facing Mount Tabor, is the village of Endor, where Saul went over one night, eight miles away from Mount Bilboa, to consult a witch the last night of his life on earth. The village of Shunem was not far away where the army moving against Saul was stationed. Not far from this village of Endor is the village of Nain where Jesus first proved that "I am the resurrection and the life" by raising a young man from the dead.

Between Mount Gilboa and Little Hermon is the most famous village of them all and situated on a small rounded hill springing up from the plain—the village of Jezreel. In the time of Ahab it had a "palace of ivory" and mansions so fine as to be called "houses of ivory." Here was Naboth's vineyard and not far away the spring that Gideon's soldiers drank from by taking the water up in the palm of their hands. When we read of chariots being used in battle in the Bible then they

are connected with some great plain, as in most of the country, chariots could not have been used. There is no other valley in Palestine where so many great events in Bible history have occurred as on this great Plain of Esdraelon.

All day we were in sight of Mount Carmel, which is a ridge about fifteen miles long on top, not a peaked mountain as its name would imply. When heavy rains occur the drainage of this valley is considerable, forming the river Kishon. Not far from Mount Carmel are two mountain peaks close together which are famous as the place where the contest between the priests of Baal and Elijah took place. Then afterward all these false priests and prophets were taken down where the torrent of Kishon runs and they were slain. Over this very plain and crossing our trail somewhere, Elijah ran before the king's chariot to Jezreel the night his servant saw the clouds gathering, for a great storm arose in answer to prayer. Elisha one time, in company with the Shunamite woman, passed over this trail and in answer to faith her dead son was restored to life. We were wonderfully interested in all these places. As I looked out towards the mouth of this annual river Kishon, I remembered the words of prophecy that Christ uttered, "There shall be false Christs." After sailing from Brindisi in Italy we found on every steamer people who admitted they were interested in the claims of Abbi Effendi at Acre, near the mouth of this river of Kishon. This so-called Christ has many followers about Washington and Baltimore in America, as well as elsewhere. The word "Effendi" in this country is simply a title applied and used by educated gentlemen. This man's father claimed to be Christ and many people believed him. He received much money, large sums coming from Persia, and was not seen much except at times the poorest of the people got a glimpse of his back. He died, leaving three sons. The present "Effendi" got the money, "bagged the divinity," and not long ago was summoned in court as a witness in a case of robbery in his own house. He was asked who he was. The answer came, "I am neither a carpenter nor a camel driver, I will

answer tomorrow." Tomorrow never came. He used money to keep out of court. Just before sundown we reached our camping place on the edge of this plain, the old place of En-Gannim, now called Jenin.

As we camped at Jenin in the evening the officials came and examined our papers, and to encourage good feeling we engaged two soldiers to stand guard over the camp during the night. They have some water for irrigation, and in the village are some fine gardens with large date palms scattered through them, also some very large fig trees. At or near this place, as it is on the direct road to Samaria, is where Jesus healed the ten lepers and only one came back. This village, the old En-Gannim, belonged to the tribe of Issachar. Beautiful for location, and where the water ran the soil was burdened with its wonderful growth of fruit trees and gardens. We heard the cry of jackals all about our camp during the night. We paid the soldiers one franc each this morning; they, as usual, wanted additional pay. Their ways do not surprise us any more. Again taking to the saddle, we soon saw at the right the Plain of Dothan, the prettiest small valley yet seen in Palestine. Many handsome song-birds were flying about, and on the borders of this valley were some handsome olive orchards. It is believed Joseph was sold by his brethren on this Plain of Dothan. As we entered Samaria I noticed the dew or water still clinging to some of the rocks. I do not know the reason. Only one kind, a gray looking rock, presented this peculiar feature so late in the morning. As we passed a high ridge we again saw Mount Carmel and Nazareth in the distance, our last view of these wonderful places. In the villages we were passing the people keep their supply of fuel, either wood, brush or weeds, on the top of their houses. Samaria is a handsome country, beautifully rounded hills and nooks of valleys as pretty as the sun ever shone upon.

We did not go around by the site of its old and famous capital, taking the direct route to the old city of Shechem. These were wonderful days to me. My only regret being

that the time was too short. I was so absorbed in thought, history and association that I ate but little. Each day was crowned with a necklace of jewels more lustrous than the one preceding it. A tiara brighter than any king ever wore.

As we climbed intervening ridges the dome-shaped top of Mount Tabor was still in view, as beautiful in shape and as impressive in situation and looks as it ever was in the "olden days." About noon clouds and rifts of sunshine kept alternating each other, lending additional lustre and charm to a pleasing landscape.

The village people were gathering olives, a much better crop on an average than in Italy. Most of them had no ladders; knocking them off with poles. Little bits of ground was being plowed between the rocks on the hillsides, with the smallest of oxen. By the side of each village are their threshing floors, and quite often you meet or pass caravans of camels moving in rigid lines, as camels seem to get their eyes fixed on some distant object and never deviate from their course. Towards evening we entered a road fitted up for carriages coming from Haiffa. Entering this road, bordered with gardens and fruit trees, we soon came to Shechem, the place where Abraham built an altar, the first one in the Promised land, as related in the twelfth chapter of Genesis.

Jacob bought a "parcel of a field," dug a well on the land, reared an altar, living here many years. He gave this land to Joseph and years afterwards, the Israelites buried Joseph here on this same land. (Josh. 24-32.)

While our supper and tent were being prepared, hiring a boy for guide, we drove on through the streets of Shechem to Jacob's Well. We were in a mountain valley, and to the left—looking to the east is Mount Ebal, and to the right, Gerizim. The well is nearly a mile east of the present village, which is directly between these two noted mountains. At and around the well the ground all slopes towards the Jordan. Where the village has the drainage is toward the Mediterranean.

Iasiah speaks of the fatness of these valleys, the beauty of their flowers, and this valley and surroundings was known as

"Delightsome Land." Knocking at the entrance of an enclosure, where the well is located, the door was opened. To get to the well we were guided by an aged patriarchial looking man to the rear of the enclosure and down a few steps of stone. At or about the fifth century a church was built over this well. Now, all is gone except some broken pillars. Unlocking another entrance we saw the well, with its old curb stones, having a circular entrance just about large enough for a man to squeeze through, or to pull out a goat skin full of water. Below the opening the well is about seven feet in diameter and seventy-five feet deep. In the early part of the last century the well was 105 feet deep. Nobody knows how the difference was filled in. There was no water there when we saw it, being just at the close of the dry season. I sat down on the opening curb stones, gray, and polished smooth with use, besides being well worn. One day Jesus came to this well on his way from Judea to Galilee. He came "about the sixth hour" or about the middle of the day. Farther west this valley has eight fine living springs of water. He came from the east up a steeply ascending slope where there is no water. He had reached the little city of Sychar, an outlying settlement from Shechem. Coming up this steep mountain slope, in the heat of the day, over these dusty trails, he was weary, warm, worn and tired. He sat on the well, resting. He was thirsty. A woman came to draw water. On her head was an empty earthen water pot or jar, standing alone. Her motion in walking kept the jar in position. In one of her hands or coiled up on her arm, was a piece of home spun rope, a little more than one hundred feet long, as the well was deep. This is a true picture. I have seen hundreds of women going after water, to a well, on this trip through Palestine in the same way. You know the rest of the story, how he tarried two days where many Samaritans saw Jesus. It is a beautiful experience to meet Jesus and know that it is He. The woman was so interested that she forgot all about the need for water at her home, left the water pot at the well and went back without any water, telling every man she saw,

"Come—is not this the Christ?" We are camping towards the place where Jesus flew off to Heaven. Yet he sent another messenger, the "Comforter," to take his place. He put his Spirit and presence with this messenger. He sits on your door step, rings you up by telephone (your conscience), is weary, warm, worn and tired. He is thirsty and wants a drink of water, and in exchange will give you "living water."

In the early twilight we rode back to the village now called Nablous, with several thousand population, beautiful in its situation, once the capital of Israel. We retired early as we concluded to climb Mount Gerizim in the morning and also look about Nablous. Again we hired a soldier to guard the camp, as we found it the easiest and cheapest way to please the Turkish officials.

At daylight in the morning we started to climb Mount Gerizim. We commenced the ascent on the west, passing around the edge of the village. Abandoning the trail, we made a direct ascent, through an olive orchard at first, then over rocks. The olive trees in this valley have mistletoe hanging on them. I have seen none elsewhere in Palestine. We saw several foxes as they ran for cover in and under the rocky ledges.

On one of these natural standing places overlooking the valley and village the first parable ever spoken was uttered by Jotham, really a fable, about trees electing a king to rule over them. A bramble bush was selected typical of the ruler over Israel, the reigning Abimelech. It is a good thing to "read between the lines" and understand parables or fables as we find them today.

The higher mountain of Ebal, opposite us, a few hundred yards away, was covered on most of its slopes with cactus, called "prickly pear." There is much of this large cactus all over Palestine, yet there was none there in Bible times. The first of it was brought into the country by the Spaniards in about the sixteenth century. There is a natural ampitheatre between these two mountains, where, as Bible history tells us, curses were pronounced upon Israel from Mount Ebal,

and blessings from the mountain we were climbing. We could hear people talking down in the valley below, thus proving to us how all Israel heard both curses and the blessings. It must have been a remarkable scene, as we stood and pictured out the position of the people on that memorable occasion.

We came to the ruins of a great temple erected by Sanballat, king of Samaria, about 450 B. C., where temple worship was carried on similar to its mode of service at Jerusalem. Some of the courses of the stones and most of the foundations are still there, of large area, and it must have been an imposing temple. There is a little square stone building in the temple enclosure where a sacrifice of lambs and the feast of the passover is kept up—the only place in the world—once a year. Seven white lambs are offered up for sacrifice each spring at the time of the paschal moon.

As we came down the mountain we visited their synagogue. The Samaritan high priest took us into their house of worship—a fine, intelligent looking man. There are five locks on the stout wooden door. The last key he used is fully one foot in length. Very large keys are still used all over Palestine, a surprise at every turn. There are only about a hundred people keeping up this old form of Jewish worship. As we entered, the carpet was thrown back a few paces from the entrance and we were requested not to step farther than the bare space. We wanted to see their old copies of the law written on parchment. With our shoes taken off I presume we could have walked on the carpet. There are no windows in the little synagogue, just two apertures in the ceiling, and even these are securely vaulted. Hanging across a recess in the wall towards Mount Gerizim, their "holy mount," is a curtain of white linen, then green and purple is worked on it, the whole being very rich and handsome and forming the veil, as inside is the "holy of holies." No one but the priest is allowed to enter this place. We were shown three sets of manuscript, one written by Ahisha, the great-grandson of Aaron. The priest reached behind the veil to get these rare manuscripts. These people use nothing but the books of the

law in their worship. The oldest parchment was wrapped inside of a silver looking case, and we were wonderfully interested in it, as it is believed by experts to be the oldest manuscript written on parchment in the world, dating from the third century at least. Once a year all their people are allowed to kiss a portion of this old parchment where the blessings are written. The construction of the case holding this parchment, the engraved figures of the ark of the covenant, candlesticks and various instruments used in their sacrificial service, with all the surroundings so strange to us, mementos of the past, engaged our attention in a remarkable way. No wonder they had five locks, including two padlocks, on the door. Many wonderful things we were seeing in our wanderings over land and sea. Events crowd each other so rapid, their swing is so mighty and reaches so far into the past that I am amazed every day as we pass them on the way. A mine of thought each one reveals; a treasure house until now concealed. Is my span of life to last until all this treasure is within my grasp?

Remounting our horses we rode rapidly away as the muleteers with tents and luggage had preceded us at an early hour. As we passed Jacob's well we saw a tomb not far away, said to be Joseph's, but we doubt if the spot of his burial is known. As we turned towards the south, the beautiful plain and the curved hills stretching away east and south of the well are in many respects the choicest bits of scenery in all of Palestine. Contour, change, color and sweep of vision, until beyond the Jordan where the mountains of Moab and Gilead filled out the picture, was the view that Jacob and his sons saw. The sun, as we rode along, only peeped at us now and then; birds were singing notes of glee, and just on the rocky hard spots of the trail were patches of that beautiful pink flower, the autumn crocus—one of the loveliest flowers that ever looked at the sun, standing all alone on its stalk with not a leaf in sight. The saffron that in the Song of Solomon (4:14) he sang about is obtained by pressing the petal-like stigmas of this flower and drying them. We passed three lepers begging

by the wayside, poor, pitiful, hopeless-looking men. Valleys, villages and hills looked at us as we passed on towards Jerusalem. Each hour gave us delight as something new caught the eye. At 2 o'clock p. m. off a rounded hill, with only one small building and some ruins in view, to the east of our trail, was the site of historic Shiloh. The tent built by Moses in the desert, called the Tabernacle, found a resting place at Shiloh. It was a city with a wonderful history. This tabernacle remained in Shiloh during the entire period of the Judges. Great annual gatherings here occurred and dances were held. The little valley surrounding the hill of Shiloh was this place of gathering, with adjacent hills of the right height to hold thousands of people as they looked on. Every Bible story about this land has conditions of hill and valley about the story that exactly fits the place and the way the tale is told.

After passing Shiloh the trail led us for several miles down a narrow, rocky valley, some of the time through groves of large olive trees, then over a trail, still descending, of nothing but rocks. Yet up on the mountain slopes, on little terraces, between ledges and huge piles of loose rock, were Arab farmers, plowing with their teams of small oxen, and some of them had cows yoked together.

We passed the usual camping place sometime before sundown, and the dragoman wanted to camp; we told him "No" we were going to camp at Bethel. At sundown Bethel was not in sight, neither did the dragoman or the muleteers know just where to find Bethel, only we knew we were on a trail leading in that direction. We took the lead, now on an ascending trail around and over the rocks. On and on until the twilight entirely faded away, and still no appearance of Bethel or any other village. In the afternoon on the right we had passed Gilgal—the one mentioned so often in connection with the prophet Elijah. There are five ancient places called Gilgal in Palestine, therefore in studying Bible history we have to be careful to know which one the narrative records, or we may be mystified in trac-

ing events and places. With only a few stars to light us on the way, as clouds were gathering in the sky, we plodded on still in the lead. We began to think we were obstinate in pushing on to Bethel. We missed the trail, wandering along among the rocks, with no sound except the footfalls of the five horses and the ass, with jackals crying out in shrill voices on the rocky hill sides. In the distance a dog commenced barking, giving us a clue as to the direction, which proved to be the little village of Beitin, the Bethel of Bible history. We retired as soon as a camping place could be found, very tired, yet we had plans to carry out in the morning.

As I walked out of the tent in the morning, I was surprised to see an ancient reservoir said to be three hundred feet one way and two hundred the other; now used as a threshing floor by this little village of poor people. On a hill near by are the ruins of an old tower and old foundations of ancient buildings. The name of the place on the early pages of history was Luz. One day along the same rocky trail we were traveling over—that has been traveled on for thousands of years—Jacob was traveling, tortured in mind, fleeing away from a brother he had wronged, and as with us, darkness overtook him, and with the ground for a bed, a stone for a pillow, and the skies for a covering, he laid down to sleep. The unexpected happened, as it often does in everybody's life, and instead of a deep restful sleep, he dreamed a dream; you know what it was—a ladder, the longest one ever seen, and angels walking up and down the ladder. He was scared. Just as you and I have seen people living in America, after they had a dream and connected it with some dreadful omen. You know the rest of the story, how he became afraid and, like everybody else, who is afraid, got up very early in the morning. It is a beautiful story. Hunt it up and read it and get the sequel, where it tells why this village was called Bethel.

While eating breakfast, the women of the village came to the spring, near the bottom of the reservoir, after water,

to the same spring and in the same way as thousands of years ago. Our prepared plan now came to fruition. We walked nearly two miles directly east towards the old city of Ai. We climbed the eminence where Abraham and Lot agreed to part. A beautiful view, especally toward the Jordan and the Dead Sea. All the Jordan valley near the Dead Sea, "well watered" and beautiful sloping hills leading to this valley, were at the east and southeast. No wonder Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom." Abraham gave Lot his choice as they stood on the hill we were standing on and looked at the country. It was a beautiful arrangement, no more quarreling among the herdsmen. Lot, of course, went home and told his wife how good the Lord was to him and his household, and I have no doubt that Lot's wife went singing about the tent and that night dreamed beautiful dreams—little dreaming of the sad, direful fate awaiting her. Read the interesting story, and that description of how the country looked to Lot is equally as good today as we were standing on the spot. You will also notice that years before, Abraham erected an altar on this eminence to the Lord. We here saw our first glimpse of Jerusalem and the tall, white Russian tower on Mount Olivet. Emotions resemble the great sea, sometimes passively quiet, then again heaving with a tremendous throb. Force always precedes action, and at the moment I saw Jerusalem and Mount Olivet, a singular force, irresistible and uncontrollable, took possession of every fibre of my being. We returned to camp and again for the last day rode toward Jerusalem. Good trails, villages quite numerous, and more tillable land was about us than farther north; feed for cattle very scarce; as I saw one Arab up in a fig tree pulling the leaves off to feed two cattle below. We were much interested in our approach to Jerusalem, watching from every ridge and hill its nearing panorama. We came to a nice carriage road, and it seemed strange to ride along this road after riding two hundred miles without roads—just trails across the country. As we came to Mount Scopus, the mountain facing

Jerusalem, about a mile away toward the north, we sat down to eat our lunch. Here is where Titus camped and all the besieging armies that ever encompassed Jerusalem, as this is the only approachable side outside of the walled city. I was surprised to see so many large and good looking buildings, especially north of the walled city, where there is plenty of room to grow. Rapidly we scanned from the distance every feature of interest we could see, and mounting again for the last time, we rode forward, proceeding to the Olivet House, not far from the Jaffa gate, where all the hotels are. People were surprised to see us coming in from Damascus, as after the cholera started on the route we were the only ones able to get through. The trip was finished. Sixteen days we stayed in and about Jerusalem, camping "down to Jericho" out of Gibeon, Mizpeh, Bethlehem and Solomon's Pools, then to Jaffa and Egypt.

As our room was in full view of Mount Olivet and New Calvary, we saw the sun rise several mornings, and with much interest, expectation and thought I watched the morning light as it would gather and culminate as the sun appeared over the crest of historic Olivet. During these sixteen days it rained about five inches in Jerusalem, and at times the weather was chilly and cold. Some sharp lightning and heavy peals of thunder occurred, sounding to me like echoes coming down from the past. Jerusalem! How magical the name, and how elastic my footsteps were as I started out to see the city. All the hotels are near the Jaffa gate, and there are many large, fine looking buildings on the north of the walled city, and outside of the walls much building is being done. An exceptional city, the central one of Bible history and prophecy, destined to yet play an important part in this old world's history, even as in the past. Tremendous events have occurred here, greater than any battefield ever recorded in the annals of history. Human life is full of tragedy everywhere, yet in depth and force tragedy had its full play in and about this city; fringed

with pathos, tenderness and love, as never seen on earth before or since our Saviour's crucifixion and resurrection.

I entered the walled city full of Oriental life and character. There are many old gray haired men, mostly Jews. They come to Jerusalem to die, as they want to be buried on the slopes of Mount Olivet, as almost the entire side of this mountain facing Jerusalem is one vast Jewish cemetery, of nearly all flat tombstones. I saw them interring their dead there several times. By appearance the ground in the many centuries of time that has elapsed has been buried over and over.

Many Jews wear curls, training their hair that way. This mark is said to be a sign that they belong to the tribe of Judah. There are priests everywhere of all kinds—Greek, Latin, Jesuit, Maronite, Abyssinian, Coptic, Armenian and friars dressed in brown, all wearing keys and priestly robes, causing one to wonder why they are all there.

Donkeys, loaded with almost everything one can think of, jostle you at every step as you tread along in the little narrow streets and bazaars. A curious lot of people from every clime and country, except the far eastern ones of India and China and those surrounding them. Arabs with their cloaks on (Abbas), Jews wearing long cloaks, flowing robes of all colors, pass and repass you until this ever-changing kaleidoscope of color and character impress you as nothing ever does in Occidental lands. The city has been destroyed six times and many feet beneath its present streets are the foundation stones of ancient Jerusalem. I saw the grain merchants selling grain. The purchaser pressed the grain down, shook it and heaped the measure until not another kernel could be heaped on, just as in Bible times, taking many minutes of time to measure enough to fill a sack. All the wood merchants sell wood by weight and buy it the same way. We walked to the wailing place of the Jews, outside of the supposed original wall of the temple enclosure, yet inside of the city. Here in their quaint costumes they recite their prayers, and with a continual swaying back and forth bewail

DONKEY AND OX PLOWING
JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

the desolation that has overtaken the land, yet according to prophecy. Some are there at all times, and several hundred each Friday at sunset, when their Sabbath commences.

Most of the many thousands of Jews in Jerusalem are very poor and live in such filthy houses and quarters as to be almost beyond description. No one except a Mohammedan is allowed to enter the temple enclosure without a permit which has to be purchased at a megida (90 cents) each and an attendant and a soldier are required to accompany you. Before knowing this we were walking near one of the gates of the enclosure one day, and after watching many women as they filled and carried away jugs of water as it came into a little basin from Solomon's pools, we saw an open gate and started to walk in. Several Mohammedans sprang at us, one of them brandishing a club, and we were ordered back very peremptorily, I believe if we had taken another step forward we would have been knocked down. After this, with our purchased permits, we visited the enclosure, the old site of Solomon's temple and the grounds, in all about thirty-five acres. The famous rounded dome of the Mosque of Omar is built over the rock that David purchased as a threshing floor, and is believed to be the very spot where Abraham reared an altar for the sacrifice of his only son. No one is allowed to touch the large rock, it being fenced in. The top of the rock was much disfigured by the Crusaders, who covered some of it with marble, now taken away.

This rock, about fifty feet in diameter, and stands about six feet high, is known to the Jewish people as the Sakara, or "Stone of Foundation," and they have a legend that this rock is the world's center, and around which the world was formed. We descended a staircase which leads to a cavern under the rock, where it is said Mohammed prayed and ascended to heaven from this cavern. If the Talmudic account of the temple that Solomon built is correct, then the center of this rock was the center of the "Holy of Holies" and the Ark of the Covenant rested there. Next to

Mecca this is the great sacred spot of the Mahommedans, and of course all our shoes had to be removed as we walked about. Most of the thirty-five acres are covered with pavements, and underneath are Solomon's stables, to which we descended, and also the quarries where the stone to construct the temple was obtained. Large pillars of original rock still stand to support the surface above, and one may wander for hours in these great subterranean chambers.

My heart was strangely stirred as I looked around on this spot where the Savior taught the people and performed miracles. Here those beautiful poetic psalms of David were first sung, so grand and touching that many human hearts are humming them over today, warming their hearts as nothing but the divine word can. It was here that for many centuries, and nowhere else on the earth, God manifested himself in the Shechinah to his people.

> How beautiful to let our souls expand and grow,
> Especially if our hearts are responsive too.
> These seasons are within the reach of all,
> The only condition is to hear the Savior's call.

One of the benefits of travel is to get above commonplace things around you, and catch as the occasion may offer, something of the wonderful wealth all about us. Many Moslems were reading their Korans in the larger mosque on the grounds and others were engaged in apparently zealous devotions. At all the stated hours of prayer in all the large mosques, a man will ascend to the top of the minaret just before the time and call the people to prayer. Usually he sings out his call in a loud voice, recounting the goodness of God and sometimes the greatness of his prophet Mohammed. As I passed out of these wonderful sacred and historic grounds, there came to me this thought, speaking it almost in an audible voice: "This has been one of the greatest days of my life."

Everybody visiting Jerusalem takes a trip "down to Jericho." There is a carriage road in good condition curving on a grade as it descends through the "wilderness of Judea."

Most people are made to believe that the road is infested with robbers. It undoubtedly is if you do not pay money to the Turkish government for protection. If you travel otherwise you will be robbed. Our dragoman paid for a guard. We never saw him only at the "Good Samaritan" inn. With a dragoman and driver one fine morning we started from near the Jaffa gate for Jericho. We passed along to the east, north of the walled city, near the Damascus gate and down across the Kedron valley by the Garden of Gethsemane. Birds were singing, and after the rain of a few days previous, green grass was beginning to grow, and the lovely crocus flower was still peering at us from the roadside, full of sweetness and color. On the northern slopes of Olivet and in and about the Kedron valley, the Arab farmers were plowing the small patches of land, with the poorest and smallest of oxen.

Passing close to the tomb of Absalom, the most conspicuous object in the valley, cut out of the original rock, twenty feet above the rubbish at its base and about the same size on each side. Above this is a circular body of hewn stone surmounted by a small dome and spire. It looks very old and many Jews pelt it with stones in passing. We then pass through the great Jewish cemetery, winding along and around the slopes of Olivet, until we come to the village of Bethany, about a mile from the summit of Olivet. This village of thirty or forty flat-roofed houses has a beautiful secluded situation. I declined entering the house of Lazarus and his reputed tomb, as they looked too modern.

The location of this village in such a quiet, restful spot was its charm for Jesus, as here he seemed to have a home. The inhabitants are great beggars and are wretchedly poor. With a rapid descent we soon came to the "Well of the Apostles," so called as it is the only spring for miles on this route and is always a resting place. Not a tree or bush on any of these mountains, affording scanty pasturage to a few goats, and their herdsmen are the only inhabitants as there are no villages on the entire road after leaving Bethany. There is

much travel, as the people of a large area of country in Moab east of the Jordan all use this road to Jerusalem. Parties usually were armed, rifles strung on their backs, and as we continually met these Oriental people in all kinds of costumes, some on foot, others riding asses, camels and horses, and driving their pack animals, we soon learned by their dress and appearance the part of the country they came from. About half way down we came to the "Good Samaritan" inn, where the man that fell among thieves was cared for. Soon after at our left we saw the brook Cherith, where Elijah lived in a cave and was fed by ravens.

A little farther along is the Mount of Temptation, overlooking the Jordan valley. It is a steep, almost inaccessible peak, a little higher than the surrounding mountains, and tradition marks it as the spot of Christ's temptation for forty days. A more lonely spot cannot be imagined and nothing in all the world more desolate. As we emerged from the mountains out into the valley of the Jordan we were not far from the ancient site of Jericho, the subject of such a remarkable Bible story. We drove directly down the valley about ten miles to the Dead Sea, the lowest spot beneath the level of the sea in the world (1292 feet). For the first time in my life I went in swimming and I could not sink. All I had to do was to keep my head up and I could propel myself or float like a cork anywhere. Not a fish can live in its waters, and on the shore were many dead fish all pickled in salt, and dry as they lay up on the bank several feet above the water's edge, evidently brought down into the sea by the river Jordan in the last winter floods and cast up on the shore. We were about two miles from the place where the Jordan entered the sea. Some drift wood but not a living green plant was on or near the shore. No village in sight except Jericho, ten miles away.

Toward the south on the right the mountains come close to the sea, bare, precipitous and desolate. Just east of us was Mount Pisgah, where Moses surveyed the land but was not allowed to enter. As far as we could see north and south

of the mount where Moses stood was a uniform and almost unbroken range of mountains. Yet back of these mountains there is a fairly level and fertile country.

We again climbed into our carriage and drove a few miles away to one of the noted fords of the Jordan, the place where thousands of Pilgrims, mostly Russians, are baptized each Easter day. We ate our lunch there in the shade of some trees and as we looked at this muddy Jordan river running along, of considerable volume of water, and then remembered how clear the rivers of Damascus looked, we did not wonder at what Naaman, the leper, said as the Bible story tells us.

We were not far from where the Israelites crossed this river on dry land into the "promised land"—the most mysterious river in the world. Its sources are unlike other rivers, and its discharge into this sea where its fresh water is never seen again is marvelous. Three times by power from above, this great river has been held back, parted as it were, so that its passage could be made as on dry land. Not a city ever stood on its banks. Not a ship ever sailed on its waters except where in the two instances above it spreads into an expanse of sea. Its length, about one hundred miles, unlike any other river on the earth, runs most of the way in its course beneath the level of the sea. I walked along the banks in thickets of forest and vines so dense that I could scarcely go.

After lunch we drove to "Elisha's spring," not far from the present village of Jericho, which without doubt is the very spring that Elisha healed the waters; an account of it may be found in 2 Kings 2: 19-22.

It is a large spring coming out of a little hill, of perhaps one hundred inches of water. Below it are gardens, some orange groves, bananas and palm trees all irrigated from this spring, also supplying Jericho with water.

We stayed over night in Jericho, finding it almost too warm to sleep. We were in a village situated farther below the sea level than any other one in the world. Here was tropical heat, never any frost, and that morning in Jerusalem it was

too cold to sit in doors without a fire. In the hotel garden is a large sycamore or wild fig tree and seeing it reminded me that it was at Jericho, Nicodemus climbed into a sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by. In the morning I was up to see the sun rise over the mountains of Moab. Almost over the crest of Mount Pisgah the sun arose, throwing its sparkling gleams of light over land and sea, lighting up the treeless mountains west of the Dead Sea, and all the so-called "Wilderness of Judea," until each rock, crag and peak was bathed in colors of amber and violet as films of fleecy folds of cumuli brushed the face of the sun in recurring intervals of time. At about two o'clock that afternoon we again entered Jerusalem, realizing that each day seemed almost a lifetime, traveling where mighty events have taken place, each moment crowded with thought until all my senses were so occupied that I seemed to be gathering pearls by the roadside.

With much expectation one morning after a heavy rain we started in a carriage for Bethlehem. The dragoman and driver were on the seat in front as usual. Our carriage was drawn by three horses hitched abreast, yet two good American horses would be much stronger. Over the table lands to the south of Jerusalem our course lay, with green grass springing up among the ever present rocks, and by the wayside. A few fig trees, now and then a garden, occasionally a pomegranate tree, and many stone heaps and walls enclosing the little grain fields, yet to be plowed and cultivated. These were the main features of the country about us. We were traveling over the plain of Rephaim and probably not far from the place Sennacherib's army was encamped when smitten by the destroying angel.

Over this same road Abraham led his son on his way to the rock on Mount Moriah, like a lamb to slaughter. In Genesis we read, "And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." This occurred nearly four thousand years ago on this very road, and here by the wayside is Rachel's tomb, not the one Jacob set up, although the record adds it was

still there when Moses wrote the book of Genesis. The tomb has a dome and is of Jewish design, probably several hundred years old. This sacred spot is about a mile from Bethlehem and about five miles from Jerusalem.

In driving to Bethlehem we met many of the Bethlehem women going to market on foot to Jerusalem. There is something very remarkable about the women of this particular village, as they are good looking, stand very erect, and dress different from other Arab women. At any time in Jerusalem we could pick out the Bethlehem women from the great throngs of other women.

By the roadside, also, is a well called the "Well of the Star," as here it is said the wise men found the star again to lead them to the place of our Savior's birth. They had lost sight of the star as they stopped in Jerusalem to see Herod. As we arrived at the edge of Bethlehem we stopped to look into the well that three of David's men risked their lives in order to get David a drink of water, because they heard him say he was thirsty.

Down the narrow streets of Bethlehem we drove, where almost all the population make shell work and olive wood rosaries, cross and other articles. The shell work is beautiful, being all mother-of-pearl. We drove to the church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church in all the world, built by the Empress Helena over fifteen hundred years ago. We were surprised at the entrance being only about four and one-half feet high, and only a little wider than a common door. It is said that the main entrance is made smaller to keep the Mohammedans from riding in on horseback. The church is jointly occupied by the Latins (the name for Roman Catholics used everywhere in Europe and Asia), Greeks (the Russian national church), and the Armenians. The church is just about surrounded by their convent looking buildings. The three denominations with many priests have services wherein their hours are divided out to them by the Moslems, and stalwart Mohammedan soldiers with clanking swords keeping guard. Otherwise these Christians

would come to blows with each other. Each part of the church where services are held has the three different lots of lamps suspended, and each denomination uses its own lamps. There are some beautiful columns supporting the old cedar roof, and it may be some of them did service once in Solomon's temple.

Under the church is the cave or grotto where Christ was born. We walked down into this grotto as there are stone steps. The cave is about forty feet long, fifteen feet wide and about ten feet high. In the center, enclosed as a shrine, and in a blaze of light from fifteen lamps continually kept burning day and night, is a silver star that has an inscription which translated from the Latin as it is written would read, "Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." What a hallowed spot! Yet what a travesty on Christianity to be guarded by soldiers.

Not far away in a little cell hewn out of the rock is where in the early centuries Jerome translated the Bible into Latin. He lived and died there and we saw his tomb.

I walked to the rear of the town. Out on the hillsides flocks of sheep and goats under the care of shepherds were still there. One night angels visited shepherds like these, wearing their sheepskin coats to keep warm as these do now. The visit was made to several shepherds in the country around Bethlehem. They were afraid. Do you wonder? I think everyone of us today would be afraid if an angel visited us in tangible form. The angel told them a wonderful story and after that a multitude of angels came suddenly and sang a verse that men have been trying to sing after them for nineteen hundred years. These shepherds (not having their faith tangled up in a theological school) just believed the story and said to one another, "Let us now go." The record adds that "they came with haste." I have no doubt they ran, as Oriental people do now, and found the story true. These shepherds told everybody they saw and men went "abroad" to tell the story and everybody they told it to "wondered."

How interesting any story is that makes people wonder. Nobody ever goes to sleep when such a story is being told. Over the same road we traveled on to Bethlehem, the wise men from the east came bringing their costly gifts. Nobody knows what country they came from, but they were wise men, having wisdom that comes from God; and they had seen a new star. More than likely their neighbors laughed at them as they left home, with all their gifts. Yet they were simply nature's children and came to worship nature's God, the one that created all things.

There is a hidden chain with links of Love,
Long enough to reach the stars above;
Just like these wise men from the East,
You can catch this chain with simple faith.

Learn from the lesson one of its conditions,
To bring the best gifts in your possession;
Then some bright star will lead you by sight,
Until you, too, will find the Saviour some night.

Off to the southeast of Bethlehem are some beautiful, sloping grain fields, not far away, and tradition locates these fields as the place where Ruth gleaned after the reapers. Read the Book of Ruth, that beautiful idyl of a story, so tender and touching, yet fully Oriental in its character.

How my pulse quickened as I looked at all the surroundings of Bethlehem. Here the great Creator of all things, assumed the veil of humanity in order that we might be lifted up. As we rode away from Bethlehem we passed on to the south about six miles farther to see the three great reservoirs that Solomon built, called Solomon's pools. In one of them is a sealed fountain, perhaps the one he sang about in his songs. Recently the water from these pools has been piped to Jerusalem. Probably there is not as much water as in Solomon's time, as every hill and mountain is entirely without trees or bushes. We wanted to go to Hebron, but cholera was there and at these pools the road

was guarded, preventing us from going any farther. As we rode back to Jerusalem each hour, filled with association and thought, seemed like a whole day.

We hired some donkeys one day and with our dragoman started to ride to Gideon and Mizpeh. These places, near together, are about six miles from Jerusalem to the northwest. Passing the large Russian buildings on the left and taking a northerly course we soon came to the Tombs of the Judges, which we entered. On the face of a tall limestone cliff an entrance is cut into the rock, and then another entrance hid by stones running in a groove, are several chambers, with niches for tombs, leading from them. There are underground tombs all about Jerusalem, but none any where more extensive than these are. New tombs are often discovered, as in excavating the utmost care was taken to conceal them. Over and around rock-ribbed hills our course led us and by little villages. We came to the modern place of Neby Samuel, so named in honor of the prophet Samuel. This "high place" towers above all other hills in this vicinity and most people believe it is Mizpeh. We were a long time climbing up to the top over rocky trails. It stands 3000 feet above sea level and commands one of the best views of Western Palestine. After reaching the top where there is a little village we climbed to the top of a Mohammedan mosque, up the stairway of its minaret, after paying for the privilege. This whole section of Palestine lay spread out before us. At the east beyond many hills and valleys and over the Jordan were the mountains of Gilead and Moab. On the south were the towers and domes of Jerusalem. In the west beyond many rock-capped hills were the plains of Sharon and Philistia, and in the far distance the Mediterranean Sea. Mount Carmel and Tabor are easily seen towards the north. We were interested in looking down on the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the moon to stand still and the sun over Gideon and the record adds, "And there was no day like that before it or after it." To the north about a mile on a beautiful hill is the old site of Gideon, in situation and surroundings re-

OFF FOR GIBEON

FROM JERUSALEM

sembling the site of Shiloh. We drove over to Gideon. The hill has tiers or ledges of rock encircling it on about the same levels and then a strip of good land and another ridge of rocky ledge. There are the ruins of the old city and a small Arab village on its top, a flattened surface. We were much interested in the only spring of water and the traces of an old reservoir below it. It was here that twelve men sat facing this pool and rising up fought a duel and all were killed. It was at Gideon that Solomon had a dream one night and God appeared to him, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon only asked for "an understanding heart to judge the people." Because he asked for neither riches nor honor nor even a long life, God heard his prayer and gave him great wisdom and also riches and honor. We are told that Solomon at one time offered one thousand burnt offerings and the whole valley resounded with the clang of "trumpets and cymbals and musical instruments of God." It was at the high place, probably Mizpeh, while the Israelites were assembled for worship at the invitation of Samuel that the Philistines came against them with an army and God sent a great thunder storm and the Israelites routed them. It was then that Samuel raised up a stone of victory, calling it Ebenezer, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In and about these peaceful looking valleys and rocky hills many mighty events have taken place.

It was near sundown as we took another road back to Jerusalem, the direct one from Gideon. Every little while we would meet groups of chattering Arabs returning home from Jerusalem; anything they have to sell the women carry to market on their heads, or if too bulky the men pack it on donkeys or camels. The largest caravan of camels we saw was one hundred and fifty, coming to Jerusalem one day, all loaded with raisins. They came from the land of Hauran, beyond the Jordan. It was after 7 o'clock, with only the twinkling stars to light us on the way and the lonely cry of the jackals our only company before we reached Jerusalem. These were happy, pleasant days for me, as was every day that I rambled in and about this city so full of interest that at

times I became absorbed in thought; so lost in the past, that I would find myself humming over and over some little snatch of a song, yet my real self and every impulse was far, far away. Ever and anon there comes to me a consciousness that my little finite mind is not large enough to contain all that I see and hear; yet out of all this wealth of many lands and climes I am gathering many rare jewels to sparkle and shine my entire life through. Possession is always much more than expectation.

One of the most peculiar places in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchure. To Greeks, Armenians, Latins, Copts and Abysinians who occupy this church with continual daily service and to their millions of followers, this church is the most sacred building in the world. Many thousands of them, chiefly from Russia, come on a pilgrimage each year. It is the event of their lifetime, taking many months to go and come, usually arriving in Jerusalem before Christmas and staying long after Easter. All their accumulated savings of years are used on this pilgrimage as many in their native village, who cannot come, will expect a remembrance from the Holy Land on their return. Near the entrance of the church is a marble slab, where they believe the body of Jesus was laid, and one of the first things they do is to make or buy a burial shroud as long as this piece of marble. The places of crucifixion, burial and resurrection are all shown in this church as the real places. Many of the stones on these sacred spots are kissed smooth by these pilgrims. Mohammedan soldiers stand guard over all these services, as these different sects have their hours of service arranged for them by the Moslems. I saw several of these services and in most of them incense was used and their zeal and devotion was very marked. They ascend several steps to the place of crucifixion and show a rent in some rocks. Every Easter they enact the most stupendous fraud in the history of any religion. The Latins used to be in the arrangement but now the Greeks alone. It is pretending to bring down holy fire from heaven and these Russian pilgrims believe it. Many costly lamps are kept burn-

ing and gold and glitter is everywhere. I believe the place of crucifixion is what is called New or English Calvary, near the Damascus gate. It is now a Mohammedan cemetery, a quiet place, and the one where, as we left Jerusalem the grass was greener than on any other spot. There is also a tomb near, which I believe to be the very tomb and place of the resurrection. It is near the spot of Jeremiah's grotto, where it is believed he wrote the book of Lamentations.

While in Jerusalem one of my favorite walks was over the Kedron valley passing by the Garden of Gethsemane and up to the crest of the Mount of Olives. Usually we started from near the Jaffa gate, outside of the walled city, wending our way through streets of good appearance and climbing over the hill of Calvary, cautiously treading on, around and over the Mohammedan graves, then through the Damascus gate into the city until we came to probably the most historic and interesting street, called Via Dolorosa, or "Way of Sorrows." It is only a little narrow, roughly paved street running to the left and east of the Damascus gate, yet it leads out to St. Stephen's gate, the only gate open in the east wall facing Mount Olivet.

In and along this street Jesus was taken on His way to Pilate's judgment hall, and to His crucifixion. Probably the original street was many feet below the one we were walking on, yet the location was about the same. We went into a Latin church and down many steps by the side and under this street were old pavements and walls that may have been there then. Under old arches and by the side of convents and buildings, with only an occasional doorway and grated window in their prison-like walls, the street leads, until on its right are the Temple grounds, with spacious entrances where only Mohammedans enter, and on the left are their quarters.

We walked out of the city at St. Stephen's gate, at about the spot where it originally was. On and down a descending slope of about three hundred yards, then, turning to the right a few paces, we crossed the Kedron on a bridge. A few steps farther is the present Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed and

only one little aperture in the wall for an entrance. The garden is enclosed with an iron fence, but outside of the fence and within the outside enclosure is a walk and about twelve shrines. I saw Catholic people come in and cross themselves before each shrine in succession. In the garden I counted of each, eight large cypress and olive trees, and one young Mexican pepper tree. Oleanders and different roses filled in the spaces about the different walks.

We were much interested, yet we knew that the oldest of these trees were only a few hundred years old, as Titus, when he destroyed Jerusalem, cut all the trees off from the slopes of Olivet and the Crusaders found none in their time. The largest olive tree I judged to be about seven feet in diameter, probably planted in Crusading times. The ascent of Olivet is very steep, along a narrow lane, with walls of either buildings or loose stone most of the way. We sat under the shade of some olive trees about two-thirds of the distance up the slope and picked up several pieces of mosaic pavement lying on the surface.

Here is the best view of Jerusalem, as it is a near one and on about the same level. Not far from the place we sat Jesus told his disciples of the destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem, a prophecy that was completely fulfilled a few years later. As we neared the top we came to an Arab village, which is not visible from Jerusalem. Passing around the village we enter a gate and are in some large grounds, where church, chapels and some houses, also a stone tower about two hundred feet high, are seen, and a grove of cypress trees. This property belongs to the Russians, and, being a little over the summit and toward Bethany, cannot be far from the spot where Jesus flew away to heaven one day.

Hunting up a Russian priest who had a key to the tower, which is like all the keys in Palestine, of tremendous size, we climbed its stairway, passing several bells, to the top platform. We lingered long on this tower's top, to catch the wondrous view from this sacred spot. Nearly four thousand feet below us and seemingly not far away, yet in distance about thirteen

miles, is the mystic, shining surface of the Dead Sea and the plains to the north of it, where it is quite certain Sodom and Gomorrah once stood. To the south are the hills of Bethlehem, yet that village is not in sight and the one object that arrests your attention is a mountain about ten miles away, unlike any other in Palestine. The top alone is visible, pyramidical in shape, with the top flattened out. This mountain's top is artificial and was constructed by Herod, who built a palace and fortress there, with only one stairway of hewn stone. At the foot of the mountain many other palaces were built with gardens, and Herod named the place Paradise. This is the Herod whom men call "Great," the one who slew the children at Bethlehem, who died in his winter palace at Jericho and was buried with much pomp on this mountain about four miles southeast of Bethlehem.

There is not a more striking view on this earth than from this tower, where one can see the places where the greatest events connected with the history of mankind have taken place. Some large, fleecy clouds were slowly drifting across the azure sky above, and I wondered if those were the same kind of cloud that received the Saviour as He ascended. Just beyond, not far away, the village of Bethany lay with a quiet, restful look. As I turned to descend, large, dark-looking storm clouds began to gather out on the Mediterranean. The wind veered to the southwest, coming cold and chilly, filling the air with that peculiar, resonant sound usually preceding a rainstorm. The clouds overcast the sky, yet to the east beyond the Jordan the mountains of Moab and Gilead were bathed in sunshine, and down on the Dead Sea little rippling waves, sparkling in the sunlight, were merrily chasing each other, as they were pushed onward by a soft summer breeze. Every light has a shadow, every life has some sorrow, and I would not that it were otherwise.

Hastily we returned to our hotel, being just in time to escape the impending storm. As often as I call to mind the last time I gazed around from Olivet, I think of what those two angels said, dressed in white and looking like men, as re-

corded in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. I was not there nearly nineteen hundred years ago to see a cloud receive Jesus Christ as He flew away to heaven, but some day, according to what these two angels said, He will come back in the same way and I shall see Him. (I Thess. 4:16-17).

One morning in the bright sunshine, after a heavy rain during the night, we walked around the walled city outside of the walls. We saw scores of Arab women picking up from the sloping banks of the valleys encircling three sides of Jerusalem, bits of broken pottery, as everywhere the ground near the walls and down into the valleys is full of it. They grind it by rolling a large rock over it until it is ground very fine, using it to mix with cement for facing on walls. They find many old coins which they offer for sale.

Another day we went about a mile southwest of Jerusalem and with an old hoe and pick started to find some tombs. Missing an American shovel, which no one seems to have or use, our courage and search soon ended. Everybody in Palestine as he completes any arrangement with another utters a peculiar saying: "It is finished." When fruit of any kind is over they say the same words. In no other country do we hear the words, yet so often used in and all over Palestine. How wonderful that these last words of our Saviour on the Cross should be continually used in that country now.

VII.

Eight Hundred Miles up the Nile

Missionaries in Jerusalem not being allowed to hold street meetings and surrounded with so much form and ceremony in the so-called Christian churches, have a hard field. Their efforts are apparently, almost, fruitless among the adults, yet there are a faithful few. Most of their effort is concentrated in teaching and training bands of children. I attended the Church of England services near the tomb of David on Mount Zion. One Sunday morning as I took a seat near the door, the sexton came to me and said, "Come ye up higher, there is plenty of room." How wonderfully applicable that little simple invitation of the Sexton is to everybody, either in a religious or business life. During the services, Turkish soldiers across the street stationed in a citadel, blew signal calls on a bugle. In the morning at about sunrise, we drove to the station to take a train to Jaffa as we wanted to take ship to Egypt. When it came time for the train to start the ticket seller had not arrived, therefore the train waited. After a long delay he arrived and a dozen or so passengers got their tickets. We were the only first-class passengers on the train, and just before starting a Turkish official said to us as he peered in one of the windows, "Are you English or American?" As the train rolled away, we looked back to catch one more glimpse of this strange city, so unlike any other in the world. Nearly every family is provided with a cistern to fill with rain water in the winter, as it is about the only supply of water for the entire year. The annual rainfall is

over 30 inches. It is a country of thorns—nearly all the weeds are thorny. A gentleman went out one morning from Jerusalem and gathered thirty-two different species of thorns. The climate is trying, and one is subject to fever. There are no berries. No one raises them, and strawberries and blackberries are never seen in the market. We were soon absorbed in the outlook from our car windows. Villages perched on the mountains and hills. Our course followed the ravines, with a continual descending grade for the first few miles, not a bush or tree in sight natural to the country—all cut for wood. A few olive orchards, some fig and pomegranate trees and grape vines growing near the villages.

About five miles from Jerusalem we came to the quarantine station, where just twenty-five are allowed to come on the train from Jaffa every ten days. Most of them were in tents and as the train men took off their supplies, they were very careful to just leave them on the ground, so they could come for them, yet they had no cholera. Some of these quarantined people were Russian pilgrims. As we began to approach the Plain of Philistia, some wood was seen on the mountains in the form of brush, with more wood in the roots than in the tree. The train came to a sudden stop—the engineer only halted to oil the locomotive. I saw men plowing with camels, one camel hitched to each plow, and also many oxen. These plains are very rich, free from stone and some of the soil is red loam.

We soon came to Ramleh, a village of about three thousand people, situated in the midst of a sandy, fertile plain. There are many old olive groves and I saw one large grove of small olive trees and also many tall cactus fences. We saw soldiers and tents with a cordon thrown out on each road, as this village and all others toward Jaffa or Gaza are quarantined. Twelve per cent of the population of these villages had died of cholera in about six weeks. This plain was once densely populated, as the Palestine Exploration Society are excavating near here and report finding the ruins of many ancient cities. A few miles farther and we came to Lydda, or ancient

Ludd, beautifully situated in this rich plain, but now strangely silent and closely guarded. To the north, as far as we could see, lies the beautiful plains of Sharon, and Solomon sang about the beauty of the "rose of Sharon." This ancient place was one of the first cities the Israelites built after occupying the "Promised Land." It was here that Peter healed the palsied man Æneas, and when Dorcas died in Jaffa, Peter was in Lydda, eleven miles away, and being sent for, he hastened over this distance and surprised these disciples of Jaffa, by bringing Dorcas to life again. There are many palm trees about these villages. The manufacture of soap here and at Ramleh has been carried on many centuries and there are heaps of ashes piled on the plain and as a result nearly every person's eyes are afflicted, many persons blind or nearly so. As we approached Jaffa, we passed through many orange groves, the trees hanging full of fruit, much of it well colored. I was surprised to see them planted only about ten feet apart and very little cultivation. Upon our arrival at the station we were ushered into a carriage and driven to a German hotel, where no cholera existed as with other hotels and residents of about a block; they keep guard night and day, keeping most of the people out and off from the enclosed block. No steamer had yet arrived that would take passengers to Egypt. We were in a town where about one every hour was dying of cholera. It was a new and strange situation for us to voluntarily enter a cholera-infected city, yet in order to get around the world we must travel and we saw no other way of getting out of Palestine. No steamer would take any passengers to the north and it was too cold and stormy to camp north to Beirout—besides a probable quarantine of ten days. Had we attempted camping overland into Egypt it would have taken camels, on account of long stretches of desert without water, and more than likely a quarantine and much trouble in passing the frontier. Camels can go about eight days without water and sometimes longer.

The next morning I arose early and climbed upon the housetop. No steamer in sight. It was Sunday, and the

weather was mild and warm—very different from Jerusalem. With orange trees all about laden with fruit, the best at this season of any in the world, and mild, soft, summer breezes gently swaying the tree tops, and a greater abundance of flowers than any yet seen, forgetting the other features of our situation, it seemed like our sunny southland of California. I attended the English church in the enclosure, where not more than a score were present. The preacher prayed that the pestilence might be stayed; did not forget the President of the United States, and preached a fairly good sermon. The rest of the day I passed in a quiet, restful way, yet at times I found myself musing upon the "immutabilities of life." At sunset I again ascended to the housetop, scanning the horizon seaward for our steamer. None in sight, therefore I watched the sun as it dipped behind the blue rolling waves of the Mediterranean, listened to the talking of the birds as they hunted for their resting places in neighboring treetops, and watched the after sunset glow of the sun, as it wound its brilliant color over sea, land and sky. I never tire of sunrise or sunset and always find that there is a pulse within my soul, to catch something of their glow, a beauty that satisfies, where nothing else will do. As I climbed down from the housetop, the crickets took up their song with its refrain, thus every creature has a part and place to fill.

Tuesday morning came, still no steamer, yet about eight o'clock we received word our steamer was coming in and a request that we go on board at once as the barometer was falling, and the westerly wind was increasing. We lost no time in getting a porter who carried all our baggage, and buying an embarkation ticket we walked for the first time out into the cholera part of the town to embark. It seemed strange that in the oldest seaport in the world it should be so difficult to get on board a ship when a wind is blowing. We found a large boat manned by several stalwart oarsmen and we embarked. Singing a sort of a song in unison, they carried us safely through a break in the reef where large waves were rolling, to the steamer, where we climbed on board, with our-

selves and baggage entirely dry. Yet the wind was increasing each moment. There were many barges alongside laden with boxes of oranges, and the ship was receiving their cargoes. The wind rapidly increased and by noon it was difficult to receive either passengers or oranges. A few passengers came at this time and the women screamed in terror as they were lifted aboard, thrown and caught like blocks of wood, some of their baggage dropped into the sea. Some of the barges were dropping their oranges into the sea, as the ship could not take them. Finally after hundreds of boxes were cast adrift that way two large barge loads yet remained and they too cast the entire lot of those fine oranges into the sea. The ship could take no more and the barges could not return to land laden as they were. The boxes did not sink, but went drifting up the coast, jumping up and down on those huge waves. The steamer blew its whistle, hove its anchor, and hurried away while the barges were left to make their way to land. As far as I could see they, too, drifted to the north in trying to land. While in Joppa I did not visit Simon, the tanner's house. Cholera was very bad in that part of the town and I thought it unwise to run unnecessary risk. Besides, I very much doubt if the original house of Simon is there.

As Joppa retreated in the distance I thought of Peter's vision, where a sheet was let down from heaven full of animals, clean and unclean, creeping things and birds. This port is where Jonah found a ship going to Tarshish, paid his fare and sailed away, nearly three thousand years ago. You all know the story, how God prepared a great fish to swim after him, and finding Jonah in the depths of the sea, with his head all wrapped up with weeds, so that he would not drown, he just swallowed Jonah whole. Probably the fish was very hungry and this bunch of sea weeds was just his sort of food, and like many people who eat fast and swallow things whole, had indigestion and was sick, so God, after three days and three nights, giving Jonah plenty of time to pray and repent, as Jonah said he was in "the belly of hell," spoke to the sick fish and it poked its nose up on the seashore

and hove Jonah out on the land. It is quite likely that the fish died at that time, having indigestion so long, as in the last century B. C. the remains of some large fish was discovered near Joppa, and was taken to Rome by a man named Marcus Scaurus. Its backbone measured eighteen inches in diameter, and the monster was forty feet long. The storm increased, and towards evening the waves were the largest I ever saw. The ship creaked in every joint, and trembled like an aspen leaf, and while we were being tempest tossed and as I was watching the tremendous waves I said to Elmer, "This is the same sea and something like the storm Jonah found when he sailed." He replied, "Yes, but I am afraid if this ship goes down there are no whales here ready to swallow us." All night long the stormy winds continued, with occasional dashes of rain. We were leaving Palestine, after several weeks of travel in the land. We found its people still living as in Bible times, purposely kept so by Providence and prophecy in order that the people and the Book may agree. More than we expected had been realized. Our dreams had become realities, hope had centered into fruition, until we could now say "We too, have seen a goodly part of the Promised Land." In the morning we found the storm abating and with much interest we watched our approach to Port Said, as we saw other ships coming and going from that port. Having read about the great heat, we were surprised at the cool wind, so decidedly chilly. Just before noon the ship cast her anchors. We were still in sight of the Mediterranean, and the entrance is really the beginning of the Suez Canal. No one was allowed to land, as we must go to Alexandria and be quarantined. I noticed the ship had long ropes tied to the piers on shore, and they slipped conical pieces of tin over each rope in order that no rats could come from the shore and bring on board the bubonic plague. All the afternoon our ship was discharging cargo and we were interested in looking at other ships. A P. & O. steamer sailed for India. Another ship coming from England the day before sailed for Australia. A Russian ship from the far east came through the canal flying

a double quarantine flag, simply meaning they wanted no communication except to take in coal, as all ships take coal at this port. The coaling is done from a lighter, by a long string of Arabs, who carry the coal into the ship in baskets on their heads. About 7 o'clock in the evening we sailed for Alexandria, and I watched the revolving light house. This was the fourth ship we had sailed in on the Mediterranean, an Austrian one. About noon, the next day, we entered the harbor of Alexandria. A doctor came on board and everybody was examined. Yet the ship was declared in quarantine for three days. Anchors were dropped, guard was established, and we were to wait and see if anybody had cholera germs that would manifest themselves during this time; meanwhile we could look at Pompey's pillar. Every morning several ships came into port, and every afternoon and evening several would sail out, as Alexandria is a large city. It is the principal port and the main outlet of Egyptian commerce. One evening an American gunboat sailed away, flying a very long pennant, signifying that it was returning home with its term of service ended. Two English ships came in one morning loaded with troops. One ship sailed for Manchester, England, loaded with the largest cargo of cotton that ever sailed away from Egypt—11,084 bales. One day at 1 o'clock all were excited as the time had arrived to be released from quarantine. Two doctors came on a barge with a fumigating machine. All the deck passengers were taken on the barge, as all their luggage must be passed through the fumigator. The first and second-class passengers were lined up and one by one we passed, the doctors simply feeling of our pulses. The ship then sailed into the inner harbor, we stepped ashore, hired a carriage and, passing the custom house and showing our passports, were soon in a hotel, free once more. Three times we have been let out of quarantine, and the most singular part of it all is that each time our liberation occurred on Sunday.

Toward evening we took a walk to Pompey's Pillar, standing like a sentinel for nearly two thousand years, since its

erection. It is said to be the "largest monolith in the world." One round column or pillar of reddish colored granite is almost one hundred feet tall and ten feet in diameter. It came from the granite quarries of Assouan, about eight hundred miles up the Nile. It is surmounted by a cap, and for its base has a square block of granite of enormous size. It is the only one of Alexandria's ancient monuments or pillars left. One of the greatest light-houses ever erected, once one of the wonders of the ancient world, stood in this city. It was 550 feet high and threw its light one hundred miles out to sea to light the wayfaring mariner into this great city that Alexandra founded. Not a vestige of this lighthouse remains. It seemed singular that we were quarantined in the harbor for fear of cholera when a recrudescence of the cholera was in the city, several deaths occurring each day. There were 300,000 cases in Egypt during the summer and fall, so virulent that eighty-five per cent of them were fatal.

Almost the first thing I noticed in entering the city was some beautiful poinsettias, some of the stalks twenty feet high, in bloom. I saw none in Italy or Palestine. What a mottled throng of people of all sorts, yet Northern Africa has very few negroes. The next morning, not caring to stay in the cholera-stricken city, we purchased railroad tickets to Cairo, and took the first train, a distance of about 150 miles. Passing a salt lake we soon came to the best farming land in the world, the "Delta of the Nile." There are many villages made of sun-dried brick, and thatched with corn stalks, and much of the land is used in cotton-growing. The cotton stalks the farmers pull up and gather for their year's supply of fuel, usually piling them on top of the house. There are many cattle herded by the boys and girls, and the country roads are full of these people, either going to or returning from market. There are a few acacia trees along the roads, but none in the fields. We met several trainloads of cotton. About the villages were a few orange trees, nearly all of them of the mandarin variety, and very fine eating. Just

a little after noon as the train was ambling along I heard Elmer exclaim: "Look, there are the pyramids." Looking in the direction he indicated, I saw the two large ones at Gizeh, about eight miles from Cairo. They loomed up like mountains in height, yet their rigid, straight outlines were unlike any real mountain. We were looking at them many miles away. How closely my attention was riveted to them as I anticipated climbing the largest one. We were really in Egypt, a land full of mystery and romance, the oldest country in the world that has a history of civilization and progress. Her history was written by Manetho, 285 B. C., Egypt's only historian in the distant past. But all of his writings are lost and all we know of them has been handed down. History and prophecy include Egypt, yet her monuments and tombs are unfolding a record that reaches back to the very dawn of creation. Our train entered a large station. We alighted and took a carriage to a hotel. We were in the largest city in Africa, full of Mohammedan mosques, large, wide European looking streets and people in them of all kinds and colors. At every corner some Arab wants to sell you scarabs, having some, as he claims, from the oldest tombs in the country. Again, as in Alexandria, I saw very large poinsettias full of blossoms, each stalk bending under its weight of crimson stars, some of them twenty inches in diameter. Many of the streets are interlaced with large acacia or sycamore trees, all in full leaf, looking like tunnels arched over with green boughs. Today, December 1, the Mohammedan fast of Ramadan began, to last an entire lunar month. The people neither eat, drink or smoke anything from sunrise until sunset. In most of the towns and cities criers go along the streets about midnight to wake the people up in order that they may eat, sometimes using an old drum.

One morning we started in a carriage with a dragoman to visit the old site of Heliopolis, about ten miles north of Cairo, once known as the "City of the Sun," so called by the ancient Egyptians, and this name is several times mentioned

in the Bible. We rode out a wide, fine-looking street, leading to and by the Khedive's country palace. Some well-kept gardens surrounded the elegant homes, with thickets of pomegranates and oleanders; bananas with long pendant bunches of fruit, and some orange, lemon and lime trees, with their fruit interspersed among the leaves and branches. The weather was all that could be desired, with a cool north wind blowing, and flecks of fleecy clouds, almost transparent, and hanging like banners between us and the azure blue of heaven. Passing by some large government barracks, we paused to see native Egyptian troops in their military drill. Over this road, or some other running parallel, Joseph rode in his golden chariot as the two noted cities of Lower Egypt, Memphis and On, were only about thirty miles apart. Passing by the Khedive's summer palace, we notice the Egyptian flag flying, which always denotes that he is present, as most every afternoon he is driven in a carriage to Cairo, with outriders and footmen in attendance, then the flag is taken down during his absence. I wondered what part of the palace his harem was situated in, where its occupants pass the time sipping delightsome "delights" clad in costumes of fanciful color, and wearing silk-embroidered slippers. We drove into a yard where there is a sycamore (wild fig) tree, said to be the one that Joseph and Mary rested under as they fled from Bethlehem to Egypt. It is scarcely three hundred years old, yet in all these countries some old venerable tree is associated with some historic event. Trees, like folks, get old and die, as the predecessor of this tree did in 1665, A. D. A spring of water in the same yard connected with the same tradition and said to be the only sweet water in this vicinity, is quite likely the well Joseph and his family drank from, as wells or springs of water have continual life. We soon came to the site of Heliopolis, and only one monument of all its splendor is still standing. It is 66 feet high and about six and one-half feet square at the bottom. We walked around it. It is of red granite and was quarried at Assouan, about 650 miles up the Nile. It is obelisk in

form and each of its four sides are covered with hieroglyphics. At the top of all the inscriptions on each side is the figure of a hawk. It is the oldest obelisk in the world. Moses saw it; Joseph, when ruler over Egypt, saw it, as here at this city of On he married the daughter of one of the priests of the temple. A few steps north we saw some of the foundation stones of this great and at one time matchless Temple of the Sun, said to cover three acres, and we walked over a portion of it, rich in ruins of pottery and glass.

Toward the north we could look for miles out on the beautiful and fertile "Land of Goshen." At one time this city with its palaces, monuments, obelisks and its great temples, was one of the most brilliant cities on the face of the earth. The worship of the sun, because it was the greatest and strangest object in range of moral vision, seemed to attract these ancient people. Even in these modern days everybody in every country that is not acquainted with the true God as revealed to men by Jesus Christ, have a god of their own to whom they bring sacrifice and worship. Again I looked at the obelisk and saw its shadow on the north slowly veering around to the east, and I tried to think of the thousands of years that shadow, day after day, in this almost cloudless climate, had turned its way, like some grim finger of fate. I could not grasp the time; I found that beyond my power, yet as I mused I found that each year represented a seedtime and a harvest, the bursting of buds in the springtime and the falling of leaves in the autumn, and out of such abstract figures as 5000 years I began to catch some of its real meaning. We drove back to Cairo, watching the people, hearing the birds sing, basking in the sunlight and noticing how funny the crows look in Egypt, being of a black and gray color. That afternoon we went out on one of the main thoroughfares to see the people. Every few moments some gentleman of position or wealth, in a handsome carriage drawn by fine horses, would come in sight, and about ten paces ahead was a forerunner, called a "sais," who, with

a wand several feet long in his hand, bare feet and legs, wearing a skull cap, a gorgeously embroidered jacket and a flowing white tunic, would run along in the street ahead of the horses. It is said that they "run the pace that kills," and die young. Now a water carrier goes along with a goatskin full of water strapped to his back—and with the hair left on and bloated in appearance, it is almost lifelike. Then an English cart with European ladies of fashion in it, with a gaily dressed Egyptian attendant standing on the rear or driving for them. Now a train of camels laden with sacks marked in Arabic characters, with their scrannel-like necks poised upward, many Egyptians on foot, some of them running, all seeming to like the street better than the sidewalk. Now a lemonade peddler, then a man selling slippers, all hanging on a long pole; traveling dry goods merchants—all passing and repassing in one changing, restless, heterogeneous stream—the like of which can be seen in no other large city in the world. We walked to the banks of the Nile and found the drawbridge open to let boats through. What a stream of latteen sail boats, hundreds of them, mixed, jammed and huddled together, everybody talking and gesticulating, while a great mass of humanity and animals gathered at each end of the bridge to pass. For an hour we watched this surging stream of boats and the gathering people of all shades of color from deepest bronze to the bluest of black, and from tawny to copper color, clad in every variety of costume. The bridge closed and this great block of humanity, that had gathered at each end of the bridge, made a grand rush, mingled in with all sorts of wagons, asses and camels, each muleteer cracking his whip like an American cowboy. Everyone was shouting at the top of their voices, and we ran with the rest at the top of our speed to see how it would seem. A gentleman from Nebraska, who ran with us and the throng, stumbled and fell, as the saying is, "head over heels," narrowly missing being run over. As we reached the center of the bridge, the rush coming from the opposite way had all the

force of an avalanche, and I am wondering yet how we ever got through with a whole skin. A little excitement sometimes is quite exhilarating.

We hired a carriage and rode to the so-called "Jacob's well." I do not think that Joseph dug the well, as it was discovered after the Mohammedans came to Egypt, and is in an unlikely place, as it is on a hill and near old Cairo. It is a natural place for fortifications and near the place of "Mameluke's leap," therefore was more than likely dug to obtain water if encompassed with an army. It is a wonderful piece of work, dug in soft rock, about fifteen feet square, and for 150 feet has a sloping pathway running down, wide enough to drive a yoke of oxen. This sloping path is dug outside of the well in the rock, circling spirally around it with now and then a window through the rock into the well. Then oxen were used to pump the water, as the aperture is small below where the oxen worked the pumps.

One morning, accompanied by a dragoman, we purchased tickets for a station on the railroad running up the Nile called "Bedrechein," about twenty miles from Cairo. Our train, the usual morning one for upper Egypt, was a long one of several coaches, and each compartment filled with passengers. Soon after leaving the large station in Cairo, where as trains arrive and depart there is much bustle and tumult, we crossed the Nile on an iron bridge some distance over the water. Our course ran south on the right bank of the Nile. To my surprise, for most of the distance our train ran along a narrow embankment of earth, and to the left we saw the river, and to the right, for miles and miles, the whole country was one vast lake of water. Out of these areas of water, on knolls and at the edges, were villages gray with age, and the little houses were clustered together as thick as the seeds in a pomegranate.

There were thousands of date and palm trees, most of them forty or fifty feet high, with trunks as straight as arrows, all of the same size, surmounted with tops not large, and all standing in the water. Much of the fruit on these

palm trees had been gathered, yet a few clusters were left, looking like bunches of gold and amber. Between us and the river was a narrow strip of land, beyond a canal; near the track were fields of sugar cane and Indian corn. Beyond the Nile, which is dotted with boats sailing along with latteen sails, are large sugar mills working up the sugar cane.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at our station. Out of a score of "Good" donkeys our dragoman selected the best ones, and engaging two boys to accompany us, we mounted and drove away. One donkey boy carried a basket on his head containing our lunch, and the other one ran behind us to lay a stick upon any lagging donkey. There was only a little plot of ground where the station and village stood, all the rest being covered with water except a road on the top of a dyke running west of the village. We galloped out on this road, with lakes on either side, and again I was surprised. It was market day in Bedrechein, and as far as we could see, on this dyke thrown up above the water, an almost unbroken procession of Egyptian people, men and women coming to market. Many of the men were bringing nothing, but every woman had something on her head—a basket of grain, chickens in a basket, dates, vegetables, eggs, butter, dried lentils, split beans, sugar cane, buffalo cream and many other things. Some of the men had asses and camels loaded with produce, others old and gray were walking along leaning on a cane, as perhaps for fifty years they had never missed a market day, and their fathers did the same before. They had very little clothing to bother them. Most of these country people dress in black, buying the cotton cloth and dyeing what little they wear at home.

After riding two or three miles, with groves of palm trees and water surrounded villages on each side, we came to ruins, where regular hills of them were heaped up completely full of broken pottery, pieces of brick, broken potsherds, and fragments of limestone. Other heaps, some of them forty feet high and covering two or three acres, were scattered about in this palm tree forest. They looked like gigantic dust heaps,

NATIVES GOING TO MARKET
AT MEMPHIS

and on their surface only stunted palms grew. Great excavations have been made in these heaps, yet they are all of the same appearance. Was it some great convulsion of nature that produced this singular appearance? Desolation reigned supreme. The reason it did is because thousands of years ago certain prophets in the Bible foretold that a city they called "Noph" would perish. This word is simply the Egyptian for Memphis, and we were standing on the old site of Memphis. A king of Egypt named Menes founded this city. The most we know about ancient Memphis is that Herodotus wrote of it about 450 B. C. In his writings we are told that Menes changed the course of the Nile in order that this city might be built by its side. Menes is of the first dynasty of Egyptian kings, and it is claimed by many chronologists that his time is 4000 years B. C. Do not get dizzy over these figures, yet remember that this is the oldest king, and Memphis was the oldest city in the world, as Damascus is the oldest city existing. No city ever had such a wonderful history. Palaces, temples, pythons, monuments and statues were added by each successive Pharaoh, and the city outlived all of the thirty-one dynasties of Egypt, and was in existence when all of the pyramids and tombs were built. Even down to the founding of Alexandria it was an important city. Joseph, when he was a ruler or head minister, lived here for sixty-one years. Where is it today? When the Mohammedans came into power in Egypt they took the stones—all that was movable—to build Cairo with, and the Nile has covered the rest. The great temple Ptah had two colossal statues, and one of them lies thrown down, which we saw. It has been raised a few feet from the ground and we climbed a ladder to see the face. The statue was forty-two feet long and of immense proportions, being the figure of Rameses II. Another smaller statue and broken fragments are all that is left of this great city. We had fourteen miles to go before we could reach the great pyramids at Gizeh. We galloped through these palm tree groves and by some villages until we came to where the Nile in its

overflow did not reach, and what a change. Here is the Libyan desert with its drifting sands, its rocks like rusty gold, and a score of pyramids outlined against the soft blue sky, of different coloring (as the centuries of time have molded the rocks they are made of), more delicate in color than any pigments of paint yet invented. We were entering the greatest and oldest cemetery in the world, where for many miles on the edge of this treeless desert, called by the old Egyptians the "region of death," being on the west bank of the Nile, and calculated to contain the remains of thirty millions of people. Rich and poor, peasant and king, here sleep waiting for the resurrection trumpet to sound from the heavens above. With interest we approached the nearest pyramid built in a succession of steps on all sides. It is older than Cheops and is believed to be the first one, therefore the oldest one in Egypt. If the inscription is correct that was found on an inner door, then it was erected by the fourth king of the first dynasty, just about eighty years after Menes' time, although there are authorities that place Menes' time at 3266 B. C. At the latest date here was a pyramid that was over 1000 years old when Abraham was born, the most peculiar one of the lot. The door to the chamber inside was carried off to Europe many years ago, and is now in the Museum Berlin. In the shade of this oldest piece of work now extant, ever built by man, we ate our prepared lunch. All around us were the yellow drifting sands, and in the east the Nile valley, now covered with water, under its annual overflow. Thought, sentiment, age and association sometimes form a picture of transcendent beauty. For twenty miles up and down this valley the great city of Memphis extended. In the valley was a land of the living; where I sat was the land of the dead. Contrast—yonder is a wealth of living water bringing life and verdure; here are shifting sands covering death and desolation.

After lunch we started to look into some of the tombs. The first one we entered is called the Serapheum and was

discovered about 1850 A. D., in a remarkable manner. Strabo, an historian, writing many centuries ago, said the temple of Serapis was in danger of being covered with drifting sand and that the avenue of sphinx leading to the temple was partly covered. A gentleman by the name of M. Mariette was walking over these sands in 1850 when he saw the head of a sphinx above the sand, and by its side a libation table with an inscription on it relating to Apis-Osiris. He hired some men and commenced digging and found an avenue bordered with sphinx, six hundred feet long. The temple Strabo saw was gone, but down in the sand seventy feet deep at the end of the avenue he found the long missing burial place of the sacred bulls or Apis of Egypt, which were simply regarded as the incarnation of Osiris, the greatest divinity in Egypt. We walked down this avenue and entered the tomb, seventy feet below the surface, where these bulls were mummied after death and buried in this catacomb. We were in a vast temple twelve hundred feet long, hewn out of solid rock, and on the sides were recesses or mortuary chapels, long rows of them, but never opposite each other. In these vaulted recesses were colossal sarcophagi, one in each, about thirteen feet long, eight feet wide and eleven feet high, cut out of red, black or gray granite, polished beautifully. We climbed a ladder of several steps and looked into one sarcophagus. They are several inches thick and all hewn out, making a coffin that is also polished inside. Here in this serapheum the Apis mummies were deposited in these stone sarcophagi, and in the magnificent temple of Serapis, many feet above on the surface (not a vestige of it now remaining), for many centuries the sacred bull was worshipped with more pomp and ceremony than any god in Egypt. On some of the side walls of these chapels are inscribed tablets written in hieroglyphics, giving the age and details of death and burial of the Apis, also the persons present on the occasion. This tomb was excavated about 1500 B. C. When discovered only one Apis was found, the rest having been destroyed or removed at some

early age. The next tomb we visited was the tomb of Tih. Tih was a wealthy priest that lived in Memphis 3000 years B. C. and married a grand-daughter of one of the Pharaohs. This is a beautiful spacious tomb, and any child can read how Tih and his family lived by looking at the paintings and sculpture in base reliefs on its inner walls. He was a great hunter and used to hunt the crocodiles and hippopotami that lived in the river as low down as Memphis in those days. Tih kept many kinds of birds and beasts—geese, ducks, pigeons, cranes, goats, donkeys, gazelles and antelope. In one picture many people are pictured as bringing gifts of oxen, fruit and vegetables.

In the distance is the Nile and men are fishing, boats are sailing and birds are sitting on the water or flying. On another wall in the foreground, cattle are grazing in the meadows, oxen are plowing and treading out grain just the same as today, and with his wife he is walking out and watching some boats coming in the distance. There are cows crossing a ford, a flock of geese being driven home, carpenters building a boat, potters making pottery, artisans melting gold. In a field a sower is scattering seed, another reaping grain, and elsewhere storing the grain away in a granary. There are pictures of his home built of wood, yet nothing but a tomb in solid rock would do for his burial. Like the custom of his time he and his wife are pictured as veritable giants, while all the other people are of usual size. About 5000 years ago this work was done, yet the coloring is just about as perfect today, so wonderfully has it all kept down in the depths of this dry desert. We had purchased in Cairo that morning some magnesium wire in order to see all these wonders as we lighted them. Every figure is life-like, and the way the asses kick and bray, the crocodile rises for a plunge, and the ducks rise to fly away, are as full of life as any Landseer can paint them. Full of new thought, we walked away. Even in the tomb of the Serapheum, as its discoverer removed the stones that concealed the Apis, he found a footprint in the sand within and

some finger marks in the mortar left there 3500 years ago by some Egyptian mason.

With another glance at all the pyramids of Sakkarah, eleven of them in this group, and at the largest one with steps on all sides—the oldest monument in the world—we mounted our donkeys, and with their heads and our eyes set on the pyramids of Gizeh, we rapidly rode that way, fully twelve miles distant. At our right were vast areas of the Nile valley, covered with water—the time of high Nile; at the left and along our pathway lay the vast Libyan desert. Many tombs of Egyptian kings have never been discovered, and perhaps within the sound of our voices, if sand and rock did not intervene, were tombs of royal mummies awaiting the blast of an angel's trumpet, to emerge from their burial places.

Over undulating ridges of sand our course lay. Some stretches were drifted hard where our donkeys could gallop as well as California mustangs. One of the donkey boys ran ahead until I wondered why he ran so fast, as he was a mile away. Suddenly I missed him, and galloping along I saw him by the edge of the Nile overflow on a rock, saying his prayers as he faced Mecca. A Mohammedan, if he can find water, will always perform an ablution before he prays. I noticed that this boy, at lunch, as we offered them some food, declined to eat on account of the Ramadan fast. After getting to the pyramids of Gizeh they had this fourteen miles to travel over again in order to go home and take the donkeys back, and their wages were twenty cents each for the day. Not until 4 o'clock did we reach the plateau where two of the seven ancient wonders of the world are. How interested, wide awake and expectant we were as our now tired donkeys jogged along. We saw a group of people standing on the top of Cheops in outline against the sky, and we proposed to stand on that towering height before another night chased away this bright sunlight. Gleaming with hope, we struggled on, with our eyes fixed on this goal beyond. Each step we took the pyramid grew, until it looked

like some mountain view. Coming to a little hill, as Elmer and the dragoman rode around it, I jumped from the donkey and ran directly up the hill, as I knew the Sphinx was just beyond its brow in a little hollow. There it was not over one hundred feet away. I have read so much about this wonderful Sphinx that perhaps, expecting too much, I must acknowledge I was disappointed. You have repeatedly read descriptions of this wonder of the world, therefore I will not need to delineate, except to say its size is gigantic, its conception and execution—hewn, as it is, in solid rock—marvelous, yet the depths of my soul did not respond in admiration as I expected. I climbed on its back, I walked around it and tried to respond in enthusiasm and failed. Its age, its immovable look, its position, looking out on the Nile, are so replete with thought that it would be easy to write pages of poetry or prose by borrowing sentiment to envelop the Sphinx.

We walked from the Sphinx to Cheops, not far away. We were in no hurry to climb, as each moment we looked at these immense monuments their vastness grew. All about in the undulating tableland are open graves, where treasure hunters have dug into ancient tombs and mounds of seemingly shapeless masonry. We looked up Cheops, and its bulk and size shut out much of the sky and horizon. Our sense of awe and wonder alone remained. We commenced on one corner to climb Cheops, and as two Arabs sprang to my assistance, I resolutely refused to let them touch me. I wanted to climb this great gnomon alone, the most stupendous one ever set up by human hands. I knew from my boyhood days that the polished marble surface of this pyramid had been stripped off to use in Cairo centuries ago by the Mohammedans, yet as I took a step and glanced up its rugged Alpine sides, its height seemed to me to be almost insurmountable.

Each course of rock as regular as any masonry can be laid, stretched off on the corner far enough to encompass one side of a square plot of land containing thirteen acres. The

SPHINX AND CHEOPS

thickness of each course varied from three to five feet, and many of the blocks of stone were from twenty to thirty feet long and several feet wide. It took me about thirty minutes of tiresome effort to reach the top, and each step enlarged my ideas of its magnitude. The top, not entirely smooth, is said to be thirty feet square. The height of Cheops is now 480 feet, as twenty feet of the original height of 500 feet has been taken off to make room to let tourists gather on its top. In 443 B. C. Herodotus, an ancient historian, did not know of its origin, and speaks of its great antiquity, yet he hands down a tradition that it took 400,000 men twenty years to construct Cheops alone. In plain view a great causeway is seen leading to the river. The stone of these pyramids was obtained on the other side of the Nile river valley, a few miles away. What a view! This pyramid stands about one hundred feet at its base higher than the Nile river valley, and just on the edge of a desert that extends as far to the west as across the United States from New York to San Francisco, and as far as I could see the utmost desolation. At the north the famous "Delta of the Nile," evergreen, one of the most fertile and, if planted, fruitful regions in the world. At the south is the site of Memphis, now covered with water, her pyramids, where Joseph lived and ruled, and at the east areas of water, and near the other edge the little island of Rodah, where it is said Moses was found in his "ark of bullrushes." Beneath my feet and off to the south lay the millions of dead of forty centuries. In the distance, with her minarets, spires and towers all aglow with the rays of a declining sun, lay Cairo, and beyond—just behind this sun-kissed metropolis of Africa—are the Bakattam hills. A wonderful panorama, unlike any other in the world, and its interest is increased because of the associations its awakens. We were standing upon a monument whose history is lost in mystery, buried up in the pre-historic past, just as much an enigma and wonder to men twenty-five hundred years ago as today. It is much easier to grasp something of its size than to apprehend its

age. I tried to realize something of such figures as 6000 years. How abstract they seemed, yet out on this area of water to the east for fully a mile, and across the edge of the tomb-pitted desert, there stretched a great shadow, mighty distinct and sharp in its outlines. The sun was not far from setting and this shadow kept dividing the sunlight where it fell, until all the space it increasingly covered was darkened like the advent of an eclipse. Day after day, this slowly pacing shadow has crept out on these lines during low Nile and high Nile, summer and winter, month after month, and year after year, measuring the size and registering the height of this, the largest work of man in all the world—then with a thrill of something akin to awe, I seemed to stand on this mighty monument and grasp out of the misty past something that is real, a little glimpse of what six thousand years of time means. It was with reluctance I turned to descend, but I saw this mighty measuring shadow lengthening out on the landscape, and commenced to clamber down, musing to myself as I went, something of which I now present:

The builders measured the stars and sun,
And found this place where they begun.
Each stone was tried with square and rule,
Until its place was found to be true;
Thus the structure was built in such perfect shape
That twice each year no shadow it made.

It is said that this pyramid of Cheops is built on the exact latitude and longitude, where the sun each spring and fall, at midday, stood exactly vertical over it, making twice each year that before its polished marble covering was stripped off there was no shadow on either of its four sides. All the pyramids are "Oriented," built to face the four cardinal points.

As I mused still farther in climbing down, there came a beautiful thought. (Just like the builders of this pyramid, God wants us to use his Word to keep us in such a particular latitude and longitude that when Jesus Christ comes

for us some day, His light will be so directly vertical that He will find no shadow or darkness about us, and we will "be caught up—in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.") Just as the sun was hiding its face beyond those hills out on the Libyan desert, I stepped off from this monument and we hurried to some electric cars not far away and boarded them for Cairo. Each side of our car track was this Nile overflow of water, and villages surrounded with water, also running parallel with the car track on one side is a fine avenue bordered with acacia trees and a carriage drive between them. The Egyptian peasants were going home, and as our electric cars crossed the Nile into Cairo, there were many sail boats with their lateen sails neatly furled, lying at anchor; women were filling their water jugs with Nile water, buffaloes and cattle were drinking, and as I looked up and around, the after glow of sunset had caught the rocky hills over toward the Arabian desert and they were gleaming in colors of rose, violet and gold, and back against the glow of the sky over the Libyan desert I saw the two large pyramids as sharply outlined as ever, only seeming to possess additional size and interest.

One morning we left Cairo for Luxor. For the first one hundred miles much of the valley was inundated from the Nile, and dotted with many mud-colored and partly submerged villages, carrying their wood piles, consisting of weeds, corn stalks and cotton bushes, on their house tops. Each village has tombs, whitewashed, looking like honey-combed tombs, to keep pigeons in, and they surmount the highest points of their mud walls. Hundreds of acres of Indian corn in Lower Egypt, and as the day wore on and we reached Upper Egypt Egyptian corn was the prevailing crop. Large fields of sugar cane, almost ripe for gathering, and standing as thick and close together as it could grow. Gradually the submerged fields began to appear and before night we saw the farmers harrowing in grain in the almost muddy fields, as the overflow of the Nile had passed on down the valley. Many mud villages and palm tree groves, and in

places the "shadoof" worked by brown looking figures just as they were created, except a very scant loin cloth tied about them. In other places some sleepy-eyed looking buffalo, or oxen, slowly treading around in a circle, and within a water wheel was slowly revolving with its endless necklace of earthen pots—one of their ways of lifting water for irrigation—called a "sakkieh." Sometimes we would pass the ancient mounds of some forgotten city, and each side of the valley was a desert, all sand hills and sand plains, with upheavals of rock and a background of mountains. Out in these country roads I found a never-ceasing interest, as now a file of loaded camels would come into sight, women carrying water to the village on their heads in water jugs, donkeys laden with loads much larger than the donkey, every scene representing a little part of this strange world that we live in. In places we saw thousands of wild ducks and snipe. About noon we passed a village where their market day was in progress. Acres of white turbaned heads, all bobbing around in their chaffering as to price with those about them, and nearly all of them dressed in black. Towards evening we passed Keneh, where all the best quality of water jugs are made; many of them are exported to Palestine. They mix ashes with the clay in their construction.

At Wasta many passengers alighted, and many came on board, among them a young man who was an Egyptian. He was a student in some school and could talk English. We were talking of many things, when he asked me, "Have you a Nile in your country?" I said, "No; it rains there." He replied, "That is not good like the Nile." Egypt and its people are so interwoven with this river that in all their ancient tombs on their monuments, and in their temples, one will see that the Nile is sketched to represent life and was considered a sacred river. At sundown we were in a part of the valley where the overflow had passed down so long before that for miles the growing clover and different grains formed one sea of green, and many cattle, sheep, camels and donkeys were, as we say in California, "staked out," the

population being so large that most of them could only have small patches of each crop. Not until midnight did we reach Luxor, and our condition was fully described by a remark Elmer made—"We are as dirty as pigs." In my entire life I never experienced such a day of being annoyed with dust. Every crevice through the car windows and doors, the finest of dust had been sifting in all day, as the train moved along, until we looked like veritable dust heaps.

The next morning I arose early and found that our hotel was on the main street, leading from the station to the boat landings on the Nile, and the Khedive of Egypt was coming to pass from boat to rail, and all the village authorities were stringing up flags and setting posts to hang the strings on and wrapping them in colors like a barber pole, and setting up palm leaves, thus decking out the street in gala attire. We started out to see the greatest ruins in the world—what is left of "hundred gated Thebes," as Homer, the great Grecian bard, called this city, the No-Amon of the Bible, and at one time the great rival of Memphis and Nineveh. In the Book of Nahum in the Bible at chapter three, and eighth verse, is a description of this ancient city, "populous No, that was situated among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea." A large portion of this city was built on an island and also both sides of the river. Ancient historians speak of this city and wrote about its power, wealth and magnificence. Except the great temples for worship, the city was built of sun-dried bricks and crumbled into ruins many centuries ago. There were two immense temples about two miles apart on the east side of the river, and the village of Luxor is clustered around one and the village of Karnak at the other.

We hired some donkeys and drove over to Karnak, passing by the site of a sacred lake, and could see that at one time the two temples were connected by great avenues lined with sphinxes. One avenue connecting the two temples must have had 500 sphinxes, one-half on each side. Coming to

the main entrance of the temple we entered a wide avenue lined with colossal rams and sphinxes. We were on the west side, and at one time this avenue five miles long connected this temple with temples across the Nile at the foot of some mountains. This original temple area covered about ninety acres, and thirty acres of it was covered with buildings. There were twelve immense gateways facing the four cardinal points, three on each side, yet within each other, and all connected by either great rows of colonades or sphinxes. The first great gateway we entered was three hundred and seventy feet wide, fifty feet deep and one hundred and forty feet high, as you will see of astounding size, led us into a court of about three hundred feet square, then another gateway almost as large as the first, the lintel over the top being only one immense stone over forty feet long. Passing this pylon, we came to a great hall—the grandest hall ever built by the genius of men in all the world. Its size is about three hlundred and thirty feet long and one hundred and seventy feet wide, and in height it stands in the clear about eighty feet. Then the stone ceiling, resting on stone girders, is supported by one hundred and thirty-four gigantic columns or pillars in sixteen rows, the central one about thirty feet higher than the side rows, forming a clerestory with side windows. These central pillars of stone are about seventy feet long without the base or capital, and only lacking a few inches of being thirty-six feet in circumference. But why give all these figures? One has no idea of such colossal size until you see them. There were giants in those days and how little I seemed to be as I walked around. All this stone work is covered with figures of gods and kings, of their prayers, war scenes and offerings. No pen can describe these wonders, as there is nothing else in the world to draw any comparison with.

We wandered around for hours in court and temple and through pylons, flanked with gigantic statues. One obelisk ninety-two feet high and eight feet square stood in mighty majesty, while its companion nearby is thrown down and

CROSSING THE NILE
AT ANCIENT THEBES

broken into pieces, some of them even looking too large to ever be moved. All kinds of sculpture and every wall, column, architrave and frieze, statue and obelisk covered with pictorial sculpture.

We rode back to Luxor, silent and bewildered. Was this Temple of Karnak only some dream?

Early in the morning, with some donkeys and a dragoman, we started to look at some of the wonders of ancient Thebes, over on the west bank of the Nile. Riding to the Nile, we engaged a boat and the donkeys hopped into one end while we occupied the other. We were afloat on the mystical Nile that I used to read about in my boyhood days. Scrambling out of the boat on the west side of the river, we mounted the donkeys and rode toward the north along a canal. For over two miles through the country, full of growing crops, once ancient Thebes, we rode until we came to an avenue once lined with sphinxes, leading to the west from the temple of Karnak. Entering this avenue and riding directly west, we soon came to the temple of Kournah. This temple, begun by Seti I, and finished after his death by Rameses II, was built about 1500 B. C. The walls of this temple are sculptured with beautiful pictures. They represent a funeral procession crossing the Nile and are sacrificial.

There are several small rooms connected with this temple. No one knows what they were used for. This temple and the one of Karnak are of interest, as they were built about the time Joseph was ruler under Pharaoh, and doubtless he saw them and knew of their use and splendor. After leaving this temple we saw to the west in some tall cliffs many tombs cut into the rocks and a small valley running back into the mountains or large rock cliffs. We rode to and entered this narrow valley, with a dry water course winding from side to side. We were riding up the valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

Not a thing ever grew there since the world began. All is desolation, and the wierd looking rocks stand like sentinels at the right and left taking on strange shapes. The sun

beats in with pitiless force, and there is not a ripple of a breeze, nor a bit of shade, except behind some rock. Not a living thing ever made this place its home.

As we rode along, the ravine narrows and the cliffs were steeper and higher. Piles of sparkling bits of rock lie at the base of the cliffs. We turn to the south and come to a clear cut in the rocks on one side of this narrow valley and enter another valley; and in the distance is a mountain—Egypt is a land full of strange mountains—we feel sure the tombs are under that mountain, but we are mistaken. Our course up this valley very soon takes us into an amphitheater, surrounded by steep hills, all covered with curious looking small rocks. On the side of these hills, and one of the strangest sights in the world, are the most remarkable tombs ever found.

We had to wait until 9 o'clock before we could enter, as this year the government has furnished electric lights in all the principal tombs and turns on the lights at 9 o'clock. We entered several tombs, among them Seti I and Rameses II.

Unlike the temples at Luxor and Karnak, all these tombs are full of representations of life to come, in painting and sculpture, on the walls. The walls are covered with serpents, bats and scarabs. There are scenes representing a judgment day, where scales are used to weigh all that has been done on earth, and if favorable, then admitted into the "Abode of the Blest" and the presence of Osiris; if they are unfavorable, they are sent back to earth, usually in the form of a pig, to "root hog, or die."

The largest tomb is that of Seti I, measuring 470 feet in length, and it descends 180 feet. All of the tombs have long flights of steps leading downward, and then chamber after chamber, and passages connecting them, dug out of the solid rock. On some of the ceilings the stars of heaven are represented.

The most interesting of them was the tomb of Amenaphis II, discovered in 1898. After a long descent of stairs and through corridors, we came to a chamber where the ceiling is painted blue, and all dotted over with yellow spots to

represent the stars; and the sarcophagus of this dead king is there, and his mummified body, with its face unwrapped, and a bright electric light suspended by his head, revealing his features, almost as perfect as when buried over three thousand years ago. The amount of work and time to carve out of almost the bowels of the earth and in these rocks the scores of tombs and the paintings on their stone walls, are altogether works of marvel and astounding magnitude. Only about one-third of the tombs of the 334 Egyptian kings have yet been discovered. Therefore there are rich treasures and many tombs buried somewhere in and under the rocks of this desert waste.

With the donkeys, we climbed the steep hills and came directly back of the Temple of the Queen Hatshepsu, and here in this cliff, near our descent, were found the group of royal mummies a few years ago, among them Rameses the Great. We entered this temple, where some of its courts and sanctuaries are carved out of the mountain overshadowing it.

Our next visit was to the Temple of Medinet Haboo, second only to the Karnak temple in size and splendor. The sculptured walls here are remarkable, and unlike the tombs of the kings, depict scenes in Egyptian history. In one place, as among the trophies of war, three thousand five hundred and thirty human tongues and three thousand hands are presented to the king, for which he is rewarding the victors; and there are other large heaps of hands and tongues which men are counting one by one. In another place the king is putting out the eyes of captured prisoners. Ladies are seen wearing gloves and carrying fans and parasols made of ostrich feathers. Some of the coloring and most of the pictures are as perfect as the day the artist finished them.

About one mile farther north we came to the Ramesseum, where Rameses the Great did all he could to perpetuate his name. The greatest statue ever carved out of rock by man stood here at the left of the main entrance. This, the largest statue in Egypt, and probably in the world, is carved out

of one block of red syenite granite from the quarries at Assouan. It is about seventy-five feet high and across the shoulders measures two feet and four inches. It is computed that it weighed set up on its base one thousand tons. Some mighty hand or power has hurled this great statue to the ground and the fragments it is broken into are wonderful. One ear is three and one-half feet long, and the face six and three-quarter feet wide.

Many centuries ago Greek and Roman travelers wondered at all they saw, just the same as we did, and the historian, Dodorous, wrote about them.

On this plain, a little farther east, we came to the Colossi of Memmon, two giant statues still left of an avenue of them, looking in their battered and defaced state like men getting old and crippled. Many centuries ago one of these statues emitted sounds of music each morning about sunrise, and ancient historians wrote about it, but it was repaired a few hundred years ago and has not been heard since.

We mounted our donkeys and rode back to the Nile, and as we boarded our boat a bronze figure with the smallest of loin cloths on was planting some watermelon seeds in the sand where the Nile had just receded. Just what right he had to that particular strip of sand I know not.

Another day of wonders only partially told; another glimpse into the misty past. As we rode back over the Nile, the evening sun painted the temple of Luxor, lighting up pylon, pillar, frieze and capital with fires of amber and gold.

We visited this temple standing near the brink of the Nile. Like the other temples, the scale of size and area covered is colossal, and wall, pillar and pylon are covered with all sorts of base relief and sculpture—the whole a glimpse into these Egyptians' way of living, and their most important events in peace and war.

The lotus flower was the sacred flower of upper Egypt, and the payprus of lower Egypt. We saw on the wall a picture of the conquest of Palestine by Shishonk, the Shishak of the Bible, who after capturing Jerusalem and plundering the

TEMPLE RUINS
AT ANCIENT THEBES

temple, is pictured as returning to this city of No with much treasure and many prisoners. The prisoners wore long beards, the same as the Jews do now in Jerusalem. Monday morning at 3 o'clock you could have seen us wending our way along the street to the station. A cloudless sky, clear and bright, full of twinkling light. As I looked at that expanse of woven and interwoven clusters of nebulae spanning the sky, I thought of what a little girl once said: "Mamma, when the cows die, do they go to the Milky Way?"

While waiting for the train I closed my eyes and mused, as I often love to do. I had seen something of the wonders of ancient Thebes, still mighty in their ruins, matchless in their majesty, and in many respects like Baalbec, unequalled in any other part of the world. I had seen the tombs of these Egyptian kings, over in the edge of the Libyan desert, hewn out in the rocks, on a scale of greater magnitude than any in Palestine, and covered with their conception of a life to come—marvels of their character and kind with much of the coloring and details of painting and sculpture as perfect as when executed thousands of years ago. Like Memphis, in and around these tombs is another great Necropolis of the dead numbering many millions. The largest of these temples (Karnak) in the days of its unequalled grandeur was called the "Throne of the World," and its title was applicable. Why was this rent asunder? Why are the multitudes gone and in their places little dirty villages clustering like a wasp's nest in and around the ruins? Read the 30th chapter of Ezekiel and you will see these three quotations: "Will execute judgments in No. Will cut off the multitudes in No. No shall be rent asunder." This has all taken place, not happened, as nothing ever happens in this world that has any relation to destiny and result. Mighty Thebes or the old city of No! Will I ever hear your name without a strange mixture of feelings, a mingling of the past with the present, a history that is written on your ruins, a destiny that was foretold and is accomplished? I have failed to convey to you any conception of the magnitude of

these temples; you must come and see for yourself. There are times when words fail to convey full meaning, when only material sight will do, because there is nothing else in all the world to use in comparison. My musings were interrupted by the arrival of the train going up to Assouan, which we boarded, and rode away to see the sights of another day. The ruins of other temples exist—particularly one at Edfoo that we saw in the distance, about ten in the morning, but concluded not to visit it. We were running on the eastern bank of the Nile and at times where the waters of the Nile never reached, out on the edge of desert lines, where there never grew a blade of grass, bush or tree. All or most of the villages were out on those desert lands, with their mud houses as gray as the sand, and so close together that cemeteries between them occupied almost the continuous intervening space. The valley kept narrowing, and wherever the Nile water touched the land, as its annual overflow passed down the valley, the verdure of grass and grain covered the ground, a sharp contrast between life and death. Material life everywhere, birds on the wing, boats on the river, men in the fields, camels, asses, horses and women passing along on the country roads, ever moving and ever doing, if nothing more than a ring of men smoking or gambling by the roadside. In some places the shadoofs were running to lift the water from canal or river.

As we neared Assouan, I saw some villages entirely roofless, yet the pigeon roosts were built upon the walls. The rocks on the edge of the Arabian desert kept getting larger and crowding the valley up close to the river, and on the Libyan side the ridges of yellow sand and black rocks rose higher and higher. Then a bend in the river to the right and our train, taking a sort of semi-circle around the back of the houses, out in the desert, came into the station opposite Elephantine island and near the river brink, just south of the business center of Assouan. Great tents made of Indian cotton cloth, covered with huge figures (many of them animals) were erected to receive royalty in. This Indian cotton

calico is very striking, and is used for decorating and the covering of fancy tents. There were Egyptian flags everywhere and much bunting, in curious oriental designs.

We found a hotel to suit us and began to look around. The people were on the eve of some great expectation, the whole town being tremulous with excitement. And no wonder, as in two days all the royalty of Egypt, and some from England, were coming to celebrate the opening of the largest barrage or dam in the world. We were at the extreme southern boundary of Egypt, about eight hundred miles up the Nile, and just below the first cataract. Early in the morning we took some donkeys and a dragoman, starting as soon as prices could be arranged, for a trip to the temple of Philae up in the edge of Nubia, the next country south of Egypt. A little over five miles of sandy desert road was before us. Passing the railroad station, we drove directly away from the river until we left the town, then turning south we passed through a large Mohammedan cemetery of queer looking graves.

Just where Egypt leaves off and Nubia begins no one knows, only as you pass the four miles of rapids on the river then it is Nubia. The day was warm and cloudless, as all the days are here, and the sun has great heating power on these dry desert sands. We were on the main traveled road to the Soudan and Central Africa, also Abyssinia. We met camels coming from hundreds of miles away, loaded with ivory, sienna leaves and other peculiar products of the desert and the Soudan. I noticed that the camels were whiter the farther south we went. In Palestine they are all gray.

With the people from Syria to Nubia, we found that the farther south we went, the darker they are, yet the real dark negro race does not live here as a rule, until near to equatorial Africa. We rode between two ranges of rock-clad hills, not seeing the river or rapids. The rocks are a dark granite, piled up in curious shapes. I have seen none just like them in any other country. Speeding along, we emerged

from the valley and came to a little gulf of water, where, in the distance, out in the Nile and in the reservoir held back by the great dam, we saw the temple of Philae.

Hiring a dahabeyah (boat), we were rapidly driven by the wind, as they hoisted a lateen sail, toward the "Holy Island," as Philae was once known.

We soon reached the Temple of Philae. It is on an island of the same name and once its soil was considered very sacred. With other places it shared the reputation of being the burial place of their great god Osiris. Just as Mecca is to the religious Mohammedan of today, so was a visit to Philae, and only to be obtained by permission of the religious Egyptian at one time. The most solemn oath an Egyptian could take was, "By Him who sleeps in Philae." The farther south one travels in Africa the less ancient are the temples. This one, the oldest part, was built about 375 B. C.

The first place of interest is called "Pharaoh's Bed," which is simply a little roofless temple. It stands on a little platform and is singularly beautiful as to form and sculpture. We enter the temple and find many parts as perfect in color of painting and picture as if time had stood still for over two thousand years. Some capitals are wreathed in the bud and blossom of the lotus, with the leaves of the papyrus and the palm. There is also some bas-relief work that excites wonder and admiration from every traveler. It is an exquisite little sphinx on a pale red ground and a line of sacred hawks alternating, white upon red, then white upon blue. Many of these are perfect pictures in polychrome decoration. How much better and pleasing it is to see these many wonderful sights in Egypt than to hear about them, for in the best description one can give, you must remember that you only get it second-handed. Any picture always becomes more real and life-like when you see the original. Of each temple we have seen, one could write a volume about with any attempt at detail; and even then when you come to Egypt and see these vast structures you will say "only one-half was told." I will not linger on detail of description, but leave

TEMPLE OF PHILÆ

NUBIA

the beautiful temple, the last one we visited, and only one of many, situated in Nubia. The great barrage being full of water, has cut off and submerged most of the island, as the water comes almost to the doors of the temple when the dam is full. As our boat pushed away, it seemed strange to see Miamosa trees in full leaf and the tops of palm trees, just projecting their heads above the water, and on the surrounding shores some villages were abandoned to let the uprising water take possession. We directed the boatmen of the dahabeyah to row directly to the barrage, nearly a mile away, as we had previously directed the donkey boys to meet us there with the donkeys. We were in a region where the Dom palm grows, and it does not grow in Lower Egypt. Side by side with the date palm I saw them growing, and with their shock-headed crown of finger-like fronds, hiding the nuts which were as large as Jerusalem artichokes. This is, I think, the only nut in the world that one eats the shell and throws away the kernel.

As we glided through the water with the tops of small rocky islands peering at us, I looked up the Nile and regretted that we did not have the time to go still farther south, until we reached Khartoum, in the southern edge of Nubia. We could have reached that city in five and three-quarter days, while it took General Kitchener, with the power of the British army behind him, thirteen years to reach Khartoum, not long ago.

We arrived at the barrage and walked along the top of the largest dam in the world to the western end. I looked up on the small mountain tops of the Libyan desert, so unlike any other mountains, as these are black boulders piled one on top of the other, and encompassed with drifting beds of sand, with lines curving as gracefully as any snow drift you ever saw in northern climes. I walked about a mile to the top of the nearest ridge to catch a glimpse of one of the world's famous landscapes. In places I sank instep deep in the yielding sand, and no one could have told by the track whether it was made by an ass or a camel or your humble

servant. In other places the sand was packed so hard that I seemed to be walking on yellow ice, with a slightly yielding surface. I saw the cataract and dam, the river, the reservoir, the desert, and the environing mountains. Yonder, almost covered with water, lay "the Holy Island," with its temple—beautiful, lifeless, something from the far past, now asleep with all its wealth of sculpture, painting, poetry, history and tradition—one of those scenes that is so difficult to put into words or color, and at the best, without its atmosphere of association, and a sky that is ever cloudless, were I to attempt any farther description, it would simply be no better than a catalogue.

I retraced my steps, recrossed the dam and, finding our donkeys awaiting us, we rode away. Before reaching Assouan the sun set behind the little craggy peaks of bottomless mountains out on the Libyan desert, and I watched for the after glow, as nowhere else in our travels around the world have I seen such ethereal light and shade, in the different colors, as thrown from the sky. It came, and in the colors of pink, violet, amber and gold, diffused all over the varied landscape around me, there arose a ruddy glow, shading all the other colors with such an opalesque tenderness of tone that it seemed to me I was not on a little piece of this earth any more, but was in some region of immortality and light.

I think that this vast desert of yellow drifting sand that the sun continues to shed its traveling light over after sunset, catches the rays of the light and by some opaque method unknown to me transfers its brilliance to earth and sky, with no falling dew to blind or blur its passage through the air. This unwonted brilliance is unknown even in California, where many of these conditions of air and desert are the same. Another surprising feature was its continuance, far longer than I have seen in any other corresponding latitude.

As we arrived in Assouan, all the streets were hung with flags and bunting, strung on long lines, and many thousands of lanterns with four glass sides of different colors, and all having a candle in them, were hung over the buildings. Sev-

eral great triumphal arches were erected, and about a score of steamers were anchored in the river, and three of them had red cloth laid up sloping stairways to the main street—running along the river bank. All these steamers had rows of bright flags on each mast and in rows from fore to aft. We ate our supper and walked on the street. All the candle lanterns were lit, each steamship was dazzling with light, an Egyptian band was playing on the bank of the Nile, dogs were barking, cafes were open, some rooms were filled with dancing girls, donkeys with men on them were racing along, a few carriages running to and fro, thousands of Egyptians with a scattering of almost every Occidental race under the sun were walking along the street; a large hotel across the river on Elephantine island sparkling from roof to ground with electric light, other steamers moored over the river—all illuminated—together with e lights of the hotel casting sparkling reflections on the moving current; the stars and the slowly growing crescent moon shining overhead —all this will give you a partial idea of how Assouan looked on the eve of the greatest celebration in her history.

VIII.

Egypt and India.

Today, December 10, 1902, marks one of the greatest events in Egyptian history—the opening of the Assouan dam, located about eight hundred miles up the river Nile on the first cataract. The cost of this dam, which is one and one-quarter miles long and as straight as a bee line from bank to bank, is about $16,500,000. It is estimated that it will irrigate about 530,000 acres of land. We walked the entire length twice, on the top, which is twenty-three feet wide. Each side has a parapet built of solid masonry about three feet wide and the same in height. On one side of the remaining width is a car track, narrow gauge, and on the other side is a row of double geared heavy gate or sluice openers, built in Ipswich, England. There are one hundred and eighty of them about thirty feet apart. One hundred and forty of these sluices are twenty-three feet high by six feet and a half wide. The other forty sluices are upper ones, i. e., about twenty feet higher, and are eleven feet and one-half inch by six feet and one-half inch wide.

Its greatest width at the bottom is one hundred feet, and its maximum height is one hundred and thirty feet. Average width about sixty-five feet. The level of the water above the dam is raised about forty-six feet, and it is said reaches up the river, before there is any current, one hundred and fifty miles. The amount of water stored is estimated at about 1,500,000,000 cubic yards. The greatest depth of water on the dam in the lowest channel is about sixty-five feet.

ASSOUAN DAM
(LARGEST IN THE WORLD)

The number of men employed in its construction averaged about ten thousand, mostly Egyptians. The stone cutters came from Italy. The contract for finishing allowed five years. The work has been completed in four years. Seventy-four thousand tons of Portland cement and ten thousand tons of iron are used in the construction. It also took twenty-eight thousand tons of coal.

Securing our tickets of admission to the "barrage," as it is named here, which were given to us through courtesy, because we were Americans, we wended our way on donkeys from Assouan to the dam, distance about four miles, arriving there about 1 o'clock.

In forty-five minutes more the entrance would be closed to all except royalty and a few invited guests. A temporary railroad station was erected near the east end of the dam, with a sloping gangway of about one hundred yards, covered with red cloth, leading to the top. Small trolley platform cars were in waiting to carry everybody for a small charge to the west end, where the laying of the last stone was to take place. We walked over to see the surroundings. About thirty of the one hundred and eighty gates were open, most of them on the lower tier, and simply represented the flow of the river at this time, as the dam had been allowed to fill with water several days before. The rush of the water coming out of these sluices made a roar like a small Niagara, and the water went dashing down the rapids below, in and around rocks, little islets, tumbling and tossing about with power enough, if harnessed, to turn all the mills Egypt or England will ever need. About five of the upper gates were open in one place, and the way the water shot out into space as it sought the channel below was the prettiest sight I ever saw. We were really in the edge of Nubia, as Assouan marks the southern limit of Upper Egypt. Over on the little rocky islands below the dam were some Nubians living who could swim these strong roaring rapids as easily as a fish. I saw one Nubian have a fish three feet long that he was playing with in a pool of water. Above the dam were islands and

palm trees with their tops sticking out of the water. The extent of the water surface in sight was not large; the immense quantity is gained by extending up the river so far. The Temple of Isis on the partly submerged island of Philae was visible, marking the length of the lake above with numerous islands nearer. Just the tops of rocky hills visible above the water. Out on the parapet of the dam at two places in crossing, on the lower side, little platforms were made to allow royalty a view of the wondrous whirl of rushing waters from the side of the dam below. We lingered some time at these places looking at the dashing force of these waters in passing out of such large sluice ways. The sluices are lined with heavy granite ashlar or cast iron. We stationed ourselves near the cornerstone and watched the people gather. At 3 o'clock the firing of twenty shots from four cannon at the east end of the bridge announced the arrival of the Khedive of Egypt, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught (the King of England's brother) and many others on a special train from Assouan. The little trolley cars pushed by, gayly dressed Nubians came whizzing over the dam. Royalty, many ladies, all the Egyptian ministry, English generals and their invited guests all gathered near the great corner stone. The ladies wore elegant costumes, and all the gentlemen of royalty were clothed in full military array. Diamonds sparkled in the sunlight, and altogether under these ever cloudless skies of Africa it was a notable gathering. I was surprised to hear no music, although each night in Assouan an Egyptian band played nicely. About one thousand people were present; about one-half Europeans, mostly English and French, and the other half Egyptians. Among them were included these two rambling Americans, a correspondent of the New York Sun, and I think the American consul of Cairo. Over to the right on the slope of the hills sat about two thousand Egyptians, as motionless as sphinxes. After courteous bows and tip of the fingers hand-shaking, the ceremonies commenced. Not a word of prayer or a bit of music, simply a little formal address by Fakry Pasha, Min-

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AND KHEDIVE OF EGYPT
IN ATTENDANCE AT OPENING OF ASSOUAN DAM, DEC. 10, 1902.
(First group of three.)

ister of Public Works, and in response the Khedive replied in a few words, using the French language. Then the Duke of Connaught spoke a few moments, after which a silver trowel was handed to the Duchess of Connaught, to lay the stone with, and after that three cheers. Five of the great gates of the upper tier near these ceremonies had been belted with electric power, and just then the Khedive of Egypt, by using a silver key, turned on the electric current, and as these five gates swung open, the volume of water rushing from the dam made the very ground tremble, a surging and seething mass of water, throwing itself against the rocks below, with thundering reverberations as the spray dashed itself high in the air.

There is a canal with five locks running just through the west edge of the dam by the side of this last stone laid. Then one of these lock gates, the largest single leaf gate in the world, was opened, and as the great bascule girders rose into the air, some boats decked out in gay colors passed through the canal. The opening of the greatest dam in the world was over. Royalty retired as twenty-one more discharges of cannon occurred, and we rode our two donkeys back to Assouan in the mystery of moonlight.

We visited the granite quarries, where all the obelisks and many pillars and the stone for a number of statues were quarried. Passing again through the Mohammedan cemetery back of Assouan, which covers more ground than the town does, and keeping straight out toward the east, we soon came to the old quarries. By easily traceable marks these large red granite blocks were split out of the quarry by wooden wedges. A tier of holes was cut into the rock in a row, wooden wedges were then fitted and saturated with water, simply splitting the rock out by the force of expansion.

We were interested in looking at one obelisk partly cut out, and if this huge monolith had been finished it would have been the largest one in the world, as it measured ninety-five feet long and eleven feet square at the base. Perhaps

some king intended to set up the largest obelisk and died before the work could be accomplished.

As we were walking from quarry to quarry, a carriage drove up and a richly dressed gentleman in flowing robes of silk alighted, accompanied by several attendants and a few young men who were running along behind the carriage. Wondering who it was, I asked one of the young men, who could talk English. He replied, "He is the big padre of the Copts." I knew from his reply that he was the bishop of the Coptic church, residing in Cairo at the head of and representing the survival of the early Christian church once planted in Alexandria, but I fear only in form, letter and ceremony in its continuance.

Over on some black craggy rocks were some birds as large as turkeys and white in color. They were simply buzzards with white feathers on them, beautiful to look at, as men and women are sometimes, yet repulsive in their aim and object.

We rode away and could easily trace the causeway, over which these great stones were dragged to the Nile, as many of these monoliths of rock were transported hundreds of miles, and some were found in Palestine and Baalbec. We wended our way to the station and booked for Cairo.

Our train left at 9 o'clock in the morning, and with ever varying interest I occupied the time all the day long in looking on the river, and the many steamers sailing away from Assouan, the people getting in and out of the train, the country stations full of bustle and throngs of queerly dressed people, and the large number of passengers getting off and on the train, traveling third class.

In many of the villages in Upper Egypt thousands of the "fellaheen" live in mud houses not much larger than the prairie dogs occupy in Colorado, and their ever present pigeon roost is almost as large as the house and always located on top of the dwelling. I could see their hens pecking and scratching, their babies crawling on all fours, the women cooking in mud bake ovens out of doors, and the men sit-

ting around or asleep in some shady corner. In the air overhead the birds were flying, the sun was shining out of a cloudless sky, the air was stirred by soft summer breezes, like the rippling waves on a peaceful sea, yet inside our car there arose stifling clouds of dust, making us emit mournful sighs, yet we either had to travel or fly.

As the train ambled along, I remembered how persistent the scarab sellers were at Thebes and Memphis in selling their (more than likely home manufactured) scarabs; then I wondered why these old Egyptians had scarabs put in their tombs at the time of their burial. The present value of a scarab is supposed to be in their antiquity, and because they were found in some tomb. I then asked myself why "a scarab was put in an Egyptian grave." As you know, it simply represents a beetle, and the old story, although often told, is sometimes new to a few. This is the story: The Egyptian beetle, as black as a crow and almost an inch long, would roll up a lump of clay on the brink of the Nile, after laying its eggs on the clay for a nucleus, until the lump would be three or four times as large as the molder. Then, with unwearied patience, he would roll this rissole up steep inclines, until it was beyond the level of the next annual overflow of the Nile, and in the edge of the desert would bury it in the sand. When his time came he'd die content, as he had provided for his successors. Out of all this came his mystic fame, and the old Egyptians came to regard him as an emblem, not only as a creative power, but of the immortality of the soul. He became a hieroglyph and his meaning was "To Be and to Transform." His picture was sculptured on their temples, placed on the shoulders of their gods, painted on their sarcophagi and tombs, pictured on their jewels, worn by the living, and buried with the dead. No insect ever had such greatness or fame thrust upon him. It is easy for the Egyptian of today to carve out imitations, to embellish, to glaze them, and then feed them to some turkeys in the form of a bolus, and after digestion they will look as old and venerable as if they had laid with the dead in a tomb for thousands of years.

The next morning to our surprise as we passed the site of Memphis, we saw that the lakes of water were gone, and the farmer was commencing on the dryest places to plant the seeds for a coming harvest. At 9 o'clock as we entered Cairo we were tired, dust-begrimed and hungry, having smothered twenty-four hours in a cage filled with dust. One day we visited the most interesting museum in the world, the one in Cairo. Words cannot convey to you my impression or an adequate description of this glimpse into the distant past, this touch of sight with the features of men and women who lived thousands of years ago; this sense of shortness of life, as I looked back over the almost countless generations of men and women who have passed—just like a hair breadth of space for each one.

Soon after entering the museum I went to the room where the Egyptian kings are, some of the greatest and many of the veritable ones of history. I found them. There lay the mummied body of Rameses the Great, known as II, the king who reigned sixty-six years about 1400 B. C. He was the Pharaoh reigning when Moses was born. He was the greatest builder of history, as we have seen in so many temples where his cartouch and statue seem to be everywhere. He used the Israelites in his service to make brick, and increased their tasks, yet the straw was withholden by his successor, Menepthah, who was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, reigning about twenty years. There he lay, the greatest of Egyptian kings, with features almost perfect, of medium size, the mummified skin just about the color of Egyptians of today, his toes and toe nails as perfect as the day he died. His hair was gray and the cast of his face showed great determination, boldness and energy. The last forty-six years of his reign was a time of peace, and he had millions of slaves dragging these great stones and erecting the greatest temples, statues and monuments in the world. He deified himself to become the Seostris of Egyptian history. On one side of his sarcophagus is the mummy of his father, Seti I, a man of pinched face, smaller, a countenance that would not partic-

ularly interest any one. On the other side lay in his sarcophagus (immense stone coffins) the mummy of Rameses III, the richest king of Egypt's history. We saw his tomb at Thebes (also the others) and on its walls were represented elegant gold and silver vases, shirts of mail, cushioned thrones and sofas. He died believing that his soul would come back and reoccupy his mummied body.

Another king, Thotmes III, lay in his coffin and, like all the rest, was partly unwrapped. He was buried about 1600 B. C. We saw priests, queens, kings—many of them with their names given, and wandered from room to room where many scores of mummies are to be seen. One man, evidently a priest, had a mass of beautiful hair and apparently died young. The queens all had distinctive feminine faces. All their mummy cases were here, some in delicate tints of color, all of them representing some form of life or event, either occurring in the life of the person or expected to after death.

In one of the large rooms were many glass cases containing jewels, rare chains and gems. In one case were the jewels of one queen discovered in 1894, who was buried in a tomb over four thousand years ago; a necklace of gold shells, ornaments for the breast, cosmetic boxes in cornelian, and many curious looking chains. It is useless to describe all I saw, as where one can make no comparison it is hard to convey an adequate description. I will simply mention that the mummies are the great attraction of the museum, yet there are old boats once used to carry dead kings across the Nile, boats and crew in gold and silver, mirrors of gilt bronze overlaid with gold leaf, and thousands of articles gathered out of the past. How interesting to look back thousands of years and see how these kings and queens lived, and by picture, inscription and writing learn something of their thoughts.

We left the museum thinking how strange it was that these kings were buried in their rock tombs so many years ago, and now their bodies so wonderfully preserved by their skill and art of embalming are seen at this day and time.

Then I remember that the papyrus used to grow in Egypt, and now it is not found there any more. Isaiah prophesied in Chapter 9:7 that the papyrus should wither and "be no more." Ezekiel also prophesied in the thirtieth chapter that God would "destroy the idols—there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." Then in the chapter preceding this the prophet says: "I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia," all of which has been fulfilled, as the word Syene simply means modern Assouan, and all the quarrying done there was called Syene granite in ancient times. How wonderfully true all of the prophecies of the Bible are, and as all that relates to the past has been so signally fulfilled, so will those prophecies that relate to the future, as all unfulfilled prophecy is simply written history.

We drove to the railroad station and booked our passage to Port Said. There are many strange things carried out of Egypt, as on the train from Assouan I saw among the personal luggage ancient mummied aligators and crocodiles, canes made of hippopotamus hide, also riding whips, Abyssinian and Soudan spears, and date palm lunch baskets. Of course these things were too large or long to get inside the parcels of luggage. We also picked up an extra satchel full of curious things too numerous to mention.

Our train passed through the Land of Goshen, a beautiful fertile land, thickly settled, with many cattle, some sheep and goats, all either herded or "staked out." It was market day and it seemed that all the country people were gathering in the larger villages, with a little of all their products for sale. How picturesque they looked as we saw them hurrying along the country roads, afoot, astride of an ass or camel, many of them with a bit of something to sell.

As we left the lands overflowed by the Nile, it became desert, and except on the sides of a small canal, we were following along, there was no verdure or trees. This canal runs from the Nile to Port Said to supply that city, also Ishmalia, with fresh water. At Tel el Kirber, a small vil-

lage, we were much interested in its surroundings and English cemetery, as here a few years ago 14,000 English troops defeated the Turkish and Egyptian forces of 24,000, and ever after England has had a hold on Egypt, diplomatically called a suzerainty. We soon saw, off to the right, some low ridges of sand and an occasional ship sailing, with no water in sight, looking like phantom ships traversing over this desert waste. They were in the Suez canal, floating along like birds on the wing. At Ishmalia we changed trains, taking a narrow gauge road.

Ishmalia is a small place, and its importance is in being a half-way station between Suez and Port Said, and in DeLesseps' time it was his headquarters when the canal was being excavated. Only a dreary waste of desert each side, with now and then an Arab tent or hovel, and a few trees planted along the canal.

Dredgers are at work in the canal, gradually widening it so that in time two ships can pass, as now they can only do so at certain stations. We soon came to only a narrow strip of land, and at the left were great areas of salt or bitter water lakes, and there were thousands of snipe and ducks swimming around in large flocks. It was after dark before we arrived at Port Said, a city of over 25,000 population, and not a single thing of any kind—fruit, vegetables or grain—raised within many miles of the city.

For nearly four days we were compelled to stay in Port Said before we could sail for India. Our accumulation of curious things in Egypt, curtains from Damascus, silk from Lebanon, a long list of many articles from Jerusalem, and with many things picked up in Europe, compelled us to box and bundle and ship on a Japanese freight steamer to Yokohama, 8000 miles across the seas from Port Said, costing us two English pounds sterling.

Mission work is very discouraging, as the missionaries are not allowed to have any street meetings. Rents are very high and the city is as wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah ever were. A Mr. and Mrs. Locke, who have been there thirteen

years, are doing the most in mission work. The British naval ships compel their men to attend church each Sunday, and they get all those who belong to no church when any warship is in the anchorage. The Peniel Mission seems to be educating or training some boys and girls.

The men on American transport ships have the reputation of drinking more than those of other nations when they go ashore. We booked on the Arabia to Bombay of the Peninsular and Oriental line, and were compelled to pay thirty-four pounds English sterling each, while others on the same steamer only paid thirty-eight pounds from London. We were much interested during our stay in Port Said in looking at the ships as they came and went, several each day from many of the nations. Some of them were loaded with soldiers, including a French, Russian and English ship.

Promptly at noon the steamer hove its anchor and sailed Steamers are only allowed to sail four and one-half miles an hour through the Suez canal, and each steamer is required to have a pilot.

We were sailing through the greatest gateway of the nations, one that all nations use who send any ships over the seas. I watched Port Said as we sailed away, one of the most peculiar cities of the world, made up from all nations, yet there are many French people living there.

I asked the steward for a copy of the passenger list and was taken by surprise. There were on board three dukes, three duchesses, three earls, eight lords, seven sir-knights and fourteen titled ladies, to say nothing of thirty-seven army and navy officers, two countesses, one baron and one baroness. And there was a German prince as well.

A London paper that came in by the way of Brindisi, being printed after the ship sailed from London, said there was never a ship on any sea before that sailed with as much royalty aboard as the Arabia. Had the London editor known who intended to get aboard the steamer at Port Said, he could have added to his list of royalty, "two children of THE KING."

It was the last steamer leaving England whose passengers could reach India in time to attend the Delhi Durbar. This steamer's tonnage is about 8000 tons, consuming eighty tons of coal each day, and some days we sailed four hundred miles.

Each hour of the day was full of interest, as we met other ships, passing dredgers at work, looking at the desert sands or salt lakes; and it seemed wonderful to be gliding along with such a large ship, over such a narrow ribbon-like stretch of water. After sunset we passed Ishmalia, and into a large lake of deep water, and there anchored, while seven ships with electric lights in front almost as bright as searchlights, came from the canal toward Suez and passed by at intervals of a few minutes each.

Mail boats have the preference, and these ships had been waiting for the Arabia. As I came on deck in the early morning light we were approaching Suez at the southern terminus of the canal. The place is not as important as Port Said, and quite away from the canal, as the open water of the Gulf of Suez commences here.

As we sailed down the gulf I noticed only a few miles away a quite high mountain rising abruptly from the shore, with a connecting range of mountains running into the interior. This is the most northerly mountain in this part of Africa, and it is very striking in appearance. In the morning sunlight it shone forth in great brilliancy. Just a little to the north of this mountain and its range is another range of hills, forming between the two a little valley or passageway to the sea. Just here is the probable crossing place of the Israelites, the sea being several miles wide and quite deep. You will remember the story, as the Israelites were not allowed to travel the usual way of today, via Gaza, around the head of the Red Sea, but were told to "turn and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon; before it ye shall encamp by the sea." (Exodus 14:2.)

The word Baal-zephon means a mountain or watch tower

of the north, and without doubt refers to this tall mountain that I could see by the edge of the sea.

The very word Suez literally means "destruction," and comes down in tradition from the past. About twelve miles from Suez, on the Asiatic side, is the well of Moses, still called by that name. From a further description in the books of Exodus and Numbers, the entire account agrees with this place as the probable crossing. About noon I walked on the promenade deck. We were on the Red sea, ploughing our way along in the center, the entire width of the sea being about sixty miles. The contour of the mountains in both Asia and Africa is peculiar and handsome. The weather was cool, even real chilly. There was just a suspicion of fleecy clouds, floating lazily over land and sea. Toward evening we saw Mt. Sinai, but only its top, as there were other mountains in front, with an altitude of 8500 feet, while Mt. Sinai is about 1000 feet lower and only visible through a gap in the mountains at one place. These mountains are several miles inland from the Red Sea, the region in front being called the "Wilderness of Sin." Over in Africa, facing Mt. Sinai, are some remarkable looking mountains, tall, sharp, treeless, abrupt and clothed in various colors, beautiful to look at because of a non-resemblance to other mountains. At sunset, with Mt. Sinai still in sight and all of its surrounding mountains aglow with tinted colors, and these beautiful African mountains standing like sentinels against the clear, crimson sky, there came to me a feeling of the perfect and eternal fitness of things, of how God chooses the very best places to manifest Himself in, as I know of no place so inspiring, no country or mountains so untrammeled by any of the arts of man, no region where the scenery is more grand than in and about this Sinai peninsula.

On this continent of Asia, the greatest in the world, connected with Europe as one, facing Africa, and looking out toward the islands of the seas and beyond to America, was the Law proclaimed from this mountain top. Could there be a more fitting place?

It is said that to the north of Sinai is a sloping plain, sufficiently large for all the hosts of Israel to assemble on; and as I again looked at its rounded peak, with such jagged mountains in front, all lit up with the afterglow of a brilliant sunset, there came to me a consciousness that God "doeth all things well," and by selecting this mountain top for the birth of Christianity and the promulgation of law for people to live by, was and is today the grandest spot on all the earth.

A ragged gem from nature's mold,
A mountain peak of beauty untold;
A history far more sublime
Than peaks of any other clime.

Read the story in Exodus, how one morning there came a cloud "and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud," and out of the cloud was lightning and thunder, and all Israel trembled at the sound. Then the Lord descended in fire within "sight of all the people, and smoke ascended from the mountain as it shook."

It is a beautiful as well as a wonderful story, as all Bible stories are, and still more interesting as the story unfolds, until the law and the commandments were given.

Only three days' journey from Mt. Sinai is the ancient site of Ezion-Geber, at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, called the Gulf of Akabar. It was at one time the southern limit of Israel, and where Solomon sent out his ships after the gold of Ophir.

On Friday, the 19th, there was no land in sight except at sunset. We saw a few mountain peaks in Africa. Only saw two ships during the day and a few open boats far away, probably containing pirates. The waiters at the table all put on white, and the "punkers" were started to keep us cool while eating, as the weather was getting warm. On Saturday, the 20th, we were still sailing down the Red Sea with no land in sight. We were opposite Mecca, in Persia,

and its seaport. Saw one steamer and one warship. Weather very hot.

We were nearing the southern end of the Red Sea, with the Isle of Perim in sight. On this lower end of Arabia the famous Mocha coffee is raised.

At 10 o'clock Sabbath services (formal ones) were held in the first-class saloon; but few of the royalty were present, compared with the number on board. Those who attended, especially the ladies, had on many diamonds and jewels to shine and gleam in the morning light, with trailing dresses to match.

Toward evening we came to anchor off Aden, a British settlement at the southern end of Arabia, strongly fortified, commanding the entrance to the Red Sea. Flags were flying on the several ships in the harbor, all in honor of the Duke of Connaught and his escort of British war vessels, and the Duke came over on the Arabia to call on the German Prince (Queen Victoria's grandson) and the Duke of Marlborough. Seventeen mail clerks came on board as the Arabia had two thousand sacks of mail to sort before reaching Bombay, most of it to be scattered through India. Their usual amount (weekly) is nine hundred, this being Christmas time—hence the increase.

I never will forget the sunset that Sabbath evening, as it dropped out of sight over behind the Abyssinian mountains and seemingly in the midst of an aureole of light, fleecy clouds, tinting them in colors of pink and amber. Even royalty paused in their walks back and forth, to look at this afterglow of sunset, nowhere more marked and beautiful than when seen as it reflects from Africa's shore. The mountains are abrupt and jutting almost on the shore at Aden, which is an island. There are more British troops stationed here than in Gibraltar. Many Nubians and Abyssinians came in small boats from the African shore and gathered around the steamer to barter and trade. In the evening the ship sailed away, Aden being half way from Port Said to Bombay.

I arose at 3 o'clock Monday morning and ran out on deck

to see that famous constellation of stars known as the Southern Cross. It was there, four bright stars, lying in the form of a cross on an angle to the east. With delight I viewed the sight, and caught another throb of nature's love, from those southern skies above, lifting me up with a quickening pulse to a plane where harmony reigns. Wonderful stars, as with noiseless tread they have paced the heavens since the world began, an emblem of love to all mankind, as it is our Saviour's cross hanging in the sky. I paced the deck, my soul all aglow—a season of rapture I enjoyed here below.

No land nor ships did we see all through this day of Monday. Tuesday came and the same result, with not a ship or land to see, as we went rushing along over this Arabian sea. Wednesday came and still not a ship nor land in sight. A few flying fish were flying about like the flutter of royalty on the promenade deck. Thursday came being Christmas Day, and we had plum pudding served on a tray.

I heard a great noise and clamoring shouts, and I walked aloft to see what it was about. Each day a coterie of the common people had been betting on the running of the ship, men and women getting much excited, as the stakes ran up to about twenty pounds ($100) each day. Their mode of procedure was to auction off the choices to the highest bidder. This being Christmas Day, some of the Dukes, Earls and Lords took part in this gambling scheme—hence the uproar, and the pool ran up to 100 pounds ($500). One lord won most of it and one of the common people said to me, "The big guns were too much for us."

A strange medley of people were aboard. There was a Church of Scotland preacher and he used to sing pantomime songs, drink beer, and smoke. One day I walked by the dining saloon and all the servants of the royalty and nobility were dining or rather at "Tiffin," as everybody calls the noonday meal, and I heard them talking about their employers (several dozen of them) and I wondered if their masters' ears burned. Their other talk was about diplomacy, pools, rank and style—simply a reflex of what they hear.

Each day the weather grew warmer and we were soon in the midst of summer heat.

Early Friday morning, the 27th, as I came on deck, I saw we were entering the harbor of Bombay. Many ships were lying at anchor, and there were large European looking buildings on the shore. The nobility had a special train chartered to carry them to Delhi, therefore the first two small steamer loads to the custom house landing were entirely filled with themselves, their servants and their luggage. About nine o'clock we landed, passed the custom house, by Elmer paying 70 cents as duty on his camera, and accompanied by a returning Methodist missionary hired a gharry and started off for the railroad station. On our way we purchased a topi each, to protect us from the hot, burning sun, called on the Methodist minister, found Bishop Thoburn there and was introduced to him, and after a chat proceeded to the station. We soon found that the fast Punjaub mail train leaving at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, our train for Delhi, was full, every seat taken, and the management refused to put on any more cars. We purchased tickets for the next train, leaving at nine o'clock that evening.

We drove to a market and walked through to see the fruits. We found guavas as large as oranges, mangoes, plums, apples, bananas, grapes, oranges, lemons, and other fruits I know not their name. The season was finished on the custard apples, which is called a delicious fruit. We then ordered our gharry to drive to the Towers of Silence, where the Parsees deposit their dead. Our first impressions of India were peculiar, unlike any other country. The two most commonplace things in all the world are seen all over the streets, yet you notice them not because they are so common. One is the little satin-skinned, fawn-colored, hump-backed ox, drawing carts everywhere, the other is nothing but a crow, small but blue. The reason you keep looking at these things is that the ox has a hump and the crow is blue; and there are troops of them all alike all over India. The streets are like a patch of tulips, orange, red, flaming vermilion, cherry

color, emerald and brown, in either turban or costume, jostling by in endless throng. Then there are women passing by dressed in satin, colored drawers, or the next may be cherry colored, or green, shining like a grasshopper; or the next woman with only a mantle of the brightest purple, drawn diagonally across the body from the breast to the hip, and wrapped around in this or some other bright color unseen in any other land. There are no such hues of color in any other country as are worn here by men and women. One has to come to India to see them. Then your western ideas are rudely shocked by groups of men stalking by entirely naked except a very small loin cloth, yet they all seem to be veritable children of the sun, basking in its rays, and their arms, legs and bodies all shine like polished bronze.

We alighted from our gharry at the entrance to the grounds where the Parsees (the richest and best educated people of India) deposit their dead. For about a mile we had been climbing an upward grade, in places quite steep, until we were on Malabar Hill, near the sea, and about four miles from the business center of Bombay. Accompanying us was a doctor of the English army, on furlough, a native of India, of Indian parentage, and in his official service stationed on the Gold Coast of Western Africa. At the bottom of a long flight of stone stairs we met an attendant, and because we had no admission tickets, which are obtained of the secretary of the Parsee society, we were denied any further entrance in a positive and emphatic manner. We intimated to the doctor that a little money would reverse his ideas, and after he talked to him in their Indian language, we were allowed to enter.

Ascending the stone stairway we came into a beautiful park or garden with curving graveled pathways. Following our attendant along one of these walks, we soon came in sight of a large, white, windowless building, with no roof in sight, as high as two stories and circular in appearance.

I saw a stone parapet around the outer edge of the entire top. On this parapet sat a row of vultures, larger than turkeys, not over a foot apart on the average, looking sleek and

fat and as solemn as a row of owls. Two other buildings not far away, built in the same manner, had other rows of vultures around their tops, looking well-fed and satisfied. Each bird, apparently, had nothing to do but sit and sun itself, while perched upon the crest of these parapets.

Our attendant led us into a little yard, and directing our attention to a model, about ten feet in diameter, began his explanation: "You see here thirty places that we lay the bodies on," showing us the top of the model divided into two circular rows of grooves, fifteen in each row, one above the other, all sloping towards the center. In the center is a large round hollow space. I asked him, "Where do the bones go to?" He replied: "As we need the space we brush the bones into that hollow in the center, which runs down through the building; then there are four drains leading out into the yard, filled with charcoal. We had one body this morning, and laid it there," indicating with a forefinger the nearest building where the thickest row of vultures sat. The doctor, true to the profession, wanted to climb the building, and look in at the top, but the attendant said, "Except the body carriers no one is allowed on those buildings, not even the relatives of the dead." About one hundred bodies each month are thus laid away on these "Towers of Silence." As these vultures swoop down on the body there is nothing but the skeleton left in a few minutes, to bleach and brown in a tropical sun until that groove is wanted again. Then all that is left of rich or poor, of old or young, is gathered in the central well, until some day when the resurrection will occur.

The grounds are beautiful, birds are singing, trees and lovely flowers are all over the rolling, sloping surface of Malabar Hill, with flowering shrubs and graceful towering palms—a vision of beauty, yet marred by five stone buildings surmounted by groups of loathesome vultures, with a few circling in the air.

We retraced our steps and paused by the side of a small chapel at the entrance, where their sacred fire of incense and sandal wood is never allowed to die out, and the final funeral

VULTURES WAITING PARSEE FUNERAL

MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY

services of their dead is held, but were not allowed to enter. However, the attendant allowed us to climb some stone steps leading to a porch of the chapel, where we could look across the glimmering ocean waves toward the setting sun, with the entire city of Bombay, its harbor and shipping in full view; and in the distance a little farther inland are some bold, beautiful mountains, called the "Ghats"—a small part of "Picturesque India."

In Bombay, a city of about 800,000 population, there are nearly 50,000 Parsees, and in all the rest of India only about 25,000 more. When Persia was conquered by the Mohammedans about 1200 years ago these Parsees' ancestors fled from their native land of Persia. Their religion was founded by Zoroaster, and by tradition it is said he was a disciple of Daniel, the great Hebrew Prophet. They are a remarkable people, as white in color as Europeans, speak English fluently, most of them very wealthy and very charitable. Most people in writing call them "Fire Worshipers," which is a mistake. They are simply Theists and regard God as an emblem of glory and spiritual life.

When a Parsee prays, he either faces the sun, or some fire—symbols of Deity, and one of the sights of Bombay is to see a group of Zoroastrians praying at sunset. With Parsees, earth, air, water and fire are their sacred elements, which easily explains their method of disposing of their dead. No contact with the earth, even the drainage purified by a charcoal filter; no fire to burn, nothing left to mold in the air, and no burial in water. One of the towers is used for suicides, and for those who die in hospitals, thus coming in contact with no other people. Another tower is used by one family and the other three are used by the two sects of Parsees, the larger one using two.

The men dress like Europeans, only they wear a tall, sloping, shiny, black cap, and in the back part of the cap there is a place to carry a handkerchief. The ladies dress very handsomely, and many of their silk saris are made in China,

then embroidered by hand in India, and costing from one to five hundred dollars each.

Near Malabar Hill are many handsome villas and bungalows of the wealthy merchants of Bombay. As we passed down and out of the entrance, another group of vultures were resting in the top of a small palm tree, waiting and watching for another Parsee funeral.

The first Hindu temple we saw in India, and the finest in Bombay, is near this entrance. We drove back to Bombay looking at the old and the new, here a fine European looking residence or store, and by its side a low, squalid, thatched hut, occupied by half naked natives. A city full of incongruities, of surprises at every turn, and thousands of people swept away each year by the bubonic plague. The trees looked strange to us, and in vacant spaces are the banyan and evergreen mango trees, the one with its thousands of brown rootlets reaching towards the ground, the other just coming into bloom for next season's crop of delicious mangoes.

Bombay has in one of its suburbs, one of the most singular hospitals in the world, where aged and infirm animals are taken in and cared for. North of Bombay near the mouth of the river Tapti, in the city of Surat, are three or four more hospitals to care for sick dogs and animals of all sorts, worn out or old and feeble. And in one of these hospitals there is a ward set apart where bugs, fleas, lice and other vermin are kept and cherished, all supported by Hindu charity.

At nine o'clock that evening, with all of our luggage, and in the finest depot in India, costing 300,000 pounds sterling, amid the hurrying crowds of all sorts of people, we boarded our train for Delhi, over one thousand miles away.

As we rode away in our second class compartment we noticed that all the long distance travelers had bundles of bedding and usually one whole seat, long enough to lie down on at full length, which is considered one sitting. It was warm and we laid down on the cushioned seats running lengthwise of our compartment, having plenty of room to stretch out, yet getting chilly toward morning.

Early next morning the sun rose clear, and I looked out to see something of India. I expected to see an almost treeless country. On the contrary I saw many trees, scattered all over the fields, many of them the large, glossy-leaved mango tree, just coming into bloom. The ride through the country was an interesting one. We saw monkeys gamboling in the trees, flocks of different colored parrots, wild peacocks, gazelles, and different kinds of deer. I saw no wild flowers and not many cultivated ones. The crops after the summer rains, which they call the "monsoon season," had gathered. Not much was growing, except in some districts where irrigation from the rivers could be done, or small pieces where the natives could pump water with their oxen.

The gauge of these Indian roads is very wide, and measures, I think, five and one-half feet. Many iron ties are used, and the fences have iron posts, as there is a white ant that eats up any wood that touches the ground. Toward evening we crossed one of the sacred rivers of India, quite a large one. The pepul tree, very sacred to the Hindus, we saw here and there, and the neem tree. In some places we passed through regular jungles of large leafed trees, bushes, tall grass and various thickets of trees, the home of the panther, leopard and tiger. Herds of wild deer became a common sight out in the fields, as the Hindus kill nothing, not even their cattle, for fear that the spirit of their grandmother or some other relation has come back to earth again and lives in some animal, bird or monkey. At night we camped down again on our train, but we were getting north in India, and suffered with the cold. In the morning as I looked out the country was broken, and small, sharp hills were in sight. Villages appeared all the time, as the population of India is immense. We crossed the Jumna river, a tributary of the Ganges, and at all these rivers one peculiar feature is that men are seen washing on their banks, as men do much washing in India. At Tundia Junction we left the train, waiting until evening before we took another one. Here we went to the English church, having a good service. It is simply astonishing to see

the large number of natives traveling third class. They come to a station early, camp down on the platform and wait for their train, time being no object to them. Most of the cars in each train are third class, and as the train arrives they fill those cars sometimes like sardines in a box, with their bundles and bedding. Another peculiar thing—all these men and women carry vessels to drink out of. The Hindus carry brass and the Mohammedans copper, and clean them very often. Each vessel will hold about two quarts, and you will see them on the streets, in the country and everywhere. If only one article is in their possession it is likely to be either this brass or copper water vessel.

Since leaving Bombay at every important town or junction, as we approached Northern India, all these people were roped off and a doctor examined them by feeling of their bodies, to see if they had the bubonic plague. We were not examined on the other cars, only to look at us and occasionally to feel of our pulse. All the Indian cars have an extra projecting side reaching down a foot to about the center of the windows, to keep the hot sun out in the summer time.

Again that night as our train rolled along to Delhi we suffered severely with the cold, and as we arrived we purchased some bedding and like all Indian travelers, ever after carried it with us.

On alighting in the Delhi station, we found it trimmed with evergreens. Many flags were flying; our flag and the British were on each side of the Viceroy's flag over the main entrance, and platforms erected were covered with red cloth. It was near morning, and what a scene. No hotel accommodations, everything full at about twenty-five dollars a day. We camped out the night in the station, as hundreds of others did, and thousands of natives were sleeping outside, rolled up in blankets. We checked our baggage in the parcel room and started out to walk in the early morning light. The city was all astir, throbbing with life and motion everywhere. As we walked along there loomed up on one side of the street several elephants, attended by their keepers, gathering for the parade.

We passed through a triumphal arch and in front of thousands of seats erected before a large Mohammedan mosque called Jama Masjid, from which all the royalty were to witness the parade, and a short distance away in sight is a vacant area of land of perhaps two hundred acres. I wish I had power to describe to you something of the scene before us in and about this area of land, on the street leading to the mosque and on a parallel street not far away (the most famous street in Delhi, called Chandni Chonk), from nine to eleven o'clock on the morning of December 29th, 1902. On the streets leading thereto was a continual passage of landaus and carriages first and second class, tongas, carts drawn by oxen,trotting along; English carts, rickashaws, judkas, tum-tums and gharrys. All the barouches and first class carriages had mounted outriders waving their pennants and I saw a handsome tally-ho drawn by six camels, a barouche by four, and a carriage by one camel, all trotting along like horses. Riders on bicycles were about as thick in the throng as commas in this narrative. All these conveyances were continually emptying their loads of Europeans and Indians of rank to occupy these seats; they were dressed in all the colors of a rainbow, sparkling with jewels, pearls and diamonds in the bright sunlight. Hundreds of native policemen and soldiers were keeping the multitude of natives off the streets in order to let the conveyances pass. On this vacant area fronting one of the streets, were one hundred and sixty-eight elephants and their keepers. Each elephant was dressed in robes of gold cloth, velvet or carpet rugs of great value, and on top of these costly trappings the elephants wore howdahs of silver, gold and wood. The keepers were making the elephants kneel down and Indian dignitaries dressed in their gold and silver embroidered flowing robes of all colors were, by the aid of a ladder, ascending to a seat or seats in the howdahs.

Many thousands of natives were gathering on all sides and along the line of the march of two or three miles. The booming of twenty-one cannon at the railroad station announced the arrival of Lord Curzon and party—the Viceroy of India.

Meanwhile thousands of troops, both native and English, with batteries of artillery were placed in rows on each side of the line of march. We secured a fairly good position in front of the natives, as we had been long enough in India to observe that Europeans were allowed to go almost anywhere, except into reserved seats, while the natives were beaten back, sometimes with whips, and ordered around in a peremptory way. Another salute of twenty-one guns from the front near the railroad station was a signal that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had arrived on their special train.

All the Rajahs of India were at the station in waiting to receive these two royal representatives, the Viceroy of India and the king of England's brother. About fifty or sixty elephants, those we saw in the morning, were in waiting to carry all this royalty, thus commencing the day's parade from the station. We were surrounded with great multitudes of Indian people, wearing turbans of various colors—mostly red, white, green and yellow—coats and frocks of all colors, some of them brighter than the feathers of a peacock. Then again in and among this throng were hundreds of natives with only a few yards of cotton on and nothing on their legs, many of them barefoot, but most of them wearing sandals. Every house top, old roof and improvised seat was covered with this wonderful, quivering, surging and kaleidoscopic mass of humanity.

The parade came in sight with a whole squadron of mounted lancers carrying red and white pennants, each rear rank carrying swords only; then an elephant with a silver howdah like a throne on his back containing Lord and Lady Curzon. This elephant's covering, a gold brocaded cloth, cost about $3000. Over their heads was an umbrella made of gold (a sign of royalty in India), worth as much more. Then came another monstrous elephant covered with jewels, sparkling like electric lights as the bright sunshine caught them, on mountings worth thousands of dollars, surmounted by a golden howdah, and upon its seat the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, wearing the same pleasing look as we saw on

STATE ENTRY, DELHI.
DEC. 29, 1902.

them at the opening of the great dam 800 miles up the Nile. Then all the Rajahs of India, about 100 of them, came, seated on a double row of elephants, dressed in gold cloth on silver and gold howdahs. Elephants and rulers of these many native states were dressed in jewels, silver bells, great head dresses on some of the elephants worth thousands of dollars. The fine carpets, the gold cloth, pearls, diamonds and wealth displayed as these fifty or sixty elephants passed was like a dream—a pageant unequaled in the history of the world. The howdahs were of every pattern—high and low, long and short, of either silver or gold, draped in yellow, red, purple or blue, and some in green. Most of the elephants had long silver chains hanging from their massive heads, jingling with a musical ring at every step. Gaily dressed men with maces walked alongside and attendants stood at the back of the howdahs, daintily dressed, holding bright colored umbrellas over the heads of these rich Rajahs of India. The covering of one elephant was one mass of jewels and pearls, and even their long tusks had wide rings of silver and gold fitted on them, and many of their tusks were painted with bright stripes of color. One elephant was encircled with a string of silver bells and he rang them with his trunk. As all this array of elephants and royalty reached the 168 elephants facing them—simply the retinue of the rajahs—then the retinue elephants saluted the others with their trunks and fell into line, making about 220 elephants loaded with people riding along. No country but Asia and no part of any country but India could present such a dazzling array of wealth. Such magnificent elephants, Jumbo in size, bedecked and surmounted with many of the costliest jewels in the world.

That evening, rather than pay such exorbitant hotel rates, we purchased tickets to Amritsar, 300 miles to the northwest of Delhi. Instead of shivering with cold we could now sleep, as we had our bedding and could turn our part of the compartment into a place for sleeping at any time.

The next morning as we were passing Umballa we saw off to the north some of the outlying foothills of the Himalaya

mountains. Most of these plains in this part of India are under irrigation from great canals, some of them one or two hundred miles long. Out of the Jumna are three canals, and the Ganges is taken out in canals at Hurdmar, where there are four thousand miles of main canal and its laterals. The monsoons are sometimes uncertain in India, and even if a large quantity of rain falls, it is midsummer and extremely hot, and under these conditions after the rain ceases the land may dry out before their crop matures. Monsoon does not mean heavy wind, and only lasts for three months, usually commencing about the middle of June, when the prevailing winds veer around to the southwest, with rain, often drenching rains, until these plains are a vast sheet of water in all the low lying places. Yet like some other countries, in portions of India the rainfall is only about two inches each year. I refer to the section near Persia, and away from the mountains. Then again over in Burmah and south of Assam is a section where there is about five hundred inches of rain each year, the heaviest rainfall in the world. Eastern India has more rain, as Calcutta will average sixty inches or more. Western India is where it forgets to rain at times, and away from the large rivers of the north there is not much water for irrigation.

Just after dark we arrived at Amritsar, a city of over a hundred thousand population, with large trees along the streets, and much of the city's surroundings park-like in appearance. We engaged rooms at the Dak bungalow and soon discovered the custom in India, as our rooms had only bedsteads and a mattress, each guest being expected to bring and use his own bedding. The rooms were large, and furnished elegantly, in Indian style, and as we retired Elmer laughed at me because I looked under my bed to see if any of the deadly poisonous cobra snakes were in sight. We were in the largest and wealthiest city in the Punjab district in India, a land whose history is full of romance; a city which is one of the commercial gateways to the great elevated table lands of Central Asia. Being not far from the tallest moun-

tains in the world, and in midwinter, we found it very chilly.

After eating breakfast in the Dak bungalow, where the waiters all wear their turbans, we sauntered out to see one of the most picturesque cities in Northern India. The cold air seemed to touch the marrow in our bones; a dark dust colored haze, surmounted by long, ridgy, storm looking clouds, filled the entire arc of space above. We walked across a park, yet the grass was getting parched with thirst, the paths and roadways were smothered with dust, large trees, in bunches and rows, and in foliage fair, lifted their towering tops into the air. Flocks of the ever-present little blue crows were scurrying around, while some were sitting on the ground—all were talking with that peculiar twirl that crows and sometimes children love to do.

Passing over the railroad tracks near the station on an elevated bridge, we crossed another park and came to a city gate opening into a long central avenue or street, full of business and people, unlike any other street in any other country or city except India. The first place we entered was a large carpet and rug-weaving manufactory, where beautiful Indian rugs are woven and colored with native dyes. The manager, who could speak English, received us very courteously and showed us a rug about twelve feet square, in a hand loom and not yet finished, where four young men had been working on it one and one-half months. In this establishment are 110 looms, all worked by hand, where several hundred boys and young men weave some of the fines rugs in the world. These rugs are worth in Amritsar when finished about ten rupees per square yard. The looms were strung with cotton threads, then each boy or man, under a director, would tie in the different colored wool threads, clipping them with a knife large enough to reap grain with, and then comb down the stitches with wooden combs. The boys' wages are about a dollar and a half each month, while the men receive from ten to fifteen cents each day. The usual conventional Turkish and Persian designs are used, yet in this establishment nearly all their product is shipped to a New York firm and a special designer

is employed to suit American ideas and taste. The manager showed us many rugs ready for shipment.

Kashmir people do the weaving, whole families knowing nothing else from childhood to old age.

Not many of the workers were present as many of them are Mohammedans and they were expecting to see the new moon the coming evening, and that would end their fast of the Ramadan.

The manager said: "My men expected to see the new moon last evening, but were disappointed." "Suppose it is cloudy and they cannot see the new moon tonight?" I asked. "Somebody will see it in Calcutta or elsewhere and telegraph," was the reply. It was a holiday among the Mohammedans. Stringing flags along the street, erecting fireworks and dressing up in holiday attire; yet there were hundreds of men walking along almost naked. Calves, cows, oxen and buffaloes were walking along the streets just the same as the people, looking in the doors, and nibbling what they could find to eat, and some of them I saw lying down chewing their cud of contentment. All had humps on their backs, and as I passed along I took hold of their horns or placed my hand on their rumps.

A real Indian city entirely eastern in its appearance.

There are many Indian women who dress only in colored trousers, holding trousered babies on their hips, wearing rings in their ears, pearl ornaments in their noses, silver in their blue-black hair and enormous bracelets on their ankles. As you look down the street you will see all colors on those that are dressed at all. Orange shaded to lemon, the brightest of red to an emerald or blue, pink, crimson and all the familiar colors until it began to seem to us that we had been used to such costumes all our lives.

We also visited the other two large Indian rug or carpet weaving mills, as there are three, all hand looms, and saw them working.

Amritsar is the holy city of the Indian people, called the "Sikhs," and its name means "the pool of immortality." These

people came into history and notice about 1500 A. D. They do not worship idols nor use tobacco in any form, neither do they shave or cut their hair, and are the best native soldiers in the British army. They have a golden temple in Amritsar and we visited it. Walking through the city like many eastern cities, with no sidewalks, dodging the ox-carts, running around their sacred cattle, and elbowing our way along, we came to a little lake and out on an island only large enough to build on it the "Golden Temple." There are gates and a paved causeway leading to the temple. We could wear no shoes, and not having any slippers large enough for me, I had to walk out to the temple in my stocking feet. The entire temple outside is the color of gold, not large. We were not allowed to go alone, one of their guards accompanying us. First they showed us a government ordinance whereby we were told in reading that we must be respectful and conform to the religious customs of the place. At the gate is a tablet recording a great miracle, how a great light from heaven fell before their holy book and was then withdrawn to heaven. We walked to the entrance and sitting there on the floor, without any chairs or stools, as all Indians do, were a few musicians twanging one-stringed mandolins and thrumming on tom-toms, making music lonely and scary enough to frighten crows away from a cornfield. Just beyond them sat some priests on the floor, under a canopy, and one of them read from their sacred book, called the Granth. Each Sikh believer brings an offering of flowers or coin. There are four doors of chased silver, and the temple is two stories high. In the first story is blue, red and gold, in frets and scrolls and flowers. We walked up stairs and those walls are finished the same, except there are studded mirrors, and some holy rooms. Only brooms of peacock feathers are kept to sweep the temple with. All around the lake are palaces of stone and marble belonging to the Sikh chiefs, who come here at times, and as we walked back, peddlers were offering all kinds of Indian goods for sale on the marble pavements, and some humpbacked cows were chewing their cuds and looking in one of

the sacred doors. We wandered for hours up and down the narrow, crooked streets where all sorts of little stores stretch along either side of the street; here a store full of gay red Mohammedan slippers, there a yarn shop full of bunches of yarn of all colors; damascened metal shops, copper and brass workers, gem cutters, where blocks of jade brought from Yarkand and Turkestan are made into jewel boxes, knife-handles, knifeblades, earrings and many other articles. I saw one woman have six rings hanging from each ear, about three inches in diameter. We saw men from the interior of Asia, hardy, rugged-looking people, and met a couple of men just coming in from Afghanistan, of full beard, wearing enormous turbans, and packing some blankets manufactured in Germany. That evening, amid throngs of people in the railroad station we again booked our passage to Delhi, over another railroad and made up our beds on the train as usual. In the morning we were near the river Ganges, and saw some men in a field burning the body of a Hindu, or trying to, as where the Hindu people are poor and wood is high, they only burn them a very little and the dogs and hyenas get the rest.

It was New Year's morning as we came into Delhi, the second time on a train crowded with people, and on each of the six railroads entering the one station were almost myriads of people, as most of them came to see the Coronation exercises. Our train was over one hour late, and at the Durbar, seven miles away, the exercises had already commenced. We tried to reach the scene, but were unable to, as the police were stopping all conveyances and the Durbar light railway had ceased running. We walked about two miles, hearing the one hundred and one guns as they were fired. There were eighty thousand troops, all the invited guests and one hundred thousand spectators. The price for everything was exorbitant. The light railway before only charged eight annas (16 cents); today was charging ten rupees ($3.33) as passage to the Durbar. Carriages were charging eight and ten dollars, many of them only gharrys, tum-tums, and carts drawn by oxen. From the appearance of the miles of roadway leading

to the Durbar, with a continuous surging throng of people, it had all the people in Delhi, for I never saw such a crowd extending as many miles as we could see.

Reaching a fork in the roads where all the returning Durbar people would have to pass we halted. Soon they came and for over two hours we looked at royalty, rajahs, and princes of India, some of them in carriages trimmed with gold and silver, wearing jewels and diamonds worth thousands of pounds, attended with liveried attendants, riding magnificient horses, some of them wearing helmets and carrying spears. Thousands of troops were marching along side avenues, with military bands of music. All the carriages had gaily dressed postillions.

Interspersed on the side and between all this splendor were first, second and third class gharrys, hill-tongas, bullock carts drawn by hump-backed oxen, tum-tums, tally-hos drawn by four and six camels richly caparisoned, Judkas covered with gay rugs, and their ponies with bells jingling along. On both sides of the street were surging, moving masses of natives, dressed in the gayest colors under the sun, and thousands of them undressed, with arms and legs as brown as bronze, and shining in the sun like varnished work—all this, woven together, presented a scene that cannot be produced in America or Europe. I never expect to see any other passing throng of such a character and color on this earth again. Tired and hungry we wended our way back to Delhi. All the hotels had adopted the American "sudden way" of getting wealthy, raising their prices to twenty dollars a day. Restaurants were nowhere to be found except at the railroad station, and a few high priced ones along the camps. Down in the dirt and amid the swirling dust, there were thousands of native eating places and tens of thousands of Indian people buying the queer mixed up dishes of food, and the black coarse pancake looking like loaves of bread. A curious medley, of curious things in a curious land.

Toward evening we purchased tickets to the art exhibition and entered the building where all European goods were

kept out and only Indian goods allowed in the display. I saw a small diamond in a case. The attendant said it was worth $5,000, because it was of pink color. We came to a gold umbrella. It was marked 39,000 rupees, about $13,000. They are used on the howdahs as shelter from the sun, when riding on an elephant. We saw cashmere shawls worth $1000, of fascinating beauty; and one large cashmere carpet woven in blue and gold with as delicate stitching as in the shawl, too fine to walk on. I saw howdahs trimmed in gold and silver worth $2,000—saddles to put on elephants' backs. In a glass case one rajah had on exhibition a table cover not over nine feet square, made entirely of precious stones, pearls, turquoises and rubies, and woven together in designs of flowers worked out in the different gems, and this table cover alone is valued at $50,000. I saw some chairs covered with gold, and one of them of beautiful design is worth 24,000 rupees or about $8,000. I saw door shutters inlaid with ivory, and ivory boxes, mantels and carved work in teak and sandal wood. We saw carpets 500 years old that came from royal houses in India, and the coloring was as perfect though worn, as the day it was woven. We saw many other carpets which in design, color and pattern would cause the average American lady to want one, and then invite all her friends so they might see it.

We ate supper on a raised platform at the exhibition restaurant, where the food was served in dishes of Indian make, and as we munched away we noticed the walls and ceilings covered with Indian art muslin, rare carpets and beauty everywhere, could we but ask: Is this some dream, or a fairy picture, or a bit of some Arabian Nights come to stay, or is it a part of the real India of today? Of course, just like your state and county fairs where the largest pumpkins and squashes are brought in, so here the whole of India has been ransacked to get the best of everything—all forming a veritable fairy scene, oriental in character, with a blend in color as harmonious as a rainbow and a skillful grouping of figures

until a picture was formed that is not seen in any occidental land. We wandered from room to room, each moment catching something to charm, as fast as eye and thought could grasp, and then only in part, as the whole was too vast to catch in one evening's walk. The entire exhibit had a commercial value of about $8,000,000 American money. The next morning we took the Durbar railway, and as there were no Durbar exercises, we stopped at the polo grounds to see the nobility play polo, then went out to the Durbar camp. Immediatly around the Durbar center is a level plain, large enough to review fifty thousand troops, or perhaps more. We rode back to Delhi, nearly all of the seven miles through one vast sea of tents, the largest area of them I ever saw at one time. That evening we purchased tickets to Lucknow, a train starting about midnight, and started out to see the fireworks. Nobody knows how many people gathered to witness the great display. There may have been two hundred thousand. I never saw such a multitude on any occasion before. For two hours all sorts of carriages and carts were trying to bring the guests who had purchased seats, as there were thousands of them erected for the grand elephant parade, and now used for the fireworks. The policemen kept driving back the natives, but Europeans were allowed to go unheeded. We walked to the seats as soon as the fireworks commenced, which the guard invited us to take. As the glare of the rockets and set pieces lit up the surrounding space, a perfect sea of upturned faces, and many housetops for blocks around covered with great masses of people, and even the battlements of the Delhi fort a half mile away, black with humanity, and the open space, nearly a mile square, all filled with natives, until there was no vacant room—all this was to me a more impressive scene than the fireworks. At the close we hurried to the station, found our train, could not get in, as it was completely packed, and were left at midnight with no hotel to go to. Cold and tired, yet we could still muse upon the situation.

At this time, with all our luggage, and every hotel full, our

situation as the train departed for Lucknow was not a cheerful one. However, we saw a number of Europeans spreading out their blankets in the European waiting room of the station, and concluded there was room for two more, so rolled up in our blankets on the floor and were soon in a land of peaceful rest, sleeping as sound as two bugs in a nest.

In the morning I again walked out on the streets of Delhi and, seeing a notice, "Public Library," walked in. There were not many books or papers, and only a part of those English. I particularly noticed in a prominent place the monthly publication of the Theosophists of San Diego. Theosophy is simply the old Hindoo doctrine of transmigration of souls, and brought up in America clothed in a new name, surrounded by a certain subtle sophistry of reasoning, in order to catch people who are straining after new isms.

Again I walked on the most famous street of Delhi, the old "Chandni Chonk." On each side of the street for over a mile are little shops and stores, just a few feet square, and the merchant sits down on the floor in the center. The would-be native customers come, standing in the street, as the stores are about two feet higher, and purchase, attended with much bartering, as nearly all the Indian merchants ask much more than they expect to get. In our shopping we learned that to get anything we wished to purchase, reasonable or cheap, was to go to the Mohammedan stores early in the morning, as a Moslem will sell the first sales of the day very low, as he terms it, "for luck."

This morning the street was filled with purchasers, and all the better stores had carriages and smart English carts, all attended with postillions in waiting for the wealthy English ladies, as they admired and then sought to purchase some of the famous products of India. I never tired of walking along these crowded thoroughfares, so replete with color, pictures that in their setting an artist might covet.

I saw two funeral processions, where the body was first covered with a red cloth, and lying on a stretcher was carried on the shoulders of a few men, and about a dozen more

were walking behind—all singing a sort of mourning chant. I asked a merchant where they were going. "They are Hindoos, going to burn them," was the laconic reply.

Toward noon I returned to the station, as another train was leaving for Lucknow. It was more crowded than the one at midnight. All the classes of travel were piled in the cars like kernels of corn on a cob, and there were many double rows. We concluded to wait until 6 o'clock in the evening and then make a rush for the best we could get in the way of a seat. It began to look like a serious matter just to get away from Delhi. During the afternoon we looked at the different trains as they left. Never before were cars loaded with such a mass of struggling humanity. Among the natives they almost fought for places to stand on the train. Fully four hours before our train would leave, the people began to gather on its platform in the station. With other Europeans we tried to get some guaranty that the first and second-class cars would not be overcrowded, but could get none, therefore we concluded to try an intermediate car, only one being on each train. The passenger train coming from Lucknow was the one going out, so we piled our luggage up at one side and met the train coming in, jumping on before it stopped. Elmer crowded his way into the car, and I jumped off on the other side of the train and ran along with it. Coming to the intermediate car, there stood an Eurasian in one of the doors beckoning to me, and with much earnestness said, "Come, I want you." I jumped in. Pointing to a sign on the door reading, "For Europeans only," I understood the situation. I ran out, found Elmer struggling with all his might to keep his place in the other end of the car, and hastily calling him, we both joined the Eurasian. Another American came along and we held the door. Scores of natives had intermediate tickets, expecting, as we did, that would be the easiest car to get in, but that sign staggered them. Otherwise they would have taken possession. Before the train started we let two Englishmen in and our compartment had only six as the train left, with room for eight, and the

next one in the car contained in some way eighteen. I asked the Eurasian, "How did you manage to get this compartment reserved?" He said: "I have been waiting two days to get away from Delhi, not being able to get on a train, and I plucked this card on the door off from a car in the yard, and met the incoming train out at the edge of the city, and I put the card on the door." It was very fortunate for us, as I never saw such a tumult, nor any train so filled with people before; and we were riding off like kings, with plenty of room.

The next morning just after sunrise we arrived in Lucknow, hired a gharry and drove to a hotel, where, as usual, we furnished our own bedding. We went to the English church in the morning where the service was well attended. At 6 o'clock Bishop Thoburn preached in the Methodist church, well filled with people. Most Methodist bishops preach long sermons. This one was only about fifteen minutes long, and the text was about "The River of Life." There were several Indian people in the audience and the singing was good. This early time is used as a general church service because the dinner hour in India is about half-past seven in the evening.

After dinner we attended a sort of an informal service of the American part of the North India Conference. It was a beautiful service, full of power, and their council together with the bishop presiding was wise and moderate in regard to their present condition of affairs. The next day towards noon we attended the full conference, where all the Indian members were present. They were debating the tobacco question, as some of the native preachers were using it. I was invited to address them, which I did, and an interpretr rendered it to the Indian members in their own language. It was wonderfully impressive to see how animated these fifty or sixty Indian preachers were, and hear them talk in their language. There were a few Eurasians among them. We also visited the Methodist college, and it seems to be doing

a good work. They take good, needy boys, educate them, and then they pay the college back.

We found Lucknow a large city of over 200,000 population, but much scattered. There are parks, many large trees, monkeys prancing about, and fine stores, besides the bazaars. I saw women turning stone mills by hand, same as they do in Palestine; men splitting wood in the streets for their wood store, and not ten feet away merchants selling dry goods; barbers shaving their customers in the streets sitting on the ground; loose cattle walking around, and curious people everywhere, as in every Indian city. The two days we were in Lucknow were ideal days; just the kind of days that nature puts on a garb of rest, with not even a passing breeze to catch a trembling leaf, with not a cloud to dot the sky, or cause a shadow from above. Much more of interest I saw in Lucknow, yet I must hasten on. We concluded to ride back into the Presidency of Bombay again, and purchased tickets to Ahmednager, over twelve hundred miles away.

IX.

India, China and Japan.

We boarded our train in the evening and by morning were passing through a gray rolling country and could see groups of deer out in the fields, feeding on the growing grain as in places where they could irrigate, some bright, green looking fields of grain covered the ground. As we came into Agra we crossed a high iron bridge, spanning a wide sandy river bed, with a small body of water trickling along. Just across the river as the train swerved to one side was a large, peculiar looking fort, similar in construction to the one in Delhi, and its towers and battlements looked like the walls encircling the city of Jerusalem. Nothing else much except a gray colorless landscape in sight, a brisk north wind blowing, catching little dry wisps of grass and leaves and twirling them into little eddies by the roadside; then a stronger sweep of wind would send them flying into the air in a whirling cloud of dust and sand.

About a mile down the river, standing in bold outlines against the gray sky, amid bowers of green foliage, is the "Taj." Lord Roberts once said "It is worth a trip to India to see the Taj." We came to Agra to see this wonder of wonders. Leaving our luggage in the station just beyond the large fort, and having all the afternoon, we decided to walk, yet the road leading around would cause us to walk about two and one-half miles.

The air was cool and bracing as the north wind was bringing to us fresh ozone from the snow-clad Himalayas in the

north, though out of sight. Just by this great red fortress of Agra, built about three hundred years ago, and large enough, as it was, to be both fort and palace for the king of India, our road led us, and into an avenue bordered by baboo trees (from which the gum Arabic of commerce is obtained) and also pepul trees. As we wended our way towards the "Taj," fitful gusts of wind caught us abreast as we pushed along; and the ever present natives went scurrying by like peacocks on the fly. Hump-backed cattle walked listlessly along nibbling the falling leaves, even though dry and brown. The capricious crow was cawing in the trees, or circling around preparing to alight on the ground. We were sauntering in India's land to catch a glimpse of something grand. While walking briskly, I recalled the story, an Oriental one, tinged with romance and love: Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar the Great, the first Mogul Emperor of Hindustan, wooed and won a beautiful Persian lady by the name of Mumtaz-I-Mahal. After a few years and during the first year of his reign as Sultan of India, his wife died, and he vowed that he would build the finest tomb in the world. For seventeen years the work went on, with all the skill and wealth of India to draw from. We were about to see the work he wrought, by looking at the tomb of Taj Mahal. We approached a large doorway, with a succession of walls and towers on each side, and entered. Just a park of grass and trees and the wall enlarged as it encircled the same, gathering red sandstone buildings in its course, and capped with towers. This area was large—perhaps five acres. Passing part way across this enclosure we turned into another great arched doorway of red sandstone, and beyond, down several steps, out across a garden of beautiful trees and flowers, with twenty fountains and a clear stream of water, basins of gold fish, and velvety green grass between, was the tomb "Taj Mahal." Was it a mirage or was it a dream? Was it a fancy of some phantom beyond? Is it a mystic enchantment? To correctly describe it one needs the genius of the architect that planned this final great wonder of the world. Down at the end of a stone walk, then

up some steps on a great white marble platform stands the Taj, four-square, with the corners rounded, as any square corner would mar its harmonies. In the center rises a full, round, white dome, and at each corner are four smaller domes, upheld by arches. Latticed screens of marble, little half hidden recesses—half arch, half dome—and surmounted by small pinnacles, all towering aloft in graceful harmony. Was this all? No. Over all this work was sculpture, carving, inlaid frets and scrolls, twining vines and garlands of pearls, agate, cornelian and colored marble, until vine and interlacing stems, and flowers to blend, were as real as nature's growth. No paint or pigment on the whole, yet each color so perfect it enchanted my soul. Was it a dream to fade away, or some Arabian nights come to stay? Are those only whispers of color, or is it something that is real today? Magical and mythical it did seem until I saw its shadow from the sun's bright gleam. I then paced around its base below, to make sure it could not be an illusion. Would that I could tell you of its beauty, so charming and complete in every way. I would have to be a Homer and a Socrates, too, in order to fully paint this picture to you. There never was a tomb so fine, not even General Grant's on Riverside Drive. In matchless colors and wondrous taste, it stands unrivaled among all tombs of the past. Agate and Jasper with the stones of Jade, were used to festoon each garland with grace. Each flower is so perfect in color and kind, as to almost approach the sublime. "Nothing but stones" I hear you say. Yes, but real artists have toiled many days to bring each stone and gem in full sway, the whole presenting a beautiful picture of today. I was glad to see the tomb of "Taj Mahal," because it is more beautiful than gold. My soul was enraptured as I walked away, because there is beauty in the world of today.

Before leaving the grounds I looked down in the Jumna river, as we were on the high banks overlooking the trickling river and its bed of sand. In full view were two groups of vultures picking away, as two Hindoos lay, partly submerged in the flow of the river below. All over India there

TAJ MAHAL

AGRA, INDIA

is always fish, as a prominent dish, on each bill of fare. Knowing that Central India is a long ways from any ocean waves, we suddenly lost our taste for fish and ate no more on India's shore. Passing out I admired the roses of many kinds and colors, looked at the poinsettias, the only ones I saw in India, and walked back, going by the fort again, looking grim and gray as the day was wearing away.

I thought of the time when this king was in his prime, and built this fort, with its palace and court. He had a black marble throne erected on this wall above, and used to watch the tigers and buffaloes fight below, while his court jester stood behind, to make him merry as the fight went on.

This was over three hundred years ago, when this king lived in splendor and barbarism, too, yet this quadrangle of land still lies beside the fort, where the king used to watch these beasts and call it sport.

As we walked along with a pace full and strong the gloom of darkness was gathering, and I heard a song. Some men were approaching in a funeral procession, carrying a corpse aloft, covered with a red cloth; as they paced together, their singing was peculiar, as it seemed to be a rhyme, without any time. What they intended to do I easily foreknew, as any fire burns much brighter when the day is waning away. We reached the station in time for an early supper, then gathered up our luggage and boarded our usual sleeper.

As our train speeded away from Agra I thought a Briton would see India much different. He would never pass Cawnpore, without looking at the place where the massacre of English people occurred in 1857, and he would wander about the stone heights and ledges at Delhi, with maps in his hand, as we saw parties of English people doing, and point with sword or cane to positions occupied as Delhi was retaken. We had looked on the historic places in Lucknow, gazed into a little enclosure where two thousand mutineers were slain, yet somehow our pulses did not beat any quicker, nor did we care to read up all the details of the great mutiny of 1857. All Britons who belong to or are a part of the so-called "smart set," and

they are very much in sight in all these Eastern lands, have very little regard for the average American. If an American drops into their ways, wearing a waist and long-tailed coat at each dinner of table d'hote, with an immaculate shirt front all studded with gems, and finger rings of diamonds true, sipping his tea or coffee and toast as he lies in bed before the sun comes forth, breakfast at eleven, and tiffin at one, with an afternoon tea as the clock points to four, not forgetting to talk of English history and deeds of valor, and having plenty of time to play cards just for sport, "don't yer know," with games of polo when the weather is fine, then you are an American true with all the regards of these British with you.

Next morning, January 7, we were passing through a peculiar looking country. There are hills almost like small mountains, not in apparent ranges, but rising abruptly from these great plains, and some of their tops are clipped off square. In places there are many trees and most of them were in full leaf, yet out on the plains of India I saw none of the pine, cypress or cedar family of trees. Abundance of life everywhere, parrots, pigeons, peacocks and birds that I knew not the names of; monkeys, gazelles, deer, and out in the jungle where brush, trees and tall grass grows, are the leopard and tiger, watching for their prey. Residents of India get into a habit of calling all the country not in cultivation a jungle, which is misleading, yet at times our train ran through wide areas of country that was real jungle.

The roadbeds are ballasted with rock; the stations are fine, and there is no dust on these Indian railroads. Each large station has good dining rooms where European food is served, and at moderate rates. Something of interest to look at all the day long: stations full of people, much native travel, some of them dressed and some undressed, many women wearing rings in their ears, some in their nose, nearly all bracelets on their ankles and many of them wear rings on their toes, and not a few with more than one pair of bracelets on their arms, cheap and tawdry to our eyes, but perhaps looking different to them. In the first and second class cars (and all the eight

wheel cars are called "bogie") there is more room for toilet, shaving and luggage than in America or Europe.

The next morning our train was in the Bombay Presidency, as it includes a large area of country. Here cotton is raised to some extent, where rains are sufficient in the monsoon season. In no country does cotton have as long a staple as in America, therefore all cotton weavers have to obtain American cotton to weave fine fabrics. There had been some rain, yet not sufficient to start the grass, and the country looked dry, with scarcely anything growing. The moisture had brought many butterflies, and troops of them in colors gay were flitting along all day. An aimless, wandering butterfly, yet perhaps tomorrow it will die. True of men and creatures, too, in this changing world below.

As I have written before, I missed the wild flowers--for thousands of miles and in many strange countries they had been my constant companions. I was lonely without them, a charm was gone from my life, as their upturned faces are always to me a source of pleasure and delight. "Only a glance" you may say, "that anyone can get from flowers on the way." Yes, yet a glance is worth more than a gold mine, if it is filled with love divine.

The day passed by, as all days do, seeing many things, yet I can only record a few. Again we turned our cushioned seats into a sleeping couch. In the morning we were approaching Ahmednager, and but few trees dotted the landscape, quite different from the parts of India we had seen with many trees of different kinds. A range of small mountains ran circuitously along and the country looked dry. How the people of the many villages all lived, puzzled me, then I remembered that this was a portion of the great famine districts, and the people did not starve because there was nothing to eat, but because they had nothing to purchase food with. Just a little after seven o'clock in the morning our train arrived in Ahmednager. We hired a tonga and drove directly to the mission industrial works. As we rode along, something seemed to be out of joint. Little, hastily constructed, flimsy-

looking huts and cheap native tents were strung along each side of the road. Store keepers were selling goods out of the cheapest, rudest tents—vegetables and bread were sold in the open air, intermingled with flies and dust. Out in the open fields were other tents, or groups of them, and everywhere the people just seemed to be staying, not permanently living. Many carts loaded with cotton and drawn by oxen, all going toward some large gins, and hay, wood and baled cotton were being drawn in other carts here and there. A curious and at the same time anomalous condition of affairs. We rode up to the factory, over one mile from the station, dismissed our tonga, and noting that all seemed quiet, asked for the superintendent. He soon came and then for the first time we learned the true condition of affairs. He said, "About fifty are dying each day in Ahmednager of the bubonic plague, out of a population of about twenty-five thousand. Some of my men have it and we are all being vaccinated." Talking still further and finding that the business we came on was not obtainable of him, we concluded to leave Ahmednager on the next train. On foot we started for the station, and saw the quarantine flag erected here and there as gingerly and tenderly we trod along—the air and dust seemed to be full of disease and death. Nobody knows just what the germ is, or how people take it. They are well today and frequently dead tomorrow. It is the same disease that depopulated London in 1665. It is worse in the cool weather of winter in India, and its history shows that in its first attack on a village or city, that it runs out in about two and one-half months. Then when it comes again the next or succeeding year, it is more fatal and lasts twice as long in running its course. The third time it comes is still worse, almost like a sweeping epidemic. One hundred thousand in the Punjab district alone died last year, and the disease is slowly but surely spreading all over India. Like the sleeping sickness in Africa (80,000 dying there, mostly in Uganda, within four years), it is spreading, creeping and growing in all directions, even outside of India. It seems to be caught through

the skin, as Europeans and even natives who wear shoes and pants seem to escape. In any place the rats get it and die first.

With sighs of relief, shaking the dust off, we reached the station. No train out for ten hours. I sat down to meditate upon the "irrascible mutations of life."

After ten solid hours of meditation a train came to take us away. It was Friday evening and 200 miles distant by changing trains we could reach Dharangaon, a place where the Peniel Mission of Los Angeles has a station. We concluded to call on these people and take a sort of latitudinal look. As usual, we had our two sleeping couches on the train, which was on its way from Madras to Bombay. At Jalgoan we changed cars with a wait of about three hours, but there was a fine waiting room and when you have your own bed, as everybody does in the East, it is easy to "take it up and walk."

About eight o'clock in the morning we alighted from the train in Dharangaon, a city of about 18,000 people. The city was there but no people (entirely empty) with scarcely a dog walking on the streets. This is a walled city and all the people were camping out, not for pleasure, but because they had all been turned out of their homes, and their old homes were all sealed up with a government seal. They were now living in almost "any old way," under trees, about the fields, in little shacks, or squatting down by the roadside. The plague was so bad in the walled city that the government officials came along and turned the people out, a very wise thing to do, as perhaps if this had not occurred there would have been none left to turn out. The plague was still claiming a dozen or so of its victims each day, yet we were getting accustomed to this sort of thing, as people have to in the East, as they soon learn that it is unwise to be filled with trepidation and fear.

We found these ladies of the Mission living in an old castle-looking home, and if located in England would certainly have been built by some armored knight of the middle ages. As we

entered the gate of this enclosed compound (not far from the walled city) and paced up its walk to the entrance, I fully expected to be hailed by some grim looking sentinel, like some echo of the past. They have nearly thirty orphan girls, mostly small, some grown up, waifs from the famine, and one little boy among them. They are training the larger ones in order that they may go among their own people as Bible women. I heard them sing and testify with shining faces and flashing eyes, and it seemed that their minds were grasping the living truth, as we are told that "God is no respecter of persons."

It was a season of rest and repose, all of Saturday and Sunday, too. In a neighboring government bungalow we spread out our beds between the two, not forgetting to look for the cobra, as we heard some tales that made us shiver and shake. This mission with trust and hope is laying the foundations of what they call a "bungalow," and I saw several Indians digging the well through rock and shale—a circular opening several feet in diameter, with water gathering in the bottom a good many feet in depth. I heard the government official say to Miss Shearer, on Sunday, "One of the men working on your well yesterday died of the plague today."

The remark caused no surprise, as it would if uttered in America. I have talked with missionaries in many separate parts of India. Nobody knows in America, except they come and see, of the work that missionaries do, and of the privations they go through, yet to the true missionary (and I saw no others) each difficulty only presents an opportunity. The real cause and want of greater success in missions is in so-called "Christian lands." The man or woman in England or America that gives a few dimes to missions, and one hundred dollars to build and adorn some costly home church that never prays for a foreign mission, that breathes a sigh of relief when the missionary collection is raised, knows of and cares but little for missionary work.

With the scanty funds with which missionaries are provided I think they are accomplishing real miracles. Then again, real men and women are wanted as well as money, that are

NATIVE CARTS LOADED WITH COTTON

DHARANGON, INDIA

"called by the Lord," as there are many, many millions of even India's 280,000,000 that have never heard about Jesus the Saviour, and never will under the present order of things. The Indian people are different from your idea of them. Saddled with notions of caste, almost entirely destitute of any sense of gratitude; immorality and Mohammedanism running rampant in the land, unable to comprehend even if converted that anybody should do Christian work without pay, crafty and cunning on their level, and if you treat them too kindly they will respect you less, taking kindness for weakness. Could you expect them to be different? I do not think it wise to educate them into English or American ways and customs, as that only will increase their wants, and for missionary work is only a detriment to them. There is a hope that in the different training schools natives will go out equipped for the work, therefore if these lines greet anyone in California who is helping the Peniel work in Dharangaon, do not withdraw your support, as out of this little training school some "Amanda Smith" may sweep through hundreds of Indian villages with the power of the Holy Ghost and the Word until thousands may turn and "live."

After dark Sunday evening we again boarded a railroad train, this time for a run almost all the way across India to Calcutta, the metropolis of India. We were glad to get on our train again as we traveled in India 4870 miles, being in the country twenty-one days, and only four nights did we stay in hotels or bungalows. The rattle and roar of the moving trains became music to my ears, and the novelty of being aroused from a deep sleep at the midnight hour by some doctor, who, for safety, would demand that he feel of my pulse to see if I had the plague was something one will not find in America.

We had another long ride before us of three nights and a little over two days to reach Calcutta, next to the largest city in Asia. Our booking was by the Bengal and Nagpur R. R., the most direct route. We wanted to book via Benares and see the monkeys, as they are so plentiful, and the Hindoos will

not have any killed. Only a few years ago they caught over one thousand in Benares, and putting them in sacks carried them off to other parts of India. A monkey is a peculiar animal, and I never tired in watching them caper about, and wild monkeys are much sleeker looking than any that Italian organ grinders lead around with a string in America. I remember that when we were in Delhi looking at the great elephant parade (the grandest pageant in all the world) that a band of monkeys came leaping from one large tree top to another until they reached the side of the street where I stood, and as Lord Kitchener, Lord and Lady Curzon, and all the rest of the nobility were riding by, these monkeys were curled up in those tree-tops like squirrels, peeping down over and around the limbs; I presume they were trying to calculate (as they sat there entirely motionless) "how long it would take" by the process of evolution, before their descendants could ride by an applauding multitude like those they saw below. At Jalgaon we changed trains, where we could then make up our beds as usual, and were swiftly whirled away toward the east. In our compartment was a Parsee, his wife, their little boy and an Indian servant. This family of Parsees were elegantly dressed, as they all are. The gentleman wore the European style of dress except the hat, in place of which they wear a tall, black, shining cap, slanting on one side to the top, in which there is an opening where they carry a handkerchief. The lady had garments on similar to European dress, only instead of being cut close fitting, like a waist, the dress was folded over the shoulders in graceful folds, and very richly embroidered by hand.

A range of small mountains were south of us toward the east, and all day long there was the usual Indian life, full of color, charm and novelty. I was never tired of looking, except when too sleepy, at this kaliedoscope of Indian life and character, a strange picture with a mottled appearance. Again I noticed a feature of life, where, as I had seen before over very large areas of India, many women seem to make a business of gathering up the excrement of cattle, on the streets

and in the fields, and by the roadside, then in their door-yards, they take this excrement, mix in a little straw with water, and mold into cakes for fuel. I have seen in the cities, stores for selling this fuel, and cakes of it plastered on or near the front entrance for their advertisement, and to see women carrying great loads of it in baskets on their heads is a common sight. There are some good large tangerine oranges raised. I saw no good oranges of any other variety.

At every station there are plenty of men waiting to carry your luggage, and if you carry it yourself you lose respect among the natives. It seems strange to hear men and women calling out "coolie" and the coolies come running to carry your baggage for a few pice or an anna or two—only a trifle. These Indian people seem to expect to be servants and I have seen even good Methodists going to church in India, with a servant walking along at a respectful distance in the rear, carrying some wrap or any other article for the "Sahibs." There is rice served and eaten in India, and the East, in European and American homes more than in their home lands, but the cooks get all the broth, the very best part of the rice. These cooks say that the "Sahib," the name they call their masters, should have the rice come upon the table looking nice, so after it is cooked they put it in cold water, which separates all the kernels, then warm it up again to serve to the "Sahib," and they eat the broth. All rice is served with curry, many kinds of spices ground up together, with chicken, meat or vegetables, and about everything else at times, you can think of.

The little trials of life are very great in India. When it rains in the monsoon season, the flying bugs are so thick you cannot sit by a lamp or light of any kind, and white ants will eat up your sugar and jam, and they will commence to eat up the house, and the cockroaches as large as mice (some of them), will eat up your clothes; cobras will live in and around the house, the servants will be slow and moderate, and the weather is so hot the "memsahib" has to let them have

their own way. On the morning of the 30th we were passing through a beautiful looking country in Central India. It was another ideal day, with a little haze, of ribbon-like streaks, ribbed against the sky enough to hold the sun's bright glare, and robe the earth with a soft mellow light; just that sort of day to charm and beautify each object seen, until all the world around imparted a reflection on each passing moment of sense and thought. I noticed many spider webs, woven on little clumps of grass, dry stalks, or any protruding object above the ground. We saw many fields of nice looking growing grain, not large enough to yet throw up their stalks and heads, also fields of Egyptian corn. During the day some hills were a feature of the landscape, and the farther we traveled to the east, as the annual rainfall increases, the country looked more prosperous. Our Parsee friends were still in our compartment, and at every large station other richly dressed Parsees would meet and greet them, and hand in beautiful bouquets of flowers, which their servant would take and lay up on a shelf in the lavatory, a curious proceeding, uncared for and forgotten. Each important railroad station was fairly embowered in a wealth of flowers, climbing roses and vines, and rare trees, the best collection, and attended with more care than any series of plots that I saw elsewhere in India. The most common flower is the terra cotta bougainvillea. Thus another day passed away, gone to join those on before.

The next morning we were in a still different country. Water standing in pools, thickets of bamboo, and many banana trees with fruit hanging on them, little villages everywhere swarming with people, cattle out on the meadows, and at times the fog was as impenetrable as it is sometimes on the California coast. About ten o'clock our train came to Howrah; we alighted, hiring a gharry and driving over a bridge, were in Calcutta, where in the native parts of the city the people are thicker than peas are in pods, streets so narrow that you have to elbow your way through—just people, until you wonder why they are all there, unless it is to count in a

DARJEELING IN THE LOFTY HIMALAYAS

census. We drove to the shipping offices, and learning that we could book to Hong Kong by a steamer departing in three days, we purchased our tickets, and having been invited by Dr. Robinson to tiffin at half past one, we arranged to leave our baggage there, and concluded to visit Darjeeling, three hundred and eighty miles north of Calcutta, and take our chances on the weather being clear, about seeing the tallest and biggest mountains in the world. It was only an idea, yet most everybody has ideas, and Mount Everest is bigger than any idea I know of, therefore after tiffin with Dr. Robinson and family, we again took a gharry, drove to the station, booked ourselves to Darjeeling, boarded a train in waiting and were soon in pursuit of a chance to see the tallest mountain in the world.

We were pursuing a very forlorn hope, as Dr. Robinson told us. "On account of clouds and mist you may, and you may not see Mount Everest; it is only a chance." And we only had a few hours to stay in Darjeeling. All this time and trouble, too, just to see a mountain view, just to catch a passing glance at the tallest spot on our world's expanse. Elmer had his usual hope, as he said to me when our train started, "I think we will see this mountain top because we have such good luck." Cloudy and gray, with a dull colorless sky was the outlook above. We saw gardens with many trees and cotton and jute mills belching forth black smoke, as Calcutta has a good many jute mills, though not as many cotton mills as Bombay.

Just after dark we commenced to unroll our bedding, when a gentleman in our compartment said: "We soon have to cross the Ganges in a steamer." About eight o'clock we came to the Ganges river, where a pretty little steamer was in waiting. As soon as the passengers were all on the steamer the dinner bell sounded, and while crossing the Ganges the waiters ran, the dishes flew, and a Parsee took in the rupees. I peered below into the swirling waters, but could see no alligators or crocodiles. The river is wide, taking about one-half hour to sail across, then all the passengers scrambled into another train. There were a good many English and some

Americans. Then we retired with our bedding again, with only a hard seat to sleep on this time, scarcely as wide as our width across, yet we were contented, because it was the best we could get, sleeping so sound that we had no time to roll off. Early in the morning I awoke and not far away I could see the approaching Himalayas, only the lower part of them, as all of their tops were enveloped with clouds as black as any black cat, and out on the plains the mists were so gray that they obscured the sun, as that orb appeared for the day.

At Siliguri Junction we alighted from our train, and just across the platform stood a little humpty dumpty train, with no sides except curtains, an awning top and only a few seats and chairs facing each other, in the smallest of coaches, and the track only two feet wide. We had fifty miles to travel on this little mountain railway, climbing four feet to the hundred up the grandest mountains in the world. We boarded the train, with no seats to spare, and began the ascent. For the first few miles the grade is easy, just passing along a roadway with bamboo thickets here and there, and some tea plantations, short, thick bushes, covered with dark green leaves and planted in rows like grape vines. On the roadside is also grass, in some places twenty feet high, and trees as large as forest trees, with not a leaf on them, yet full of red blossoms, about as large as carnations, called the cotton tree—as beautiful a picture as I ever saw—such large trees, with such brilliant flowers on them.

Suddenly we began to climb; panting and puffing, the little toy train ran, zig-zag and across its own track, carving loops and curves, and at times it had to back up an incline to get any foothold before it could advance again. We saw trees of wondrous size, some of them with orchids and vines creeping up their tops. Trees out of leaf, others in full leaf, and, best of all, such a profusion of wild flowers.

Full of sweetness and display,
Bright and graceful in their way;
Trim and modest as any maiden fair,
Throwing bloom and beauty in the air.

Would that I could describe this wondrous ride up the grandest mountains in the world.

The gray mist of the plains by this time arose in great convolvular folds, dense and dark in their misty might, making us look like elfs in the night, all loaded on some fairy train, running to reach some place in space. As far as we could see, vines, trees and ferns covered the ground, a wilderness, a jungle full of nature's growth, unlike any forest I had ever seen. Now the great tulip tree, with bloom in a scarlet—mahogany,—now a creeper with flowers of white, now some bushes as large as trees—then the foliage is a sight to see—some choked to death by creepers grow, as poor and skinny as can be, then there are trees with leaves as large as any fan you ever saw, there are grasses, bamboo grass large and red, and single giant stalks of tufted reed. I never saw such a tangled growth, such a variety of plants and trees, and each one trying to keep its pace and outgrow its neighbor in the race.

All this time the little train is twisting, circling and dodging along, now under a bank so steep and tall that you shudder for fear it may fall; then over in the abyss we would look, nothing but clouds and some tree tops, the rest of the abyss was of an unknown depth. This skein of a road kept unreeling, continually on a rising incline, until I wondered where the end of the skein would be, if in the snow of the Himalayas, or on some cloud hanging from the sky.

By and by the mist rose a little, the toy train had reached a higher level, the jungle is now gone, and the slopes are more open, with evergreen trees of a darker hue. A tree fern now makes its graceful bow, as high as a man, wearing a large bushy green crown, drooping gracefully down, a veritable king among ferns, and always standing alone. The other ferns stand around, like the subjects of a king that is crowned. Up we glide as the minutes fly, until other patches of dark forest dot the mountain side. These trees seem to be in deep mourning, for they cannot hide the many bunches of brown dripping moss underneath their branches and on

their sides. The engine gives another series of panting puffs, a long drawn out whistle, and we are at the station in Gnoom, the highest point this mountain train reaches.

We looked aloft but no mountains could we see, only mist and clouds where the sky ought to be. The tall Himalayas were somewhere near, yet how could we see them until the sky became clear? Passing along the little street of Gnoom, with stores of all kinds in rooms about ten feet square, the little train ran down grade for five miles more, and we were in Darjeeling, the great summer resort of India, and many coming in the winter also, from the hotter parts of India, just to know how it seems to get cool, if for only a few days.

We found a hotel to our liking, and as we told the proprietor how we came to Darjeeling to see the mountains, he shrugged his shoulders and replied: "It has been cloudy for several days, and perhaps if you stay several days you may get a chance to see them." I replied, "We must return to Calcutta on tomorrow noon's train." He answered, "Then there is only one chance; you have to go six miles from here, on top of Tiger hill to see Mount Everest, and you should be there before sunrise." We concluded to take the chance, although other people had waited many days, and gone several times to Tiger hill. We had little hope of success. However, we hired a dandy (two of them) and were to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning.

It was again fortunate that we had our bedding; as we retired in our hotel in Darjeeling we found only a bed and mattress for each of us. Before four o'clock in the morning some tea and toast was brought to our room, and as we were arranging our toilet, we sipped the tea, and ate the toast, shivering with cold, as streaks of moonlight and streaks of mistlight cast their reflections on the floor. We found eight coolies and two dandys waiting for us out in the roadway. We spread our bedding in them, stepped in, sat down, and muffling ourselves from the tip of our heads to our feet, to keep the bitter frosty cold out, we gave the signal for starting. A dandy is a wooden, box-looking affair, with a seat to

sit on, and two long handles, both fore and aft, looking like a sedan chair in China, only is not covered. My four coolies picked up my dandy and started, keeping up a strophe and antistrophe of grunts between those in front and those in the rear, with one of the four emitting an extra big grunt between their unison for time and step. We had six miles of climbing to do to reach the top of Tiger hill, changing about as we rode along, to continually face the rising incline. Before a mile was paced this way three other dandys came from somewhere, all silently joining our procession, except the grunts in strophe form. Some horses and their riders caught up and joined the throng just to see if the Himalayas were in sight from Tiger hill; as many of these would-be sightseers had repeatedly made this trip, only to see some clouds and mist. Our hearts and expectations were ebbing low, as the clouds were gathering until the moon failed to shine, and as we passed through the village of Gnoom, the clouds were as thick and dripping with mist as any fog that you ever saw. The pacing still kept on, with nothing but the grunts in the way of song, until we reached the foot of Tiger hill, when my limbs were so cramped for want of space, and the cold and chill of the night was so great, that I ordered the coolies and their grunts to cease, bidding them to deposit their dandy on the ground, thus enabling me to step out and look about. Daylight was approaching and I concluded to walk, starting off on a run to get warm. Hopes were still faint, as the clouds seemed large and dense, yet I pushed on and up with a determined step to get to the top of Tiger hill before sunrise. I heard a shout on ahead and ran to see the cause. Some people had reached the top and were looking to the north. Breathless and tired I ran up the last incline and was on the top of Tiger hill—8000 feet in altitude. I saw the sun was just coming up and that the tops of the mountains were clear.

Forty miles away is a noble range, once thought to be the highest in the world—28,150 feet high—by the name of Kinchinjunga. A thrilling sight of snowy heights over five miles

high. I then looked a little farther west and there was Mount Everest, with not a cloud on its top, yet it was 120 miles away. Our chance succeeded, and we could see the tallest mountains in all the world.

Just six months ago at this very hour we were leaving our California home, with mountains nearly 12,000 feet in altitude near. I had often thought in my boyhood days that I would love to see these Himalayas, and now I could see their tallest peak, measuring 29,002 feet—over five and one-half miles. My soul was electrified, and filled with thoughts almost sublime. No mortal man ever climbed those dazzling snow-clad heights. Nobody but angels clad in white ever stood on those mountain tops—a good place to rest in their flight. My soul was all aglow, as each golden moment flew, I looked and loved the maker of those wonderful peaks above. Fittingly it seemed that these peaks should be robed in white, and beyond the reach of dust or heat, as within their folded robes is snow and ice that gathered and fell from the very first clouds that ever cast a shadow on those towering mountain tops. I can see the picture of these mountains now, as I look within memory's pages, so wonderfully clear, and it seems to me that if those people who started to build the Tower of Babel had only traveled a little they would have selected Mount Everest as a preliminary foundation.

I looked farther north and saw a whole range of jagged, lofty peaks—scores of them—all clad in white. As far as the sunrise in the east, and beyond Mount Everest in the west, and as far as we could see either north or south from our outlook on the top of Tiger hill, there was below us one vast volume of rolling, billowy clouds, resembling the ever-restless sea. Only twenty minutes after sunrise did this most remarkable view keep clear, then tens of thousands of square miles of heavy clouds received some lifting force and rose in silent majesty, until the mountains and ourselves were wrapped in clouds as dense as nature ever sifted out of her labratory. The ground, grass, trees and bushes all around were covered with hoar frost, nipping our toes and fingers,

until we were glad to turn away and seek some warmth in returning to Darjeeling.

Mounting the dandy, I returned to Darjeeling, and was surprised to find it so neat and romantic looking, with so many good buildings and such an American air and appearance. Very steep are its sloping hillsides and the hillmen who drive in their ox-carts from the country are the most Chinese looking people to India. Only about five miles to the north does British rule extend, therefore Darjeeling is a frontier town, and the best place to reach Central Asia, and one of the most interesting places in the world to catch a glimpse of how some of that other half of the world lives. Nature is prodigiously bountiful in plant, tree, vine, flower and in mountain scenery that eclipses the world in grandeur, magnitude and beauty.

We purchased some things from Thibet, strolled through the bazaars, and taking again the toy train rode down the mountain, one of the most exhilarating railroad rides in the world. The clouds had risen to higher levels, revealing to us, as our train ran down its narrow track, views so enchanting, such sylvan bowers of trees and foliage, many tea plantations on the steepest hillsides, and again those large, leafless cotton trees, with their red blossoms, looking like butterflies pinned up against the sky; rippling brooks, running streams, then suddenly transformed into leaping cascades. There were canyons dark and deep, and many almost tropical plants, the whole with other features I have no time to speak of, forming a picture of such resplendent beauty that in order to understand you must come to India.

We arrived in Calcutta about ten o'clock the next day, hired a gharry, did some trading and found our steamer. We kept our gharry to finish up all our business in India, and arrived at the river's edge in time for examination, and with a tremendous lot of luggage. The doctor looked at Elmer and let him go, but as he seemed suspicious that I might have the plague, felt of my pulse. All the Asiatic pas-

sengers were stripped, examined, and their clothes fumigated.

We soon learned that the steamer would not sail until early in the morning, and would take on some more cargo during the night, as it was a freight steamer with only room enough for ten first-class passengers. Yet sometimes it carried a thousand or more deck passengers. All the natives pay is their passage on the deck (furnishing their own food, or go without), costing only thirty-five rupees (about $11) to Hong Kong, while our fare cost us 275 rupees each, with a promise that if we did not go into quarantine at Penang, then the company would return to us twenty-five rupees each after we arrived at Hong Kong.

Nearly all night the derricks were hoisting bales or cases of opium on board from barges, as the ship was anchored in the Hugli river. Twenty-two hundred cases of opium were thus taken on board, all of it in the night time, yet I hardly think it was intentional to load this, "the curse of China," on the ship under cover of darkness. Each case of this opium is worth in American gold nearly $500. Over 500,000 acres of the richest land in India, mostly in Burmah, is used annually in growing the poppy. The Indian government is behind the whole arrangement, dictating as to how much shall be grown, and at present the exports are only allowed to reach a total of 4000 cases each month. Forcing this opium on China, as England, through its Indian government, has done for over fifty years, is the blackest and greatest crime of any age or century. England gets between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 English pounds sterling in revenue out of this atrocious traffic each year. They think they need it to run the Indian government with. Unless England tries to remedy this great wrong and abolish it, her flag will trail in the dust, her pride will totter and fall, as I believe that even now hosts of avenging angels are gathering thicker than the stars to cut down this proud nation, as the depth and misery of this great wrong is greater than anything that can be found in the annals of human slavery.

NATIVES STRIPPING FOR PLAGUE INSPECTION

CALCUTTA, INDIA

Early in the morning the steamer sailed with a large cargo of rice, jute bags, and over $1,000,000 worth of opium, but about ten miles down the river, as the tide commenced to ebb, it stopped, cast its anchors and awaited the return flow of the tide.

Fleets of native boats kept passing up and down the river, all of them having a little bamboo house on them for the natives to crawl in as they wanted shelter and food.

Many banana trees are growing on the land near the river—just slender stalks, as it seems to be their nature that each stalk, as it fruits, never lives to fruit again.

In the afternoon we again sailed a few miles and cast anchor as the darkness came on.

The Hugli river is a treacherous one, and if ever any ship gets aground, the quicksands will not forego their grasp.

The mosquitoes came to levy toll on everyone who failed to brush them away. As I retired, clouds soft as the wings of any dove, and without any gloom, were flying gently by, scattering garlands of sweetness from the sky, just like the tendrils of some growing vine reaching out for some place to climb.

Early in the morning I heard the revolving screw once more—the ship had started on its way. I paced the deck in the morning light—the last day I had to look at India's land. The river widened, yet the pilot kept his post until we were several miles away from any land. Then the pilot withdrew, and the captain with his crew, after consulting their chart and compass, turned the prow of the ship just a little east of south. Thus we commenced another ocean trip of over 3000 miles in order to get to Hong Kong; yet the distance, as the birds fly, is only 1500 miles. Again we were in the torrid zone, as Calcutta, Hong Kong and Havana are all on the same line of latitude, and just below the Tropic of Cancer. Not far northeast is the mouth of the Ganges river, like a sea in width, and for many miles inland there are very wide channels of water connecting it with the Hugli river. The waters of the Brahmaputra, one of the

large rivers of the world, rising north of the Himalaya mountains, then passing through a portion of Thibet, with a branch leading to Lhassie, the sacred city of Thibet, then cutting its way through this great range of mountains, and like a sea in width and size it passes through Assam, a province in India, and unites with the Ganges not far from Calcutta, where there are thousands of square miles of low-lying, delta-like land, with great channels of water leading in all directions, some of them like the wide expanses of a sea. The Hugli is the smallest of them all, until a few miles below Calcutta, where it connects with these great internal navigable waterways of India.

Bengal (with Calcutta as its chief city) and Burmah are the most densely populated parts of India, with a population of over 75,000,000 people.

In our travels in India we had seen some of the branches of the large Indus river, and on top of Tiger hill, near Darjeeling, we could see Nepal on the west, Bhutan on the east, and just beyond the high Himalayas that mysterious kingdom of Thibet.

There are several hill tribes all along the northern border of India, very savage (called head hunters), making it extremely unsafe to enter even these independent states, as well as Thibet, further north. North of the central part of India is the Chinese Turkestan, and west is Afghanistan, where the king has just dismissed all his wives but four, and has proclaimed throughout the entire kingdom, accompanying his proclamation by the beating of drums, that none of his subjects shall have more than four wives, and must dismiss the surplus, if any.

As the ship sailed Sunday afternoon over the waters of the Bay of Bengal, I sat on the upper deck, underneath some canvas stretched for shade, musing, as I often love to do—a habit that sometimes I would love to break, as I have been guilty, I can sorrowfully remember, of being in church, and, with this habit of musing, let my wits go wool-gathering while the preacher was praying and then come too with

a sudden start, and sometimes feel a palpitating heart because I was so ashamed. "Creatures of habit" you may say. Yes, that is true of almost every one of us in a way, and sometimes these chains get so strong that nobody but Jesus can right the wrong. While I was musing the bell rang for tiffin, and when the seats were filled there were just twelve sitting at this table in the dining saloon. You may be interested to know who they were, therefore I will enumerate: Elmer sat at one end and the first mate at the other. A major-general from Siam and his aide by his side, an Australian just beyond, and a Baptist missionary minister from Assam, with myself, filled one side; then just opposite there were the chief engineer, one of the owners of the line, a bank clerk from Bombay, the captain and his wife, thus making the list complete, except there were two dogs looking on with wistful eyes and wagging tails, trying with all their might to tell of their wants as the waiters ran to fill the orders of the twelve.

Tropical heat gathered about us as our steamer sailed across the Bay of Bengal. The only way we could keep cool was to dress lightly and catch a little breeze in some shady spot. During meal hours, in the dining saloon, by the use of a punkah (a long strip of canvas suspended from the ceiling pulled back and forth by a coolie) the air was cool and comfortable. Not much wind, and the surface of the sea was covered with little dimpling, rippling waves, and over all—the glare and heat of a tropical sun. For several days we saw no land, until we passed the Andaman islands, which are used by the Indian government as a convict colony. On Friday, January 23rd, our ship sailed into the harbor of Penang, yet only an open roadstead, the city being on an island. Having a whole day and, taking a sampan, we went on shore. Immense groves of tall cocoanut trees were everywhere outside of the city streets, and large clusters of ripening cocoanuts hanging on their tops. We hired some jinrikishas and rode out to a park near some steep hills, where cascades of water came leaping down their sloping sides,

ferns, orchids, mahogany trees and the tropical wealth of verdure and bloom covering the rich soil. I saw sensitive plants as large as ferns that would fold up all their leaves as soon as one leaf was touched, and many kinds of palm trees. There are whole streets of beautiful residences, with large yards full of trees and flowers, and many of them are owned and occupied by Chinamen. Hundreds of jinrikishas flew along drawn by coolies clad in scanty cotton blouses and the shortest pants. Style, wealth and display, some of it on oriental lines, and some European. Penang is only 300 miles north of the equator, where Jack Frost never reigns, therefore there is a wealth of verdure unseen in more northern climes. As our steamer sailed away from Penang the open roadway was dotted with sampans and steamers, the royal plump tops of the cocoanut palms were waving in the tropical breeze, and as it was near sunset, the nearby mountain tops on the island of Penang were casting ever-lengthening purple shadows over their green wooded slopes, and over on the Malay peninsula some far-away mountain ranges were surmounted by large thunderstorm types of clouds, now lying in brilliant folds against the sky, now all aglow with the lightning's lurid glare, now dotted in golden light and over all—these dreamy, languid, tropical skies, where each beat of nature's pulse is full of inspiration and poetry. We were sailing through the Malacca Straits, another great ocean gateway used by the ships of all nations. On Friday, January 23rd, we entered the port of Singapore, only about fifty miles north of the equator. Just a narrow entrance, then turning to the east we are at the extreme southern part of Asia. Only by courtesy could we call the time of year midwinter, as I never saw such humid, torrid heat before. Every afternoon of our three days' stay in Singapore heavy showers gathered and fell. It rains nearly every day in the year in Singapore. The city has a population almost equal to San Francisco. Every nation on the globe has representatives there. Most of the business is done by Chinamen, who are real money-makers, wherever they can

OX-CART
YOKOHAMA

find a stable government. The many wharves, covered with large warehouses, present an animated appearance, with several large steamers loading and unloading products to and from, every country in the world. Europeans and Americans who reside there are very pallid in their countenances, as this extreme heat is enervating. With the native Malays they bask in the sun. Clothing does not bother them much; any place at night is warm and comfortable enough to sleep in, and there is fruit and nuts to eat just for the gathering, a veritable lazy child of the tropics. The black pepper of commerce is grown in this vicinity. Truly we were glad when our ship sailed out of these straits into the China sea toward Hong Kong, where we found a brisk northeast monsoon wind blowing a cooling breeze from the broad Pacific. Up the length of the China sea we sailed day after day, out of sight of any land, each day getting shorter and cooler, until on the morning of February 4th we entered Hong Kong harbor, a port with no custom house or custom dues collected in any manner. The only revenue that the port collects is that each ship of any kind pay one cent on each ton of its tonnage on arrival. We saw many steamers, some of them war vessels, as we entered the harbor, while on the shores, up on hills, were guns and fortifications, with the British flag flying over them. Engaging a sampan, we went ashore. We were surprised to see such a bustling, busy city, four-story buildings, dry docks, machine shops, Chinese merchants counting bushels of silver dollars in rooms on the streets, coolies, rickashaws and Chinese people everywhere.

High hills or mountains overlook the city, there being only room for two or three streets that can be used for business. We found a vessel, the Tam-Sui, getting ready to sail to Shanghai, and, booking our passage, we boarded this vessel the same afternoon of our arrival—an English vessel with a Chinese sailing crew. In all there were only five first-class passengers, including ourselves. After boarding the Tam-Sui the captain concluded not to sail until morning. Nearly

all his life this captain had sailed up and down the Chinese coast. We missed seeing the old city of Canton, which is about ninety miles inland from Hong Kong, and probably the largest city in China. The next commercial port north of Hong Kong about ninety miles is Swatow, where the orange growing center of China is located, about on the Tropic of Cancer. The Chinese oranges are very sweet, more so than any that Florida grows. Our ship sailed up the coast of China on a near-the-coast route, where we could see mountain ranges, rocks and islands, and many villages. One day while in the captain's office he said: "Do you see this narrow channel of water between yonder island and the main land. On this very spot twelve years ago my ship was captured by pirates, some of the crew killed and $40,000 in silver taken." Thus the days passed, as the captain told us of his many adventures, and told us of his travels in China. As we passed any large city, or the mouth of some river, we saw hundreds of fishing junks, all looking alike, with a large square sail hoisted, either going out to sea or returning, all trying to catch some fish to sell to the many millions of Chinese people. The weather was raw and cold, as the same latitude of California on the Chinese coast is much colder in winter and warmer in summer. All the way up the Chinese coast the dry, hard, northeast winds continued. We were sailing along the coast of a country that has the oldest history of any in the world, and the largest population—a country where millions of people have nothing to eat in the morning, until they can earn it, and millions of them go to bed hungry. The inevitable must come, as either China will be divided among the "powers" or will, like Japan, shake off the traditions and customs of the past. Almost every day we saw some large steamers farther out on the Pacific passing up and down the coast. With much interest we began to sail up a river, and ninety miles inland we would come to Shanghai.

We saw much of Chinese life, little farms and little fields, with only a few trees, and most of them leafless; the cheapest

of houses, and in many of the fields we could see coffins covered with straw, as it is a custom in China to keep their dead in a yard, or out in a field, two or three years before burial. They fill the coffins partly full of unslacked lime, placing a pad on the lime, then the body covered with a red cloth, another pad, and all the chinks are filled with cotton. Red with the Chinese is the same as white in America.

The river became narrow, and is not safe for passage except at high tide, and all the large steamers anchor several miles below the city. Up we sailed until the turn of the tide compelled the captain to anchor. Hiring a sampan, we went ashore and, taking a jinrickisha, we were soon on the Bund, the principal street, facing the river, in Shanghai. All the rest of the streets seem to be called "roads," with some Chinese name prefixed. Each foreign government has its own postoffice, and many turbaned Mohammedans from India are employed as watchmen at the gates of the manufacturing plants.

What a strange medley of people on the streets. Now a sedan chair with curtains drawn; now richly dressed Chinamen in brocaded silk, fur lined; and Chinese women in handsome head dresses, waists and trousers, all richly embroidered; licensed wheelbarrows, coolies—everybody in the narrow streets jostling along, the old and the new all curiously intermingled together. We found a German steamer sailing that evening for Japan, booked our passage and only had time to catch our luggage off from our incoming steamer and place it on the outgoing tender, as the large German steamer was anchored several miles down the river. For many weeks we had no mail from home, and with large bundles of it obtained in Shanghai, as our steamer sailed away for Japan, not until the small hours of the night did I seek repose.

The next morning I could see no land, as our steamer's swiftly revolving screws were pushing us over the Pacific toward Japan. This North German Lloyd line of steamers is very fine. The cuisine is excellent and each steamer makes

three trips each year from North Germany to Yokohama and return. The second day in the morning we were near the pine-clad mountains and hills of Japan, and soon entered the harbor of Nagasaki. Three Russian war vessels lay near the entrance of the harbor, and the German band on our steamer saluted them with music, soon bringing response from the Russian bands. An American transport with soldiers on board was in the harbor.

All steamers coal here, making the port a lively one. A driving rainstorm set in, yet the city looked so picturesque, with life and activity in abundance on both water and land, that we went ashore after our quarantine inspection by the Japanese officials. Quaint Japan! So full of surprises at every turn; its people so courteous and respectful; many of them well dressed, enterprising, affable; the best country in all the world for an American to take a holiday in.

Nagasaki is the most picturesque harbor I have seen in any country, excepting Sitka, with its ninety-six islands, in Alaska. The little Japanese homes and stores are neat in appearance, the villas of the wealthy on the mountain sides, the varieties of tree ferns and hardy plants covering hill, slope and mountain, being unsurpassed in any country. At dusk our steamer sailed away, and as I looked back I saw the great searchlights of the men-of-war lighting up the green, terraced, wooded mountain slopes; the sea of shipping looked like trees with golden lights on mast and spar. The harbor lights were dazzling in the air, the stores were twinkling with lights, and on each rippling wave in our steamer's wake were the reflections of many of these lights, dancing like diamonds in sparkling array, rivaling the stars as they twinkle in space.

The next morning we were sailing on the noted inland sea of Japan, in some places narrow like a river, then again a broad expanse of sea. There are many villages on the shores, mountain sides terraced to the top, the ever present evergreen trees, islands and hills glistening with fortifica-

tions and guns, and in the distance mountains capped with snow. A clear, bright, beautiful day, with an Arctic touch of winter in the air, and all day long charming bays dotted with sailboats, quiet, peaceful shores, terraced hills and temples near, and sylvan wooded nooks were passing and gliding by, with unending charm and beauty.

Each village has a sea wall, a fleet of boats, and either or both castle or temple peeping out from some wooded slope, or rising above the village roofs. The next morning we came to anchor in the harbor of Kobe, at the eastern entrance of the inland sea, a city of much export trade, as it is the seaport of the large cities of Osaka and Kioto, and one of the great centers of the tea trade of Japan. Having all day, we went ashore and boarded a railway train for Osaka, about twenty miles distant. Nearly all the people wear wooden shoes, and the clattering feet on the stone pavements of the railway stations is almost deafening. Like all oriental countries, the travel on the trains is heavy, and most of the cars had one long seat on each side, facing the center, like a street car. Many of the Japanese men sat with their feet curled up under them on the seat, and no particular car seemed to be reserved for ladies.

We saw orange trees, hardy looking ones, gardens full of the largest radishes I ever saw, stone retaining walls to hold sloping hill sides, oxen hitched to carts, tea plantations and plum trees just beginning to blossom, a tree that poets love to sit under in Japan. There seemed to be no rules against smoking, as men and women would take from their clothes or from a small satchel something resembling a pipe, put in the smallest amount of tobacco, light a match, and one long whiff, with an abundance of smoke, was all they took, knocking the ashes out of their pipes on the toe of their wooden shoe, put up the pipe, then in a few minutes repeat the same process.

At each station many passengers came on or alighted, in truly Japanese costumes. We found Osaka a large manufacturing center. Hiring jinrickishas, we rode for miles

in this city, amused and interested at every step. I entered one of the largest stores. No one is allowed to enter until his shoes are removed, and attendants in a little entrance at the front are ready with their slippers. Unfortunately the attendant could find no slippers large enough for me, therefore I walked in and about without them. There were scores of clerks, men and women, and it was so cold that all the clerks not busy were hovering over pots of burning charcoal.

I did some trading, finding only one clerk that could talk English. Either being slipperless or owing to my droll ways, as I was trading the clerks laughed a good deal, and at the front of the store out in the street was a row of men and boys, with their faces close to the glass windows, looking in, with as much earnestness as a small boy will look at a circus parade. This store had a magnificent assortment of woolen and silk goods, all of Japanese make and wonderfully attractive. I shivered with the cold, and, like a stork, I had to balance myself on one foot to keep the other one warm, as I would warm my hands over the charcoal fire. Japanese never seem to think of warming anything but their hands.

As we rode back to Kobe on the railway, from the large city of Osaka, we saw hundreds of sailboats on the ocean, as much of Japan's internal commerce is done by sail instead of steam. The little homes are much better looking than the tumble-down ones among the poor of our American cities. Our steamer sailed that evening, and the next morning at sunrise we were entering the harbor at Yokohama, while snow-capped Fujiyama, with its top shorn off square, a matchless mountain of unrivaled beauty, shone forth as the rising sun revealed to us its mantle of white shaded to a tinge of gold. The air was frosty and cold, as we stepped on a wharf, and taking our luggage to the custom house, we placed it in bond. Otherwise, except personal articles, much of it would have been dutiable.

Wending our way to the office of the Canadian Pacific's line of steamers, we booked for Vancouver on the Empress

TAKING A JINRICKISHA RIDE

PANANG

of India. Four days intervened in which we could see a little more of picturesque Japan. Our box and bundle of goods, shipped on a Japanese freight steamer from Port Said, had just arrived, being two months in transit. We wandered many times over many streets, always interested, looking at these toy people and their toy houses and stores. You all see in America pretty Japanese ladies pictured on fans, yet the living Japanese women are graceful, handsome, and as they amble along on their wooden shoes or straw sandals, are usually bare-headed. There is a poetry of motion, an æsthetic charm in their appearance, that can never be produced in any picture. The poorest woman dressed in a simple cotton gown, if only a kimona, is as graceful and picturesque as the rich, dressed in silks.

One day we boarded a railway train for Tokio, the largest city in Asia, eighteen miles distant. Many cars were filled with people. We passed rice fields ready for inundation, many plum trees in blossom, and striking advertising signs in the fields, neater than any I ever saw in America.

Our first ride was to Shiba—in a jinrickisha—a suburb of Tokio, where we saw some celebrated Shogun temples. Surrounded by old pine trees—crooked, gnarled and looking to be centuries old, with many ravens cawing in them—are the temples. Like all religious temples in all heathen lands, we were not allowed to enter without replacing our shoes with slippers, and the funny part of it was that the attendant could only find one slipper large enough for me. Therefore on the other foot he buckled two slippers, facing both fore and aft, presenting a droll, grotesque appearance. Not much to see in the succession of small temples, except lacquer work in red and gold, and panels of carved wood in color and gilding. Out and up moss-covered steps and through dragon-guarded gateways we came to a hexagonal temple, where a Shogun is buried in a gold laquer cylinder, one of the best works of art in Japan. Passing from these mortuary temples, through groves of giant trees, we came to where heathen

worship was in progress, in all the superstition and pomp of Buddhism.

In the passage ways between the temples are hundreds of old moss-colored, queer looking tombs, all alike, and the top of each one is fitted to use as a stone lamp. From the temples we passed by the Emperor's palace and grounds, surrounded by a high moss-covered wall and a moat; on and through the city to the museum, where we wandered for hours, in (aside from Biblical interest) one of the most interesting museums in the world. Time and space will not permit any effort to delineate, yet I must mention that we saw some of the famous Tosa chickens where ordinary sized roosters have tails twelve feet long, and where they raise them at Kioto they keep them in tall bamboo cages, not letting them out, except they wrap their tails up in paper.

We saw all kinds of helmets and armor, carriages that the rulers of Japan used to ride in, drawn by hand. Better than any book of history was the record here shown by change from old to new. Many works of art, almost priceless in value. We wandered on the streets of Tokio, purchasing curious things until there was a gaping hole in our pocket books, as everything is so clever and cheap in Japan that one cannot resist the temptation to purchase. Unlike the Indian and Mohammedan traders, most of the Japanese do not ask more than their taking price, refusing to barter if you offer to.

Tokio has large, modern war and naval buildings, and all of its public buildings are a credit to any country.

Towards evening we rode back to Yokohama, looking at the people, their little houses—most of them have no glass windows and no doors as in America, just sliding ones. We wanted to stay many days more in Japan among its chattering, playful, child-like people, and reluctantly boarded the Empress of India to sail for America.

The passenger list was light, with several returning missionaries and among them an Episcopal clergyman with a Chinese wife and several Eurasian children. He belonged to the "four hundred" of New York, and frequently smoked

a pipe nearly two feet long. For eleven days we rolled along over the Pacific, passing to the north, about 200 miles south of the Aleutian Islands, without sighting any ship, sailing 4200 miles, a long, lonely voyage. It was a beautiful afternoon when we sailed out of the harbor of Yokohama, by large forts at the entrance, with many cannon bristling in the sunlight, and I sat on deck watching the ever-receding shores, the sacred snow-capped mountain of Fujiyama, and occasionally looking askance at my fellow passengers, wondering who among them I would visit with most, as always on shipboard there are some that attract and others that repel. Not any land would we see until we approached Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. The distant shores grew dim, the northeast wind our ship was sailing against began to whistle across the deck, the sailors battened down the hatches, and each loose line or rope was carefully coiled away; thus the fifty-fifth trip of this ship across the Pacific began. A floating home, as day and night the twin screws propelled this sturdy ship. The edges of distance between the passengers melted away, each kind finding their counterpart. As their thoughts were interchanged, therefore, each one knew whom to see when any hour became long and drear. There is a flow of soul when kindred spirits meet, a lifting up in one's place, making each one stronger for the race.

Thus the days passed away, now a storm of wind and rain, then a blow that made huge billows roll, for many miles a weary waste of water wild. One day, on Ash Wednesday, we crossed the 180th line of longitude, and the captain said we must have two Ash Wednesdays, a curious decree,for it made this year one day longer to me, and none of you can claim the same. Eight days in one week and no mistake, as the sun did rise and set each day of the eight. Were I rich and philanthropic, I would hire many ships and gather up all the seventh day people in the world and give them a free ride around the globe, just to see what they

would do with their creed when they found eight real days in one week.

In crossing the Pacific ocean so far to the north we found each day very chilly and cold, requiring a very brisk pace to keep warm, even if wrapped in winter garb, as we walked the deck for exercise. It was the latter part of February and the change was so great from the equatorial warmth at Singapore that it seemed to be another world where tropical heat was unknown.

Such times, when one is shut off from the busy world and all its doings and daily news, is a grand time for retrospection. Each visit or talk with any other passenger was usually of the past; a summing up of results, a period in one's history, a pause to profit by, a rest from monotonous care, a jubilee, so to speak, where thought and reason had its sway, instead of irksome toil and care each passing day.

Each Sunday the captain had services according to the Church of England's form in the dining saloon, and one peculiarity of this service, like all the others of this church the world over, is the rapid way of reading or repeating the established form of ritual.

With much interest, one clear, cool morning in March, we saw in the distance some pine-clad mountains, evergreen in appearance, with all the taller peaks robed in snow—the outlines of Vancouver Island.

Reaching the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, our steamer glided up the channel, about as wide as a large river, against a heavy wind. The Olympia mountains and Mount Baker, with not a cloud to hide their tops, were in sight. As we neared Victoria, the doctors of the quarantine station and a pilot boarded the steamer. All the crew and passengers were examined before reaching Victoria. At this port many Chinamen from the steerage landed, and as we saw American-looking horses and wagons for the first time in months, we did as you would have done—kept looking at them. The ship sailed that evening for Vancouver. The next morning our trunks, Japanese koras and satchels, were

bonded through by the British custom officials to Sumas, our port of entry, fifty-two miles south of Vancouver. Coming on the Vancouver line of steamers entitled us to either steamer or rail service to San Francisco, without any charge from Vancouver. We asked for rail service, asking that our luggage might be checked to Sacramento, and the funny part of it was, the man who did the checking did not know where Sacramento was situated. As we rode away from Vancouver, the city seemed to have an air of prosperity. For over thirty miles our train ran over the main line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, then south on the International to Sumas, where Uncle Sam's officials were ready to receive us. Everybody on the train after an hour's detention and inspection was passed along with their baggage, except ourselves. We presented a list of goods we thought dutiable, and the custom house official adjusted his glasses and said: "There is such a quantity of baggage belonging to you that I must keep it ot look over, as I cannot detain the train long enough." We stayed with the baggage. In the afternoon he looked over our list, looked in the trunks and koras, and concluded that the damage to the rest of Uncle Sam's subjects would amount to about 100 gold dollars, which we cheerfully paid. I was amused to hear Elmer say, as we sat at the dining table in the hotel, where there was plenty of crisp biscuit, fresh milk and apple pies, "This seems like home." Next morning I arose early, and in the gathering light I walked out and upon a hill on the western edge of the village and found an iron post with its base planted in the ground. On one side of it read "Treaty of Washington;" on another side it read "June 15, 1846." As the sun was rising I stood just west of this post, astride of the 49th parallel of latitude, with one foot in British Columbia and the other foot in the United States, and if the world was not round and if my sight were keen enough, I could have looked along this parallel of latitude and boundary line to the Lake of the Woods in Minnesota. I did see many miles across a valley over hills and mountain tops, as wherever the

timber stood there was a cleared space of about forty feet wide. After sunrise, and getting tired of balancing the two countries, as Jack Frost was trying to nip both toes and fingers, and in order to get warm, I briskly ran from one country to the other, and vice versa, with as much enthusiasm as any boy ever had. Towards noon as the train for Seattle came in from Vancouver, we were very careful not to carry any of our luggage, as we boarded the train across the line, and were soon whisking along by lumber and shingle mills, through some of the finest forests in the world, pastures and meadows full of stubs and stumps, salmon berries peeping at us, and rural life everywhere. I will forego any detailed description of our journey by rail down these Pacific coast states, only to jot down a few surprises. Every village and city we came to I asked myself, "where are the people?" For months, having been accustomed to the dense population of Oriental countries, I was surprised at the contrast. I also noticed that all the ladies' hats had grown remarkably large in my nearly eight months of absence. I again noticed that almost every lady was either buying, or wanting to purchase, strings of beads of various values, to wear around their necks, a proceeding not much behind their heathen sisters in India or Egypt. As our train ambled into Portland I heard a man from Kansas, his pants tucked in his boot-tops, and carrying a Rip Van Winkle cast of countenance, say, "Ef there ever was a paradise on this sin-cursed earth, this is one," referring to the Willamette Valley. I quietly wondered if he had ever heard of Southern California.

After passing over snow-clad mountains, our train ran the entire length of the great Sacramento valley, through leafless almond orchards, full of white bloom, like snowflakes in the air, and by the side of immense growing grain fields, we came to Davisville, thirteen miles from Sacramento, and at this little hamlet our complete circuit of the world was a finished trip, touching the same place we traveled through on the second day of our journey. We had

traveled 38,600 miles, 21,000 on land and 17,600 on eleven different steamers, sailing under four different flags. Our entire time on shipboard was eighty days, and neither of us were seasick. Our baggage had been examined in eighteen different custom houses. We had stayed in forty different hotels, at variance in many wonderful ways. We had changed money into the money of fourteen different countries. We had seen and entered four of the five largest churches in the world and the oldest Christian church. We had seen their ruins and been on the sites of six of the seven ancient wonders of the world. We saw the last cornerstone laid of the largest dam in the world at Assouan. We saw the tallest mountain in the world—Mount Everest in the Himalayas. We saw and traveled through the largest city of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. We saw the largest city in the world below sea level. Our feet trod upon the lowest place in the world below the level of the sea. We were in the oldest city and sailed in and out of the oldest seaport. We were in quarantine under guard three times, and had rocks hurled after us by cursing Arabs. We saw the grandest elephant parade, where 220 elephants were parading along with a goodly portion of England's and all of India's royalty and their equippage of diamonds, jewels and costly trappings—worth many millions of dollars—the greatest parade in the history of the world. We could enumerate temples, tombs and mighty ruins of once mighty cities that we visited. The trip was a success in every way and I have something to think of, and whenever I read of the countries we visited there comes a remembrance to me of what we saw and heard in those countries. I saw no other country anywhere superior to our Sunny Southern California home.

Home! How much that implies; no other haven, except heaven above, in all the universe, can compare with home, and it is what we make it.

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